MISCELLANY POEMS:
In Two Parts.

Containing New

TRANSLATIONS

OUT OF

VIRGIL, *OVID*,
LUCRETIUS, *THEOCRITUS*,
HORACE, And other Authours.

With Several

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the Most Eminent Hands.

Published by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Et Vos, O Lauri, *carpam, & Te; proxima* Myrte:
Sic positæ quoniam suaveis miscetis odores. Virg. *Ecl.* 2.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's-Head*
in *Chancery-Lane* near *Fleet-street*, 1692.

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MAC

Mac Flecknoe.

ALL humane things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:
This *Flecnoe* found, who, like *Augustus*, young
Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
In Prose and Verse, was own'd, without dispute
Through all the Realms of *Non-sense*, absolute.
This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase.
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the Succession of the State:
And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit:
Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
Should only rule, who most resembles me:

Sh——alone my perfect image bears,
Nature in dulness from his tender years.
Sh—alone of all my Sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sh*—never deviates into sense.
Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid intervall;
But *Sh*—'s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:
Besides his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:
Thoughtless as Monarch Oakes, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and *Sherley* were but Types of thee,
Thou last great Prophet of Tautology:
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way:
And courtly clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.
My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,

Was

Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver *Thames* did'st cut thy way,
With well tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celestial charge;
And big with Hymn, Commander of an Host,
The like was ne'er in *Epsom* Blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,
The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well sharpned thumb from Shore to Shore
The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar:
Echoes from *Piss'ing-Ally*, *Sh*---- call,
And *Sh*---- they resound from *A*---- *Hall*.
About thy boat the little Fishes throng,
As at the Morning Toast, that Floats along.
Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band
Thou weild'st thy Papers in thy threshing hand.
St. *Andre*'s feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche*'s rhime:
Though they in number as in sense excell;
So just, so like tautology they fell,

That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forſwore
The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villerius* more.
Here ſtopt the good old *Syre*; and wept for joy
In ſilent raptures of the hopefull boy.
All Arguments, but moſt his Plays, perſwade,
That for anointed dulneſs he was made.
Cloſe to the Walls which fair *Auguſta* bind,
(The fair *Auguſta* much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabrick, rais'd t' inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
A watch Tower once; but now, ſo Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys.
Where their vaſt Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by Watch, in ſilence ſleep.
Near theſe a Nurſery erects its head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Hero's bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.

Great

Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear.
But gentle *Simkin* just reception finds
Amidst this Monument of vanisht minds:
Pure Clinches, the suburbian Muse affords;
And *Panton* waging harmless War with words.
Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to Fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his *Sh*——'s Throne.
For ancient *Decker* prophesi'd long since,
That in this Pile should Reign a mighty Prince,
Born for a scourge of Wit, and flayle of Sense:
To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
But Worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow;
Humorists and *Hypocrites* it should produce,
Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.

Now Empress *Fame* had publisht the renown,
Of *Sh*——'s Coronation through the Town.
Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
From near *Bun-Hill*, and distant *Watling-street*.
No *Persian* Carpets spread th' Imperial way,
But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:

From dusty shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogleby* there lay,
But loads of *Sh*—— almost choakt the way.
Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd,
And *H*—— was Captain of the Guard.
The hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sate
Rome's other hope, and Pillar of the State.
His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Swore by his Syre a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh*—— swore, nor should his Vow be vain,
That he till Death true dulness would maintain;
And in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.
The King himself the sacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade:
In his sinister hand, instead of Ball,
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;

Love's

Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway;
Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young,
And from whose Loyns recorded *Psyche* sprung.
His Temples last with Poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head:
Just at that point of time, if Fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's* Brook,
Presage of Sway from twice six Vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And Omens of his future Empire take.
The *Syre* then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his Breast the raging God;
At length burst out in this prophetick mood:
Heavens bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
To far *Barbadoes* on the Western main;
Of his Dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne.

Beyond loves Kingdom let him ſtretch his Pen;
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen.*
Then thus, continu'd he, my Son advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs Induſtry.
Let *Virtuoſo's* in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toyl of Wit.
Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the Stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
And in their folly ſhew the Writers wit.
Yet ſtill thy fools ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtifie their Author's want of ſenſe.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulneſs, and deſire no foreign aid:
That they to future ages may be known,
Not Copies drawn, but iſſue of thy own.
Nay let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and differing but in name;
But let no alien *S--dl--y* interpoſe
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epſom* proſe.

And

And when false flowers of *Rhetoric* thou would'st cull,
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and in each line,
Sir *Formal's* oratory will be thine.
Sir *Formal*, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating *Johnson's* Hostile name.
Let Father *Flecnoe* fire thy mind with praise,
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where *Johnson* has no part;
What share have we in Nature or in Art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at Arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's* vein,
Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?
Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stich, kiss my Arse,
Promis'd a Play and dwinled to a Farce?
When did his Muse from *Fletcher* scenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridg* dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd as Oyl on Waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.

This

This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:
This is that boasted Byas of thy mind,
By which one way, to dulneſs, 'tis inclin'd.
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And in all changes that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,
Thy Tragick Muſe gives ſmiles, thy Comick ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thy ſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive Satyrs never bite.
In thy fellonious heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Iriſh* pen, and dyes.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:
Leave writing Plays, and chuſe for thy command
Some peacefull Province in Acroſtick Land.
There thou may'ſt wings diſplay and Altars raiſe,
And torture one poor word Ten thouſand ways.

Or

Or if thou would'ſt thy diff'rent talants ſuit,
Set thy own Songs, and ſing them to thy lute.
He ſaid, but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
And down they ſent thee yet declaiming Bard.
Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,
Born upwards by a Subterranean wind.
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,
With double portion of his Father's Art.

FINIS.

ABSA-

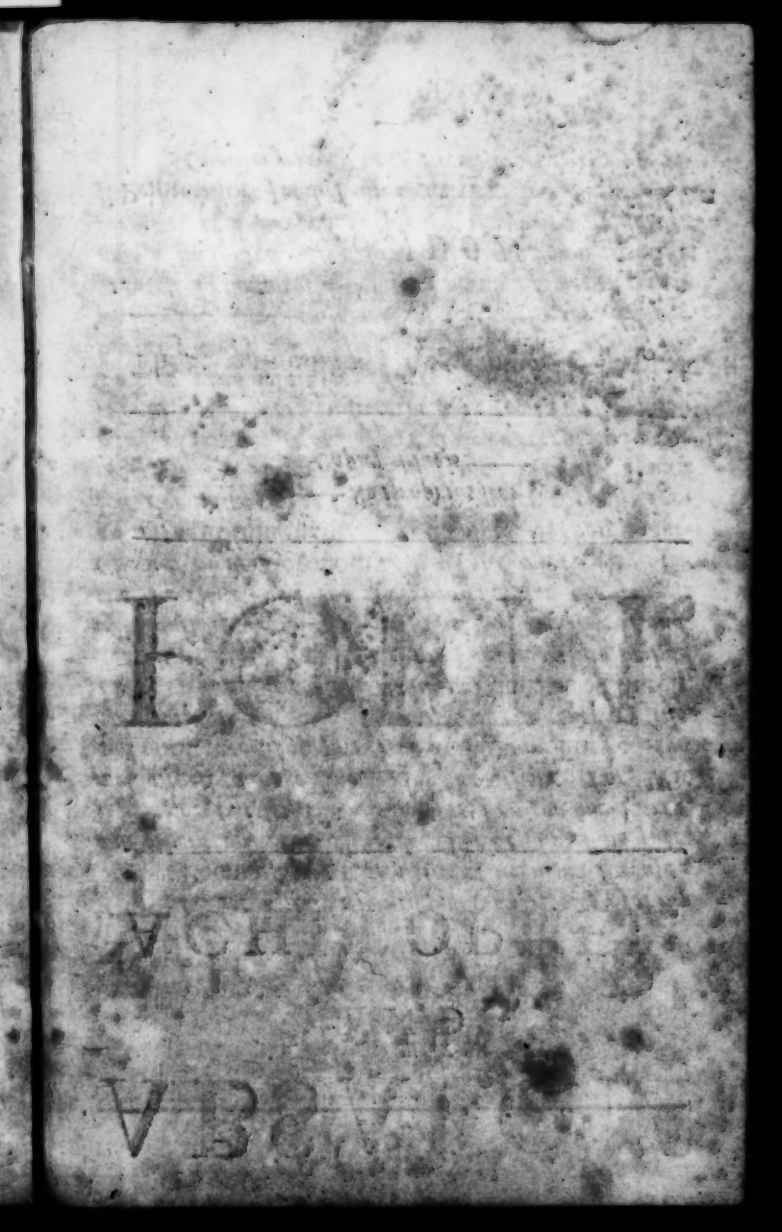
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

——Si Propriùs ſtes
Te Capiet Magis——

The Seventh Edition; Augmented and Reviſed.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's-Head*, in *Chancery-lane*, near *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1692.



TO THE READER.

'TIS not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: *Some will think it needs no Excuſe; and others will receive none. The deſign, I am ſure, is honeſt: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, muſt expect to make Enemies of the other. For,* Wit *and* Fool, *are Conſequents of* Whig *and* Tory: *And every man is a Knave or an Aſs to the contrary ſide. There's a Treaſury of Merits in the* Phanatick Church, *as well as in the* Papiſt; *and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintſhip, Honeſty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longeſt Chapter in* Deuteronomy, *has not Curſes enough for an Anti-*Bromingham. *My Comfort is, their manifeſt Prejudice to my Cauſe, will render their Judgement of leſs Authority againſt me. Yet if a* Poem *have a* Genius, *it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a ſweetneſs in good Verſe, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleaſes him againſt his will. The Commendation of Adverſaries, is the greateſt Triumph of a Writer; becauſe it never comes unleſs Extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſie terms: If I happen to pleaſe the more Moderate ſort I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt Party; and, in all proba-*

probability, of the best Judges: for, the least Concern'd, are commonly the least Corrupt. And, I confess, I have laid in for those, by rebating the Satyr (where Justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize so weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worst, may be convinc'd, at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some mens Follies, when I could have declaim'd against their Vices: and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious Reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you Common-wealths men, for Professing so plausible for the Government. You cannot be so Unconscionable, as to charge me for not Subscribing of my Name; for that would reflect too grosly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Jury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge against himself;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confess freely, I have

have endeavoured to commit it. Beſides the reſpect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Virtues: and, David *himſelf, could not be more tender of the Young-man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, ſince the moſt excellent natures are almoſt the moſt eaſie; and, as being ſuch, are the ſooneſt perverted by ill Counſels, eſpecially when baited with Fame, and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withſtood not the temptations of* Achitophel, *than it was for* Adam, *not to have reſiſted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman: The Concluſion of the Story, I purpoſely forbore to proſecute: becauſe, I could not obtain from my ſelf, to ſhew* Abſalom *Unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waſte; and, if the Draught be ſo far true, 'tis as much as I deſign'd.*

Were I the Inventor, who am onely the Hiſtorian, I ſhould certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Abſalom *to* David. *And, who knows but this may come to paſs? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story; There ſeems, yet, to be room left for a Compoſure: hereafter, there may onely be for Pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt* Achitophel; *but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Errour; and to hope with* Origen, *that the Devil himſelf may, at laſt, be ſav'd. For which reaſon, in this* Poem, *he is neither brought to ſet his Houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his Perſon afterwards, as he in Wiſedom ſhall think fit. God is*

 infi-

infinitely merciful: and his Vicegerent is onely not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyr, *is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease: for those, are onely in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an* Ense rescindendum, *which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of* Oblivion *were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an* Opiate *would be in a Raging Fever.*

TO

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOUR OF THIS EXCELLENT POEM.

TAke it as earneſt of a Faith renew'd,
Your Theme is vaſt, your Verſe divinely good:
Where, tho' the nine their beauteous ſtroaks repeat,
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook 'em at a heat.
So all Serenely Great, ſo juſt refin'd,
Like Angels love to Humane Seed enclin'd,
It ſtarts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
'Tis Spirit ſeen, whoſe fiery Atoms roul,
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
'Tis miniture of Man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the World would be, but wants the Art;
To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpite, and grin your praiſe.

As if a *Milton* from the Dead aroſe,
Fil'd off the Ruſt, and the right Party choſe.
Nor, Sir, be ſhock'd at what the Gloomy ſay,
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too ſplay.
'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Puſh on your Theme,
Lean your griev'd head on *David*'s Diadem.
David that rebel *Iſrael*s Envy mov'd,
David by God and all Good Men belov'd.
The Beauties of your *Abſalom* excell:
But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel*;
Of *Annabel*, than *May*'s firſt Morn more bright,
Chearfull as Summer's Noon, and chaſt as Winter's Night.
Of *Annabel* the Muſes deareſt Theme,
Of *Annabel* the Angel of my Dream.
Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
And to your Maſter-piece theſe Shadows ſend.

TO

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOUR OF THIS ADMIRABLE POEM.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madness did accuse
The wretch that thought himself possest with Muse;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire
With more than human thoughts the tuneful Quire;
But sure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream
Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses stream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From Earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th' informing Genius shines.
Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.

Not *David*'s self could in a nobler Verse
His gloriously offending Son rehearse,
Tho' in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met.
The Father's Fondness, and the Poet's Wit.
Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raise.
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
As when *Æneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,
Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen,
Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
Sure thou already art secure of Fame,
Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name;
What Father else would have refus'd to own
So great a Son as God-like *Absalon*?

R. D.

TO

TO THE CONCEAL'D
AUTHOUR
OF THIS
INCOMPARABLE POEM.

HAil Heav'n-born Muſe! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
The Glory of our Iſle and of our Age.
Th' inſpiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh,
The North at length teems with a work to vie
With *Homer*'s Flame and *Virgil*'s Majeſty.
While *Pindus* lofty Heights our Poet ſought,
(His raviſht Mind with vaſt *Idea*'s fraught)
Our Language fail'd beneath his riſing Thought;
This checks not his Attempt, for *Maro*'s Mines,
He dreins of all their Gold t'adorn his Lines:
Through each of which the *Mantuan Genius* ſhines.
The Rock obey'd the pow'rfull *Hebrew* Guide,
Her flinty Breaſt diſſolv'd into a Tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn Language he prevails,
And makes the *Helicon* in which he ſails.
The Dialect, as well as ſenſe, invents,
And, with his Poem, a new ſpeech preſents.

Hail then thou matchleſs Bard, thou great unknown,
That give your Country Fame, yet ſhun your own!
In vain---for ev'ry where your Praiſe you find,
And not to meet it, you muſt ſhun Mankind.
Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,
And ev'n the Factious give your Verſe applauſe,
Whoſe lightning ſtrikes to ground their Idol cauſe.
The Cauſe for whoſe dear ſake they drank a Flood
Of Civil Gore, nor ſpar'd the Royal-bloud;
The Cauſe whoſe growth to cruſh, our Prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our *Hero*'s fought.
Yet by one Stab of your keen Satyr dies:
Before your ſacred Lines their ſhatter'd *Dagon* lies.
Oh! If unworthy we appear to know
The Sire, to whom this lovely Birth we owe:
(Deny'd our ready Homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankfull be by gueſs:)
This hope remains,--May *David*'s God-like Mind,
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Authour find:
And, having found, ſhow'r equal Favours down
On Wit ſo vaſt as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N.T.

ABSA-

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

IN pious Times, e'er Prieſt-craft did begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;
When Man on many, multiply'd his kind,
E'er one to one was, curſedly, confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd
Promiſcuous uſe of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Iſrael*'s Monarch, after Heavens own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variouſly, impart.

To

To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungratefull to the Tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, several Sons before.
But, since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,
No true Succession cou'd their Seed attend.
Of all the numerous Progeny was none
So Beautifull, so Brave as *Absalom*:
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,
His Father got him with a greater Gust;
Or that his conscious Destiny made way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
Early in foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States Ally'd to *Israel*'s Crown:
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
And seem'd as he were onely born for Love.
What e'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to please:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And *Paradise* was open'd in his face.

With

With secret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
His Youthfull Image in his Son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he deny'd;
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not see.
Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
Were constru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
And *Amnon*'s Mother by a specious Name,
Was call'd a just Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, undisturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
But Life can never be sincerely blest:
Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The *Jews*, a Head-strong, Moody Murm'ring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with ease,
No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd please;
(Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
That God-smiths cou'd produce, or Priests devise:)
These *Adam*-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted Liberty,

And

And when no rule, no president was found,
Of men, by Laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
They led their wild desires to Woods and Caves;
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish *Ishbosheth* the Crown forego;
Who banisht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And, with a General shout, proclaim'd him King:
Those very *Jews*, who, at their very best,
Their Humour more than Loyalty expresst,
Now, wondred why, so long, they had obey'd
An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
Thought they might ruin him they cou'd create;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But these were random bolts: No form'd Design,
Nor Interest made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peacefull Reign;
And, looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
They curst the memory of Civil Wars.

The

The moderate ſort of Men, thus qualifi'd,
Inclin'd the Ballance to the better ſide:
And, *David's* mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to Rebell.
But, when to Sin our byaſt Nature leans,
The carefull Devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently Pimps for ill deſires;
The Good Old Cauſe reviv'd, a Plot requires.
Plots, true or falſe, are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of Old *Jeruſalem*
Were *Jebuſites*: the Town ſo call'd from them;
And their's the Native right——
But when the choſen People grew more ſtrong,
The rightfull Cauſe at length became the wrong:
And every loſs the men of *Jebus* bore,
They ſtill were thought God's Enemies the more.
Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to *David's* Government:
Impoveriſht and depriv'd of all Command,
Their Taxes doubled as they loſt their Land;

And

And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their Gods disgrac'd, & burnt like common Wood.
This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame;
For Priests of all Religions are the same:
Of whatsoe'er descent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewish Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honest Men and wise:
For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T'espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curse,
Bad in it self, but represented worse.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd:
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dasht and brew'd with Lies,
To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.

Th'

Th' *Ægyptian* Rites the *Jebuſites* embrac'd;
Where Gods were recommended by their taſte.
Such ſav'ry Deities muſt needs be good,
As ſerv'd at once for Worſhip and for Food.
By force they could not introduce theſe Gods;
For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificer's Trade,)
Fools are more hard to conquer than perſwade.
Their buſie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
And rak'd for Converts, even the Court & Stews:
Which *Hebrew Prieſts* the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to ſlay
by Guns, invented ſince full many a day:
Our Authour ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and *Jebuſites* may go?
This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Senſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous Conſequence:
For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
The ſtanding Lakes ſoon floats into a Flood;
And ev'ry hoſtile Humour, which before
Slept quiet in its Chanels, bubbles o'er:

So,

So, several factions from this first Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
Some by their Friends, more by themselves thought
Oppos'd the Pow'r, to wch they could not rise. [wise,
Some had in Courts been great, and thrown from
Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence. [thence,
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne;
Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungratefull men cou'd tye.
Of these the false *Achitophel* was first:
A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.
For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit;
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of Wit:
Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place;
In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace.
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay;
And o'er inform'd the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in extremity; [high
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went

He

He ſought the Storms: but for a Calm unfit,
Would ſteer too nigh the Sands, to boaſt his Wit.
Great Wits are ſure to Madneſs near ally'd;
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
Elſe, why ſhould he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
Refuſe his Age the needfull hours of Reſt?
Puniſh a Body which he cou'd not pleaſe;
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of eaſe?
And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs Lump, like Anarchy.
In Friendſhip falſe, implacable in Hate:
Reſolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.
To Compaſs this, the Triple Bond he broke;
The Pillars of the Publick Safety ſhook:
And fitted *Iſrael* for a Foreign Yoke.
Then, ſeiz'd with Fear, yet ſtill affecting Fame,
Uſurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
So eaſie ſtill it proves in Factious Times,
With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:

How safe is Treason, and how sacred Ill,
Where none can sin against the Peoples Will?
Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.
In *Israel*'s Courts ne'er sat an *Abbethdin*
With more discerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unsought, the Wretched to redress;
Swift of Dispatch, and easie of Access.
Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown,
With Virtues onely proper to the Gown;
Or, had the rankness of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppress the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tunefull Harp had strung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Virtues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawfull Fame, and lazy Happiness;
Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arme to shake the Tree.

Now,

Now, manifeſt of Crimes, contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold Defiance with his Prince:
Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cauſe,
Againſt the Crown; and ſculk'd behind the Laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the Plot he takes;
Some Circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing Emiſſaries, fills the ears
Of liſtning Crouds, with Jealouſies and Fears
Of Arbitrary Counſels brought to light,
And proves the King himſelf a *Jebuſite*.
Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with People eaſie to Rebel.
For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
Tread the ſame Track when ſhe the Prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their Scribes Record,
By natural Inſtinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a Chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as War-like *Abſalom*:
Not, that he wiſh'd his Greatneſs to create,
(For Polititians neither love nor hate:)
But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the Croud:

That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.
Him he attempts, with ſtudied Arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his Venome, in ſuch words as theſe.
Auſpicious Prince, at whoſe Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Deſire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning Day, in every diſtant Age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophet's rage:
The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The Young mens Viſion, and the Old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfi'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps, thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering Babes are taught to liſp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
Content ingloriouſly to paſs thy days
Like one of Virtues Fools that feeds on Praiſe;

Till

Till thy freſh Glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow Stale and Tarniſh with our dayly ſight.
Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit muſt be,
Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
Heav'n, has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
Whoſe Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
Our Fortune rolls as from a ſmooth Deſcent,
And, from the firſt Impreſſion, takes the Bent:
But, if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind;
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her Locks before her as ſhe flies.
Had thus Old *David*, from whoſe Loins you Spring
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
At *Gath* an Exile he might ſtill remain;
And Heav'ns Anointing Oyl had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsfull Youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of Declining Age:
Behold him ſetting in his Weſtern Skies,
The ſhadows lengthning as the Vapours riſe.

He is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand
The joyfull People throng'd to see him Land,
Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand*:
But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:
Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:
(Our onely blessing since his curst Return:)
Those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of Wind.
What strength can he to your Designs oppose,
Naked of Friends, and round beset with Foes?
If *Pharaoh's* doubtfull Succour he should use,
A Foreign Aid wou'd more incense the *Jews*:
Proud *Ægypt* wou'd dissembled Friendship bring;
Foment the War, but not support the King:
Nor wou'd the Royal party e'er unite
With *Pharaoh's* Arms, t'assist the *Jebusite*;
Or if they shou'd, their Interest soon wou'd break,
And, with such odious Aid, make *David* weak.
All sorts of men, by my successfull Arts,
Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts

From

From *David*'s Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
What may not *Israel* hope, and what Applauſe
Might ſuch a General gain by ſuch a Cauſe?
Not barren Praiſe alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
Fair onely to the ſight, but ſolid Pow'r:
And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a ſucceſſive Title, Long and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah*'s Ark.

What cannot Praiſe effect in Mighty Minds,
When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
Deſire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
Yet, ſprung from High, is of Cœleſtial Seed:
In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aſpire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;
Unwarily was led from Virtues ways; [Praiſe.
Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with

Half loath, and half consenting to the Ill,
(For Royal Blood within him struggled still)
He thus reply'd.---And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right:
The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight:
Good, Gracious, Just, Observant of the Laws;
And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his Peacefull Reign?
Who sues for Justice to his Throne in vain?
What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose?
Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good;
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.
If Mildness ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What could he gain, his People to Betray,
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
Let haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign,
His Fruitfull *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,
The *Dog-star* heats their Brains to this Disease.

Why

Why then ſhould I, encouraging the Bad,
Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad?
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawleſs Might,
Oppreſt the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebuſite*,
Well might I Mourn; but Natures holy Bands
Wou'd Curb my Spirits, and reſtrain my Hands:
The People might aſſert their Liberty;
But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
Prevents my Wiſhes, and out-runs Deſire;
What more can I expect while *David* lives?
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing, ſaid,
Is Juſtly deſtin'd for a Worthier Head.
For when my Father from his Toyls ſhall Reſt,
And late Augment the Number of the Bleſt:
His Lawfull Iſſue ſhall the Throne aſcend;
Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that ſhall end.
His Brother, though Oppreſt with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntleſs and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the Braveſt, and the Beſt.

His

His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find;
For ſure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why ſhould I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, Propitiouſly Inclin'd,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind,
To my large Soul, not all her Treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean Deſcent.
I find, I find my my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David's* Part diſdains my Mothers Mold.
Why am I ſcanted by a Niggard Birth?
My Soul diſclaims the Kindred of her Earth;
And, made for Empire, Whiſpers me within;
Deſire of Greatneſs is a God-like Sin.

Him Staggering ſo when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Virtue ſcarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours freſh Forces in, and thus Replies:

Th' Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wiſe,
Imparts not theſe Prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reſerv'd to bleſs your Reign?

Againſt

Againſt your will your Arguments have ſhown,
Such Virtue's onely given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildneſs I contemn;
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Laviſh Grants ſuppoſe a Monarch tame,
And more his Goodneſs than his Wit proclaim.
But when ſhould People ſtrive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The Thrifty Sanhedrin ſhall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall coſt a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, ſhall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in ſome Expenſive War;
Which when his Treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the Remains of Kingſhip, buy
His faithfull Friends, our Jealouſies and Fears,
Call *Jebuſites*; and *Pharaoh*'s Penſioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to publick Scorn.

The

The next Succeſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of neceſſary Gold,
Shall firſt be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold;
Till time ſhall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To paſs your doubtfull Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Truſt:
Which when reſum'd, can be no longer Juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general Good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one ſuffer than a Nation grieve. [choſe,
The *Jews* well know their pow'r: e'er *Saul* they
God was their King, and God they durſt Depoſe.
Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
The Publick Good, that Univerſal Call,
To which even Heav'n ſubmitted, anſwers all.

Nor

Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
'Tis Natures trick to propagate her Kind.
Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their Posterity.
Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.
God said he lov'd your Father; could he bring
A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
It surely shew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.
Would *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
The name of Godly he may blush to bear:
'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
To you a Legacy of Barren Land:
Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays;
Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wise,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
And marks the Progress in the Peoples Hearts.

Though

Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
He meditates Revenge who leaſt complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
Or Sleep diſſembling, while he waits his Prey,
His fearleſs Foes within his Diſtance draws;
Conſtrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
Till at the laſt, his time for Fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden Vengeance from the Ground:
The Proſtrate Vulgar, paſſes o'er, and Spares,
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
Your Caſe no tame Expedients will afford:
Reſolve on Death, or Conqueſt by the Sword,
Which for no leſs a Stake than Life, you Draw;
And Self-defence is Natures Eldeſt Law.
Leave the warm People no Conſidering time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
Prevail your ſelf of what Occaſion gives,
But try your Title while your Father lives:
And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
Whoſe Sacred Life each minute would Expoſe,
To Plots, from ſeeming Friends, and ſecret Foes.

And

And who can ſound the depth of *David's* Soul?
Perhaps his fear, his kindneſs may Controll,
He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by Force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like Womens Leachery, to ſeem Conſtrain'd:
Doubt not: but, when he moſt affects the Frown,
Commit a pleaſing Rape upon the Crown.
Secure his Perſon to ſecure your Cauſe;
They who poſſeſs the Prince, poſſeſs the Laws.
He ſaid, And this Advice above the reſt,
With *Abſalom's* Mild Nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition ſet aſide,)
Not ſtain'd with Cruelty, nor puft with Pride.
How happy had he been, if Deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not ſo high!
His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne,
And bleſt all other Countries but his own.
But charming Greatneſs, ſince ſo few refuſe;
'Tis Juſter to Lament him, than Accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With Blandiſhments to gain the publick Love;

To

To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And Popularly prosecute the Plot.
To further this *Achitophel* Unites
The Male-contents of all the *Israelites:*
Whose differing Parties he could wisely Joyn,
For several Ends, to serve the same Design.
The Best, and of the Princes some were such,
Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much:
Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not Wicked, but seduc'd by Impious Arts.
By these the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound so high, they Crack't the Government.
The next for Int'rest sought t' embroil the State,
To sell their Duty at a dearer rate;
And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne;
Pretending Publick Good, to serve their own.
Others thought Kings an useless heavy Load,
Who Cost too much, and did too little Good.
These were for laying Honest *David* by,
On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
With them joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.

Who

Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not onely hating *David*, but the King;
The *Solymæan* Rout; well Vers'd of old,
In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold;
Cowring and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword;
But Lofty to a Lawfull Prince Restor'd;
Saw with Disdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
And Scorn'd by *Jebusites* to be Out-done.
Hot *Levites* Headed these; who pull'd before
From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
Resum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Cry,
Pursu'd their old beloy'd Theocracy.
Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation,
And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration:
For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron*'s Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
These led the Pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.
A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed;
Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed:
'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r employ;
Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.

But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the *Jebusite* did hate:
Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and Nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!

Rail-

Railing and praising were his usual Themes;
And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extremes:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
Beggar'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief:
For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell
On *Absalom*, and wise *Achitophel*:
Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of That was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearse
Of Lords, below the dignity of Verse.
Wits, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the best:
Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the rest.
And therefore, in the name of Dulness, be
The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paschal-Lamb.

Let Friendships holy Band some Names assure:
Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn secure.
Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who cou'd Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The Wretch, whose Heav'ns Anointed dar'd to Curse:
Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curse, unless against the Government.
Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way
Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
The City, to reward his pious Hate
Against his Master, chose him Magistrate:
His Hand a Vare of Justice did uphold;
His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
During his Office, Treason was no Crime.
The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:

For

For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself:
When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*,
Shimei was always in the midst of them.
And, if they Curst the King when he was by,
Would rather Curse, than break good Company.
If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,
He pact a Jury of dissenting *Jews*:
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly Cause,
Wou'd free the suff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
For Laws are onely made to punish those
Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.
If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,
(Because 'tis Sin to mis-employ an hour:)
His Bus'ness was, by Writing to perswade,
That Kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade:
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more shun'd the fumes of Wine.
Chast were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board
The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd:

His Cooks, with long disuse, their Trade forgot;
Cool was his Kitchin, though his Brains were hot.
Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the *Jews*:
For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
But free from Flesh, that made the *Jews* rebel:
And *Moses*'s Laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the Mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well breath'd Witness of the Plot:
Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from Oblivion pass;
Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass:
High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
While Nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet Comets rise
From Earthly Vapours e'er they shine in Skies.
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weaver's Issue, as by Prince's Son.
This Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good,
By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.

Who

Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high Race,
Whose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
His Tribe were God Almightie's Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
A Church Vermillion, and a *Moses's* Face.
His Memory miraculously great,
Cou'd Plots, exceeding Man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
For human Wit cou'd never such devise.
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke:
Some things like Visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
And gave him his *Rabinical* Degree,
Unknown to Foreign University.
His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excell;
Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well:
And suited to the temper of the Times;
Then groaning under *Jebusitick* Crimes.

Let *Israel's* Foes suspect his Heav'nly call,
And rashly judge his Writ Apocryphal:
Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits made:
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
Were I my self in Witness *Corah's* place,
The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,
And load his Person with indignities:
But Zeal peculiar privilege affords;
Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
And *Corah* might for *Agag's* Murther call:
In terms as course as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.
What others in his Evidence did join,
(The best that cou'd be had for love or coin,)
In *Corah's* own predicament will fall:
For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every sort,
Deluded *Absalom*, forsakes the Court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
And Fir'd with near possession of a Crown:

Th'

Th' admiring Croud are dazled with ſurprize,
And on his Goodly Perſon feed their Eyes:
His joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furniſht out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then, with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity e'er he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſie thoſe and fit,
More ſlow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.
I mourn, my Country-men, your loſt Eſtate,
Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
Behold a baniſht Man, for your dear Cauſe
Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
Yet oh! that I alone cou'd be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
Egypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
And *Jebuſites* your Sacred Rites invade.

My

My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his Fame:
And bribe'd with petty sums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathsheba*'s Embraces old:
Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys:
And all his pow'r against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give my Right away:
But why should he his own, and yours betray?
He only, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies:
No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse;
These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use;
And 'tis my wish the next Successor's Reign
May make no other *Israelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Gracefull Action, seldom fail:
But Common Interest always will prevail:
And Pity never ceases to be shown,
To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
The Croud, (that still believe their Kings oppress,)
With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless:

Who

Who now begins his progress to ordain;
With Chariots, Horsemen, and a num'rous Train:
From East to West his Glories he displays:
And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land surveys.
Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star;
And shouts of Joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a Guardian God;
And Consecrates the Place of his abode:
But hospitable Treats did most commend
Wise *Issachar*, his wealthy Western Friend.
This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends disguise:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The Peoples hearts; distinguish Friends from Foes,
And try their strength, before they came to Blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious Love, and Duty to their Prince,
Religion, and Redress of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat, and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good King *David*'s life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.

Thus

Thus in a Pageant Shew; a Plot is made;
And Peace it self is War in Masquerade.
Oh foolish *Israel!* never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of Health Imagine a Disease;
Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think! Can People give away,
Both for themselves and Sons, their native Sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the Sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws destroy.
Yet if the Croud be Judge of fit and Just,
And Kings are onely Officers in Trust,
Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
If those who gave the Sceptre cou'd not tie
By their own deed their own Posterity,
How then cou'd *Adam* bind his future Race?
How cou'd his forfeit on Mankind take place?

Or

Or how cou'd Heavenly Juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our Father's Fall?
Then Kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And Tenants to their Peoples pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the Croud:
For who can be ſecure of private Right,
If Sovereign Sway may be diſſolv'd by Might?
Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
The Moſt may err, as groſly as the Few.
And faultleſs Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppreſſion, and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
Which flowing to the Mark, runs faſter out?
Nor onely Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
Infected with this Publick Lunacy:
And Share the madneſs of Rebellious Times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they pleaſe,
Not Kings alone, (the God-head Images,
But Government it ſelf at length muſt fall
To Natures State, where all have Right to all.

Yet,

Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a setled Throne would shake?
For whatsoe'er their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them suffer more.
All others Errours but disturb a State,
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress of the Wall,
Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark;
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue:
At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The tamp'ring world is subject to this Curse,
To Physick their Disease into a Worse.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes:
Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praise.

In

In this short File *Barzillai* first appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years.
Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
In regions VVaste beyond the *Jordan's* Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But sinking underneath his Master's Fate:
In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd:
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
Large was his VVealth, but larger was his Heart:
VVhich, well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse,
The Fighting VVarriour, and Recording Muse.
His Bed cou'd once a fruitfull Issue boast;
Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.
His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhood's prime
B' unequal Fates, and Providences Crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run.

Oh

Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy matchless VVorth was known;
Arms thy Delight, and VVar was all thy Own:
Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd:
And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.
Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
VVhom Foes unpunish'd never cou'd withstand!
But *Israel* was unworthy of his Name:
Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had design'd,
And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.
Now free from Earth, thy disencumbred Soul [Pole:
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry
From thence thy kindred Legions mayst thou bring,
To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painfull flight;
No Pinions can pursue Immortal height:
Tell good *Barzillai* thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy Soul he should have fled before;
Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse
To hang on her departed Patron's Hearse?

Now

Now take thy ſtoopy flight from Heav'n, and ſee
If thou canſt find on Earth another He;
Another He would be too hard to find,
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the Prieſt, whom, ſhunning Pow'r and Place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to *David*'s Grace:
With him the *Sagan* of *Jeruſalem*,
Of hoſpitable Soul, and noble Stem;
Him of the weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit Words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by ſuch Example led,
To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
To theſe ſucceed the Pillars of the Laws:
Who beſt cou'd plead, and beſt can judge a Cauſe.
Next them a train of Loyal Peers aſcend,
Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muſes Friend,
Himſelf a Muſe: —In Sanhedrins debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom *David*'s Love with Honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient Son were torn.

Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant Thought:
Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move Assemblies, who but onely try'd
The worse a-while, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
So much the weight of one Brave man can doe.
Hushai the Friend of *David* in distress,
In publick storms of manly stedfastness;
By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth,
And join'd Experience to his Native Truth.
His frugal care supply'd the wanting Throne;
Frugal for that, but bountyeous of his own:
'Tis easie Conduct when Exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For Sovereign Pow'r is too depress or high,
When Kings are forc'd to sell or Crouds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel's* praise refuse?
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reason guided, and their Passion cool'd;

So

So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a Loyal Nations Sense,
That as their Band was *Israel's* Tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rather Charioteirs the Seat ascend,
Whose loose Careirs his steady Skill commend:
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way;
While he withdrawn at their mad Labour smiles,
And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

These were the chief; a small but faithfull Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to stand
And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd such powerfull Engines bent,
To batter down the Lawfull Government.
A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights.
The true Successor from the Court remov'd:
The Plot, by hireling Witnesses, improv'd.
These Ills they saw, and as their Duty Bound;
They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound;

That no Conceſſions from the Throne won'd pleaſe;
But Lenitives fomented the Diſeaſe:
That *Abſalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People down:
That falſe *Achitophel*'s pernicious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:
The Council violent, the Rabble worſe:
That *Shimei* taught *Jeruſalem* to Curſe.

With all theſe loads of Injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving in his carefull Breaſt
Th' event of things; at laſt, his Patience tir'd,
Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
The God-like *David* ſpoke; with awfull fear
His Train their Maker in their Maſter hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy ſway'd.
My wrongs diſſembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
So much the Father did the King Aſſwage.
But now ſo far my Clemency they ſlight,
Th' Offenders queſtion my Forgiving Right.
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.

They

They call my tenderneſs of Blood, my Fear:
Though manly Tempers can the Longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my Native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by Force.
Thoſe heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the Nations weight:
If my young *Sampſon* will pretend a Call
To ſhake the Column, let him ſhare the Fall:
But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How eaſie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his Frame cou'd bear:
Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
He wou'd have given his Soul another turn:
Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whoſe Modern ſenſe
Is one that wou'd by Law ſupplant his Prince;
The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.

Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
Should more be *Abſalom*'s than *David*'s Cauſe?
His old Inſtructor, e'er he loſt his Place,
Was never thought indu'd with ſo much Grace.
Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!
My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:
Wou'd *They* impoſe an Heir upon the Throne?
Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
A King's at leaſt a part of Government;
And mine as requiſite as their Conſent:
Without my leave a future King to chooſe,
Infers a Right the Preſent to Depoſe:
True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:
But *Eſau*'s Hands ſuit ill with *Jacob*'s Voice.
My pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
Which to ſecure, they take my Pow'r away.
From Plots and Treaſons Heav'n preſerve my Years,
But ſave me moſt from my Petitioners.
Unſatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
God cannot grant ſo much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous Eye
To guard the ſmall Remains of Royalty?

The

The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway,
And the same Law teach Rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more Establish'd Pow'r controul,
Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove,
Nor Crouds have Pow'r to punish e'er they prove:
For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care express,
Still to defend their Servants in distress.
Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, against my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?
Must I at length the Sword of Justice draw?
Oh, curs'd Effects of necessary Law!
How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan,
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.
Law they require, let Law then shew her Face;
They could not be content to look on Grace
Her hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the Terrour of her Front, and Dy,
By their own Arts, 'tis Righteously decreed,
Those dire Artificers of Death shall bleed.

Againſt themſelves their Witneſſes will ſwear,
Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear:
And ſuch for Nutriment that bloody Gore
Which was their Principle of Life before.
Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;
Thus on my Foes, my Foes ſhall doe me right:
Nor doubt th' Event: for Factious Crouds engage
In their firſt Onſet, all their Brutal Rage.
Then let 'em take an unreſiſted Courſe:
Ritire and Traverſe, and Delude their Force:
But when they ſtand all Breathleſs, urge the Fight,
And riſe upon 'em with redoubled Might:
For lawfull Pow'r is ſtill Superiour found,
When long driv'n back, at length it ſtands the [ground.

He ſaid. Th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And Peals of Thunder ſhook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new Time began,
The mighty Years in long Proceſſion ran:
Once more the God-like *David* was reſtor'd,
And willing Nations knew their lawfull Lord.

FINIS.

The Medal.

A

SATYRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.

By the Author of *Abſalom* and *Achitophel.*

Per Graiûm *populos, mediæque per* Elidis *Urbem*
Ibat ovans; Divúm*que ſibi poſcebat Honores.*

The Third Edition.

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EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

FOR *to whom can I dedicate this* Poem, *with ſo much juſtice, as to you? 'Tis the repreſentation of your own Heroe: 'tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize ſo much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landſcap of the Tower, nor the Riſing Sun; nor the* Anno Domini *of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This muſt needs be a gratefull undertaking to your whole Party: eſpecially to thoſe who have not been ſo happy as to purchaſe the Original. I hear the* Graver *has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder ſo inhanc'd, that many a poor* Polander, *who would be glad to worſhip the Image, is not able to go to the coſt of him: But muſt he content to ſee him here. I muſt confeſs I am no great Artiſt; but Sign-poſt painting will ſerve the turn to remember a Friend by; eſpecially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true: and though he ſate not five times to me, as he did to* B. *yet I have conſulted Hiſtory; as the* Italian *Painters do, when they wou'd*

wou'd draw a Nero *or a* Caligula; *though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from* Suetonius *and* Tacitus. *Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medall: the Head wou'd be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun. Which wou'd then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the* No-protestant Plot, *that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medall. Never was their practis'd such a piece of notorius Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the* Turks *did* Scanderbeg; *as if there were virtue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not onely zeal for the Publick good, but a due veneration for the person of the King. But all men, who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any Association of men, (to come nearer to you,) who out of Parliament, cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in Factious Clubs, to vilifie the Government, in your Discourses, and to libel it in all your Writings? who made*

made you Judges in Israel? *or how is it consistent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of Loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's Disposition, or his Practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the publick Liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Croud, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflexions on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easie to be evinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I onely forbear to quote, because I desire they should dy and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers;*

and

and to shew you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot *is much of it stolu from your dead Authour's Pamphlet call'd, the* Growth of Popery; *as manifestly as* Milton's *defence of the* English *People, is from* Buchanan de jure regni apud Scotos: *or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the* French Guisards. *Any one who reads* Davila, *may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported, that* Poltrot *a* Hugonot, *murther'd* Francis *Duke of* Guise *by the instigations of* Theodore Beza: *or that it was a* Hugonot *Minister, otherwise call'd a* Presbyterian, (*for our Church abhors so devilish a Tenet*) *who first writ a Treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murthering Kings, of a different Perswasion in Religion: But I am able to prove from the Doctrin of* Calvin, *and Principles of* Buchanan, *that they set the People above the Magistrate; which if I mistake not, is your own Fundamental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your liking. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed* Act of Parliament, *you declare that in some cases, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the* No-protestant Plot; *and is too plain to be denied.*

The

The late Copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly justifie nor condemn: But, as the Papists, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantries of Worship; but in times of War, when they are hard pres's'd by Arguments, ly close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent: *So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justify'd to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.*

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. *But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation, and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd: which yet you see the Nation is not so easie to believe as your own Jury: But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in* New-gate, *who wou'd acquit a Malefactour.*

I have one onely favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, *you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against* Absalom *and* Achi-

Achitophel: *for then you may assure your selves of a clear Victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a Custome, do it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave the answer of my Arguments. Never own the bottome of your Principles, for fear they should be Treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of Government; for if Scandal be not allow'd, you are no free-born Subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcome: let your Verses run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious Blockheads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own Satyre, make me Satyrize my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bdy already; but above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Parson, who writ the* Whip and Key. *I am afraid it is not read so much as the Piece deserves, because the Bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his* Gazette, *to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to doe him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waste-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his Learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which are printed at the end of some* English *Bibles. If* Achitophel *signifie the Brother of a Fool, the Authour of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindness.*

What-

Whatever the Verſes are; buy 'em up I beſeech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is ſhut up, and the Brother of Achitophel *out of ſervice.*

Now Footmen, you know, have the generoſity to make a Purſe, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even Proteſtant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Diſſenter in Poetry from Senſe and Engliſh, *will make as good a Proteſtant Rhimer, as a Diſſenter from the Church of* England *a Proteſtant Parſon. Beſides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his ſtyle a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and ſawcy Jack, and Atheiſtick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthuſiaſm is ſtrong upon him: by which well-manner'd and charitable Expreſſions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his Name. What would you have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cauſe from* Geneſis *to the* Revelations: *And has half the Texts of both the* Teſtaments *againſt me, if you will be ſo civil to your ſelves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for* Iriſh *Witneſſes. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him onely for the opening of your Cauſe, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it ſo happen he meet with no more reply than his Predeceſſours, you may either conclude, that I truſt to the goodneſs of my Cauſe, or fear my Adverſary, or diſdain him, or what you pleaſe, for the ſhort on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble ſervant, whatever your Party ſays or thinks of him.*

UPON THE

AUTHOUR

Of the Following

POEM.

ONCE more our awfull Poet Arms, t'engage
The threatning Hydra-Faction of the Age:
Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield,
And ev'ry Muſe attends him to the Field:
By Art and Nature for this Task deſign'd,
Yet modeſtly the Fight he long declin'd;
Forbore the Torrent of his Verſe to pour,
Nor loos'd his Satyre till the needfull Hour:
His Sov'reign's Right by Patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his Avenging Genius to its Aid. [Crown'd,
Bleſt Muſe, whoſe Wit with ſuch a Cauſe was
And bleſt the Cauſe that ſuch a Champion found.

With

With choſen Verſe upon the Foe he falls,
And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc'd t' engage,
Secure of Conqueſt he rebates his Rage;
His Fury not without Diſtinction ſheds,
Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:
To leſs infected Members gentle found,
Or ſpares, or elſe pours Balm into the Wound.
Such gen'rous Grace th' ingrateſull Tribe abuſe,
And treſpaſs on the Mercy of his Muſe;
Their wretched dogrell Rhimers forth they bring
To ſnarl and bark againſt the Poets King;
A Crew, that ſcandalize the Nation more
Than all their Treaſon-canting Prieſts before!
On theſe he ſcarce vouchſafes a ſcornfull Smile,
But on their Pow'rfull Patrons turns his Style.
A Style ſo keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
The vital Poyſon, ſtabs to th' Heart their Cauſe.
Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raiſe;
Accept our Thanks, for you tranſcend our Praiſe.

TO THE UNKNOWN

AUTHOUR

Of the Following

POEM,

And that of

ABSALOM and *ACHITOPHEL*.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praiſe,
Altars of old to God unknown did raiſe;
They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew
Divine effects a cauſe Divine did ſhew;
Nor can we doubt, when ſuch theſe Numbers are,
Such is their cauſe, tho' the worſt Muſe ſhall dare
Their ſacred worth in humble Verſe declare.

As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tuneſull [Song,
Glides in a peaceſull Majeſty along;
No rebel Stone, no loſty Bank does brave
The eaſie paſſage of his ſilent wave;

So,

So, ſacred Poet, ſo thy Numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe;
Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
Yet ſoft as Down upon the Wings of Love:
How ſweet does Vertue in your dreſs appear?
How much more charming, when much leſs ſevere?
Whilſt you our ſenſes harmleſly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy Style;
Y'inſinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
And into ſenſe th' unthinking Many cheat:
So the ſweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre
Into rude Nature virtue did inſpire;
So he the ſavage herd to reaſon drew,
Yet ſcarce ſo ſweet, ſo charmingly as you:
Oh, that you would with ſome ſuch powerfull [Charm,
Enervate *Albion* to juſt valour warm!
Whether much ſuffering *Charles* ſhall Theme afford,
Or the great Deeds of God-like *James*'s Sword;
Again fair *Gallia* might be ours, again
Another Fleet might paſs the ſubject Main;
Another *Edward* lead the *Britains* on,
Or ſuch an *Oſſory* as you did moan:
While in ſuch Numbers you, in ſuch a ſtrain,
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
Let falſe *Achitophel* the rout engage,
Talk eaſie *Abſalom* to rebel rage;
Let frugal *Shimei* curſe in holy Zeal,
Or modeſt *Corah* more new Plots reveal;
Whilſt conſtant to himſelf, ſecure of fate,
Good *David* ſtill maintains the Royal State;

Tho' each in vain ſuch various ills employs,
Firmly he ſtands, and even thoſe ills enjoys;
Firm as fair *Albion* midſt the raging Main
Surveys encirling danger with diſdain.
In vain the Waves aſſault the unmov'd ſhore,
In vain the Winds with mingled fury rore,
Fair *Albion*'s beauteous Cliffs ſhine whiter than [before.

Nor ſhalt thou move, tho' Hell thy fall conſpire,
Tho' the worſe rage of Zeal's Fanatick Fire;
Thou beſt, thou greateſt of the *Britiſh* Race,
Thou onely fit to fill Great *Charles* his place.
Ah wretched *Britains!* ah too ſtubborn Iſle!
Ah ſtiff-neck'd *Iſrael* on bleſt *Canaan*'s ſoyl!
Are thoſe dear proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
Reſtoring *David* and his gentle Reign?
Is it in vain thou all the Goods doſt know
Auſpicious Stars on Mortals ſhed below,
While all thy ſtreams with Milk, thy Lands with [Honey flow?

No more, fond Iſle! no more thy ſelf engage,
In civil fury, and inteſtine rage;
No rebel Zeal thy duteous Land moleſt,
But a ſmooth Calm ſooth every peacefull breaſt,
While in ſuch Charming notes Divinely ſings,
The beſt of Poets, of the beſt of Kings.

THE

The Medal.

A

SATYRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry,
Which *English* Idiots run in crouds to see,
The *Polish Medal* bears the prize alone:
A Monster more the Favourite of the Town
Than either Fairs or Theatres have shown.
Never did Art so well with Nature strive;
Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive?

So like the Man; so golden to the sight,
So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with Title and with Face;
And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,
On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys;
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays.
The Word pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice,
Lætamur, which, in *Polish*, is *rejoyce.*
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd;
And a new Canting Holiday design'd.
Five days he sate, for every cast and look;
Four more than God to finish *Adam* took.
But who can tell what Essence Angels are,
Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer!*
Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for an Eunuch face,
Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,
The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill!
A Martial Heroe first, with early care,
Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds, to war.
A beardless Chief, a Rebel, e'er a Man:
(So young his hatred to his Prince began.)

Next

Next this, (How wildly will Ambition ſteer!)
A Vermin, wriggling in th' Uſurper's Ear,
Bart'ring his venal wit for ſumms of gold
He caſt himſelf into the Saint-like mould;
Groan'd, ſigh'd and pray'd, while Godlineſs was gain;
The lowdeſt Bag-pipe of the Squeaking Train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open lewdneſs he cou'd ne'er diſguiſe.
There ſplit the Saint: for Hypocritick Zeal
Allows no Sins but thoſe it can conceal.
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a ſcope:
Saints muſt not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly Principle was all the ſame;
But a groſs Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
Beſides, their pace was formal, grave and ſlack;
His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.
Yet ſtill he found his Fortune at a ſtay;
Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way:
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and Wit exact a double price.

Pow'r

Pow'r was his aim: but, thrown from that pretence,
The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd;
Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
Behold him now exalted into trust;
His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
He had a grudging still to be a Knave.
The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
Made him uneasie in his lawfull gears.
At best as little honest as he cou'd:
And, like white Witches, mischievously good.
To his first byass, longingly he leans;
And *rather* wou'd be great by wicked means.
Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold;
(Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)
From hence those tears! that *Ilium* of our woe!
Who helps a pow'rfull Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
What wonder if the Waves prevail so far
When He cut down the Banks that made the bar?

Seas

Seas follow but their Nature to invade;
But he by Art our native Strength betray'd.
So *Sampſon* to his Foe his force confeſt;
And, to be ſhorn, lay ſlumb'ring on her breaſt.
But, when this fatal Counſel, found too late,
Expos'd its Authour to the publick hate;
When his juſt Sovereign, by no impious way,
Cou'd be ſeduc'd to Arbitrary ſway;
Forſaken of that hope, he ſhifts the ſail;
Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale;
And ſhews the Fiend confeſs'd without a vail.
He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
But not convey'd to Kingly Government;
That claims ſucceſſive bear no binding force;
That Coronation Oaths are things of courſe;
Maintains the Multitude can never err;
And ſets the People in the Papal Chair.
The reaſon's obvious; *Int'reſt never lyes*;
The moſt have ſtill their Int'reſt in their eyes;
The pow'r is always theirs, & pow'r is ever wiſe.
Almighty Crowd, thou ſhorten'ſt all diſpute;
Power is thy Eſſence; Wit thy Attribute!

Nor

Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leap'st o'r all Eternal truths, in thy *Pindarique*
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide, [way!
When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:
As righteously they did those dooms repent,
Still they were wise, what-ever way they went.
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the Father, and recall the Son. [then;
Some think the Fools were most, as times went
But now the World's o'er stock'd with prudent men.
The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;
The *Turk's* is, at *Constantinople*, best;
Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
And our own Worship onely true at home.
And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
How long we please it shall continue so.
This side to day, and that to morrow burns;
So all are God a'mighties in their turns.
A Tempting Doctrine, plausible and new:
What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil War,
Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:

And

And, that a lawfull Pow'r might never ceaſe,
Secur'd Succeſſion, to ſecure our Peace.
Thus Property and Sovereign Sway, at laſt
In equal Balances were juſtly caſt:
But this new *Jehu* ſpurs the hot mouth'd horſe;
Inſtructs the Beaſt to know his native force:
To take the Bit between his Teeth and fly
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.
Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;
Wou'd we poſſeſs the freedom we purſue!
The laviſh Government can give no more:
Yet we repine; and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our Rebel-fathers fought:
He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they ſought:
Till, maſter'd by their own uſurping Brave,
The free-born Subject ſunk into a Slave.
We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;
Ah, what is man, when his own wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill;
Proud of his Pow'r, and boundleſs in his Will!
That Kings can do no wrong we muſt believe:
None can they do, and muſt they all receive?

Help

Help Heav'n! or ſadly we ſhall ſee an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
Already they have loſt their beſt defence,
The benefit of Laws, which they diſpence:
No juſtice to their righteous Cauſe allow'd;
But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd.
And Medals grav'd, their Conqueſt to record,
The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.

The Man who laugh'd but once, to ſee an Aſs
Mumbling to make the croſs-grain'd Thiſtles paſs;
Might laugh again, to ſee a Jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable Law.
The Witneſſes, that, Leech-like, liv'd on Bloud,
Sucking for them were med'cinal good;
But, when they faſten'd on *their* feſter'd Sore,
Then, Juſtice and Religion they forſwore;
Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.
Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd;
And Rogue and Saint diſtinguiſh'd by their Side:
They rack ev'n Scripture to confeſs their Cauſe;
And plead a Call to preach, in ſpight of Laws.

But

But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page,
It has been us'd as ill in every Age;
And is conſtrain'd, with patience, all to take;
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking Trumpet ſeize;
They make it ſpeak whatever Senſe they pleaſe!
'Twas fram'd, at firſt, our Oracle t' enquire;
But, ſince our Sects in prophecy grow higher,
The Text inſpires not them; but they the Text
[inſpire.

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Iſle,
O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitfull *Nile*,
How ſhall I praiſe or curſe to thy deſert!
Or ſeparate thy ſound, from thy corrupted part!
I call'd thee *Nile*; the parallel will ſtand:
Thy tydes of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd Land;
Yet Monſters from thy large increaſe we find,
Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'ſt behind.
Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
Of *Iſrael*'s Tribes thou haſt a numerous band;
But ſtill the *Canaanite* is in the Land.

Thy

Thy military Chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disinchanted Burghers few.
The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands;
But what's a Head with two such gouty Hands?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way;
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But Wisedom is to Sloath too great a Slave;
None are so busie as the Fool and Knave.
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,
Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge;
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving King!
In Gospel-phrase their Chapmen they betray:
Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;
They boast e'en when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King.
All hands unite of every jarring Sect;
They cheat the Country first, and then infect.
They, for God's Cause their Monarchs dare dethrone;
And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own.

Whether

Whether the plotting Jeſuite lay'd the plan
Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides out-go;
And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too.

What means their Trait'rous Combination leſs,
Too plain t'evade, too ſhamefull to confeſs.
But Treaſon is not own'd when 'tis deſcry'd;
Succesfull Crimes alone are juſtify'd.
The Men, who no Conſpiracy wou'd find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.
Join'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of defence;
At firſt without, at laſt againſt their Prince.
If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they ſcan,
The ſame bold Maxime holds in God and Man:
God were not ſafe, his Thunder cou'd they ſhun
He ſhou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.
Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
The rich Poſſeſſion was the Murth'rers own.
In vain to Sophiſtry they have recourſe:
By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worſe;
Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force.

Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may see
'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be;
For, from pretended Grievances they rise,
First to dislike, and after to despise.
Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Flesh to deal,
Chop up a Minister, at every meal;
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King;
But clip his regal rights within the Ring.
From thence, t' assume the pow'r of Peace and War;
And ease him by degrees of publique Care.
Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name;
And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the game.
For what can Pow'r give more than Food & Drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
These are the cooler methods of the Crime;
But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time:
On utmost bounds of Loyalty they stand,
And grin and whet like a *Croatian* Band;
That waits impatient for the last Command.
Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain;
They steal not, but in Squadrons scour the Plain:

And,

And, if their Pow'r the Passengers subdue;
The most have right, the wrong is in the Few.
Such impious Axiomes foolishly they show;
For, in some Soils Republicks will not grow:
Our Temp'rate Isle will no extremes sustain,
Of pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign:
But slides between them both into the best;
Secure in freedom, in a Monarch blest.
And though the Climate, vext with various Winds,
Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
The wholsome Tempest purges what it breeds;
To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,
(O Crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts,)
Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord;
What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall!
Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call; [all.
For all must curse the Woes that must descend on
Religion thou hast none: thy *Mercury* [Thee.
Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through

But what thou giv'ſt, that Venom ſtill remains;
And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains.
What elſe inſpires the Tongues,& ſwells the Breaſts
Of all thy bellowing Renegado Prieſts,
That preach up thee for God;diſpence thy Laws;
And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cauſe?
Freſh Fumes of Madneſs raiſe; and toil and ſweat
To make the formidable Cripple great.
Yet,ſhou'd thy Crimes ſucceed,ſhou'd lawleſs Pow'r
Compaſs thoſe Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be;
Thy God and Theirs will never long agree.
For thine, (if thou haſt any,) muſt be one
That lets the World and Humane Kind alone;
A jolly God, that paſſes hours too well
To promiſe Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell.
That unconcern'd can at Rebellion ſit;
And wink at Crimes he did himſelf commit.
A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Prieſthood paints
A Conventicle of gloomy ſullen Saints;
A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, ſlovengly and ſad;
Fore-doom'd for Souls, with falſe Religion mad.

With-

Without a Vision Poets can fore-shew
What all but Fools, by common Sense may know:
If true Succession from our Isle shou'd fail,
And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
Not thou, nor those thy Factious Arts ingage
Shall reap that Harvest of Rebellious Rage,
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age.
The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,
Which wanting vent, the Nations Health infects
Shall burst its Bag; and fighting out their way
The various Venoms on each other prey.
The *Presbyter*, puft up with spiritual Pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:
His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy;
And parcel out Republique Prelacy.
But short shall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
[Crane.
Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring
The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall
In sharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War: [jar,

Chiefs ſhall be grudg'd the part wch. they pretend
Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
About their impious Merit ſhall contend.
The ſurly Commons ſhall reſpect deny;
And juſtle Peerage out with Property.
Their Gen'ral either ſhall his Truſt betray,
And force the Crowd to Arbitrary ſway;
Or they ſuſpecting his ambitious Aim,
In hate of Kings ſhall caſt a-new the Frame;
And thruſt out *Collatine* that bore their Name.

Thus in-born Broils the Factions wou'd ingage;
Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:
And our wild Labours, wearied into Reſt,
Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breaſt.

———*Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis*
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.

THE END.

SEVERAL OF

Ovid's Elegies,

BOOK I.

ELEGY the FIRST.

Englished by Mr. Cooper.

IN lofty Strains, said I, some mighty thing,
Of Arms and War I mean to sing;
In equal Numbers, let the Verses meet,
Like the Action, brave and great.
But Love untoward still, and still perverse
Was seen to laugh and maim my Verse;

And th' latter line, tho' near of that ſame Kind,
Is forc'd to limp and hault behind.
Poets the Muſes ſhould obey, not thee;
Who gave thee then this Tyranny?
Who did to th' cruel Boy the power permit
Both to command us, and our Wit?
The pointed Spear ſoft *Venus* ſhould not move;
Nor war-like *Pallas* deal in Love;
Upon the Mountains *Ceres* ſhould not reign;
Nor ſhould *Diana* Till the plain;
Nor ſhould *Apollo* come to the bloudy fray;
Or *Mars* upon the Harp to play:
Too large thy Empire, and too great thy power;
Does thy Ambition aim at more?
Wouldſt thou the Muſes too Controll, vain Boy;
Nor let their King his Harp enjoy?
To loftier things, ſaid I, my thoughts I raiſe
Than Boy's or viler Woman's praiſe:
In vain I ſtrove to ſing of lofty things,
He Lur'd me down and Clipt my Wings;
Yet froward I, and Stubborn ſtill remain'd,
And ſtruggl'd much and much Complain'd;

With

With that his ſtout and well-ſtrong Bow he bent,
From thence a mighty Arrow ſent.
Strong was the fatal Bow, the Arrow fleet,
And now (vain Man!) ſaid he now write.
Ah me! the Bow was ſtrong, the Arrow ſure,
Witneſs the torments I endure.
Againſt ſuch force what Man can keep the Field?
I yeild, Great God, cry'd I, I yeild:
At thy Command, dread Conquerer, to ſing
Or any way, or any thing.

ELEGY the SECOND.

Engliſhed by Mr. Creech.

AH me! why am I ſo uneaſie grown?
Ah why ſo reſtleſs on my Bed of Down?
Why do I wiſh to ſleep, but wiſh in vain?
Why am I all the tedious Night in pain?
What cauſe is this that eaſe that reſt denies?
And why my words break forth in gentle ſighs?

Sure

Sure I should know if Love had fixt his Dart,
Or creeps he softly in with treacherous Art,
And then grows Tyrant there & wounds the heart?
'Tis so, the shaft sticks deep and galls my Breast,
'Tis Tyrant Love, that robs my thoughts of rest!
Well, shall I tamely yeild, or must I fight?
I'll yeild, 'tis patience makes a Burthen light:
A shaken Torch grows fierce, and Sparks arise,
But, if unmov'd, the fire looks pale and dyes.
The hard mouth'd Horse smarts for his fierce disdain,
The Gentle's riden with a looser reign.
Love smooths the Gentle, but the fierce reclaims;
He fires their Breasts, & fills their Souls with flames.
I yeild, Great Love, my former Crimes forgive,
Forget my Rebel thoughts, and let me live:
No need of force, I willingly obey,
And now unarm'd, shall prove no glorious Prey.
Go take thy Mother's Doves, thy myrtle Crown,
And, for thy Chariot, *Mars* shall lend his own;
There thou shalt sit in thy triumphant pride,
And, whilst glad shouts resound on every side,
Thy gentle hands thy Mothers Doves shall guide.

And

And there to make thy Glorious Pomp & State,
A Train of ſighing Youths and Maids ſhall wait,
Yet none complains of an unhappy fate.
There newly conquer'd I, ſtill freſh my wound,
Will march along, my hands with Myrtle bound;
There modeſtly with Vails thrown o'er her Face,
Now doubly bluſhing at her own diſgrace;
There ſober thoughts, and whatſoe'er diſdains
Love's rule, ſhall feel his power and bear his chains:
Then all ſhall fear, all bow, yet all rejoyce,
Io Triumphe be the publick Voice.

Thy conſtant Guards, ſoft fancy, hope, and fear,
Anger and ſoft Careſſes ſhall be there:
By theſe ſtrong Guards are Men & Gods o'erthrown,
Theſe Conquer for thee, Love, and theſe alone:
Thy Mother from the Sky, thy Pomp ſhall grace,
And ſcatter ſweeteſt Roſes in thy Face:
There glorious Love ſhall ride, profuſely dreſt
With all the richeſt Jewels in the Eaſt:
Rich Gemms thy Quiver and thy Wheels inſold,
And hide the poorneſs of the baſer Gold.

Then

Then thou ſhalt conquer many, then thy Darts
Shall ſcatter thouſand wounds on tender Hearts:
Thy ſhafts themſelves will fly, thy neighbouring fire
will catch mens breaſts and kindle warm deſire.
Thus conquering *Bacchus* looks in *Indian* Groves,
He drawn by Tygers, Thou by murmuring Doves.
Well then, ſince I too can encreaſe thy train,
Spend not thy force on me and rage in vain;
Look on thy Kinſman *Cæſar's* happy ſlaves,
The ſame victorious Arm that conquers ſaves.

ELEGY the FOURTH.

Inſtructions to his Mrs. how to behave her ſelf at Supper before her Husband.

Engliſhed by Sir Ch. Scrope.

SInce to conſtrain our Joys, that ill-bred, rude,
Familiar thing your Husband will intrude;
For a Juſt Judgment may th' unwelcome Gueſt
At this Nights lucky Supper eat his laſt.

How

How ſhall I then with patience ſtand by,
While my *Corinna* gives another Joy?
His wanton hands in her ſoft Boſome warms,
And feels about her Neck his claſping Arms?
Oh torturing Sight! but ſince it muſt be ſo,
Be kind and learn what 'tis I'de have you doe.
Come firſt, be ſure, for tho' the place may prove
Unfit for all we wiſh, 'twill ſhew your Love.
When call'd to Table you demurely go,
Gently in paſſing touch my hand or toe.
Mork all my Actions well, obſerve my Eye,
My ſpeaking Signs, and to each Sign reply.
If I do ought of which you would complain,
Upon your Elbow languiſhingly lean.
But if your pleas'd with what I do or ſay,
Steal me a ſmile and ſnatch your Eyes away.
When you reflect on our paſt ſecret Joys,
Hold modeſtly your Fann before your Eyes:
And when your nauſeous Husband tedious grows,
Your lifted hands with ſcornfull anger cloſe;
As if you call'd for vengeance from above
Upon that dull Impediment to Love.

A thou-

A thousand skilfull ways we'll find to shew
Our mutual Love, which none but we shall know.
I'll watch the parting Glass, when e'er you drink,
And where your Lips have toucht it kiss the brink.
Like still the Dish that in your reach does stand,
Taking the Plate I so may feel your hand.
But what he recommends to you to eat
Coyly refuse, as if you loath'd the meat;
Nor let his Matrimonial right appear
By any ill-tim'd houshold Freedom there.
Let not his fulsome Armes imbrace your Waste,
Nor lolling Head upon your Bosome rest.
One kiss would streight make all my passion known,
And my fierce Eyes with rage would claim their own.
Yet what thus passes will be done i'th light,
But oh! the Joys that may be kept from sight;
Legs lockt in Legs, thighs pressing thighs, and all
The wanton Spells that up Loves fury call.
These cunning Arts which I so soft have us'd
Make me now fear to be my self abus'd.
To clear my doubts, so far your chair remove
As may prevent th' Intelligence of Love.

Put

Put him in mind of pledging every health,
And let the tutor'd Page add Wine by ſtealth;
The Sot grown drunk we eaſier may retire,
And doe as the Occaſion ſhall inſpire.

But after all, how ſmall (alas) the gains
Will be, for which we take ſuch mighty pains!
Torn from my Arms, you muſt go home to bed,
And leave your poor forſaken Lover dead;
Cruel divorce! Enough to break my heart,
Without you promiſe this, before you part.

When my bleſt Rival goes to reap his Joy,
Receive him ſo as may the bliſs deſtroy:
Let not the leaſt kind mark of Love eſcape,
But all be duly and a lawfull Rape;
So deadly cold and void of all deſire,
That like a Charm, it may put out his fire.
But if compell'd, you ſhould at laſt comply,
When we meet next, be-ſure you all deny.

ELE-

ELEGY the FIFTH.

Englished by Mr. Duke.

'TWas Noon, when I scorch'd with the double fire
of the hot Sun, & my more hot desire,
Stretcht on my downey Couch at ease was laid,
Bigg with Expectance of the lovely Maid.
The Curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
Such as in Shades of thickest Groves is seen;
Such as remains, when the Sun flies away,
Or when Night's gone, and yet it is not day.
This light to modest Maids must be allow'd,
Where shame may hope its guilty head to shrowd.
And now my Love *Corinna* did appear,
Looſe on her Neck fell her divided Hair; [Air
Looſe as her flowing Gown, that wanton'd in the
In such a Garb, with such a grace and mein,
To her Rich bed came the *Assyrian* Queen.
So *Lais* look't, when all the Youth of *Greece*
With adoration did her charms confess.

Her

Her envious Gown to pull away, I try'd,
But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
Unwilling to obtain the Victory.
So I at last, an easie Conquest had,
Whilst my fair Combatant her self betray'd:
But when she naked stood before my Eyes,
Gods! with what charms did she my Soul surprise?
What Snowy Arms did I both see and feel?
With what rich globes did her soft bosom swell?
Plump, as ripe Clusters, rose each glowing breast,
Courting the hand, and suing to be prest!
What a smooth plain, was on her Belly spread?
Where thousand little Loves, and Graces play'd!
What Thighs! what Legs! But why strive I in vain,
Each Limb, each Grace, each Feature to explain?
One beauty did through her whole Body shine:
I saw, admir'd, and prest it close to mine.
The rest, who knows not? Thus intranc'd we lay,
Till in each others Arms we dy'd away;
O give me such a Noon (ye Gods) to every day,

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

He Curſes a Bawd, for going about to debauch his Miſtreſs.

Engliſhed by Sir Ch. Sidly.

THere is a Bawd renown'd in *Venus* Wars,
And dreadfull ſtill with honourable ſcars:
Her youth and beauty, craft and guile ſupply
Sworn Foe to all degrees of Chaſtity.
Dypſas, who firſt taught Love-ſick Maids the way
To cheat the Bridegroom on the Wedding-day.
And then a hundred ſubtile tricks devis'd,
Wherewith the Amorous Theft might be diſguis'd.
Of Pigeons-blood, ſqueez'd from the panting heart,
With Surfeit-water, to contract the part,
She knows the Uſe: whilſt the good man betray'd,
With eager Arms hugs the falſe bleeding Maid.
Of Herbs and Spells ſhe tries the guilty Force,
The poyſon of a Mare that goes to Horſe.

Clea-

Cleaving the Midnight Air upon a Switch,
Some for a Bawd, moſt take her for a Witch.
Each Morning ſees her reeling to her Bed,
Her native Blew o'recome with drunken red.
Her ready tongue ne'er wants an uſefull lie,
Soft moving words, nor Charming flattery.
Thus I o'erheard her to my *Lucia* ſpeak,
Young *Damon*'s heart wilt thou for ever break?
He long has lov'd thee, and by me he ſends
To learn thy motions, which he ſtill attends.
If to the Park thou go, the Plays are ill;
If to the Plays, he thinks the Air wou'd kill.
The other day he gaz'd upon thy Face,
As he wou'd grow a Statue in the place;
And who indeed does not? like a new Star,
Beauty like thine ſtrikes Wonders from afar.
Alas, methinks thou art ill-dreſt to night,
This Point's too poor; thy Necklace is not right.
This Gown was by ſome botching Taylor made,
It ſpoils thy Shape; this *Fucus* is ill laid.
Hear me, and be as happy as thou'rt fair,
Damon is rich, and what thou want'ſt can ſpare.

Like thine his Face, like thine his Eyes are thought,
Wou'd he not buy, he might himself be bought.
Fair *Lucia* blusht; It is a sign of Grace,
Dypsas reply'd, that Red becomes thy Face.
All Lovers now by what they give are weigh'd,
And she is best belov'd that is best paid.
The Sun-burnt *Latines*, in old *Tatius* Reign,
Did to one man perhaps their Love restrain.
Venus in her *Æneas* City rules,
And all adore her Deity, but Fools.
Go on, ye Fair, Chaste onely let such live,
As none will ask, and know not how to give.
How prettily you frown? But I'll speak on,
Hear me, another day 'twill be your own.
Vertuous *Penelope* is said t' have try'd,
With a strong Bow, each lusty Lovers side.
Nor did *Lucretia* kill her self for rage,
But Love of *Tarquin*, in that colder Age.
To the young Prince she vow'd, ne'er more to joyn
In dull Embraces with her *Collatine*.
To keep her word she dy'd-------

Life

Life ſteals away, and our beſt hours are gone,
E're the true Uſe, or worth of them, be known.
Things long neglected of themſelves decay,
What we forbear time rudely makes his prey.
Beauty is beſt preſerv'd by Exerciſe,
Nor for that task can one or few ſuffice.
Wou'dſt thou grow rich, thou muſt from many take;
From one 'twere hard continually to rake:
Without new Gowns, and Coaches, who can live?
What does thy Poet, but new Verſes give?
A Poet, the laſt thing that Earth does breed,
Whoſe Wit, for Sixpence, any one may reade.
Him that will give, to *Homer* I preſer,
To give is an ingenious thing I ſwear.
Deſpiſe not any can a Preſent make,
It matters not from whom, but what we take.
Nor with the ſound of Titles be thou caught,
For nothing can with empty Names be bought.
Hang the poor Lover, and his Pedigree,
The thriving Merchant, or fat Judge give me.
If any beardleſs Stripling ask a Night,
And think thee paid with mutual delight;

Bid him go learn thy price among the men,
And when he has it, come to thee again.
Love truly none, but ſeem in Love with all,
And at old friends to thy new Lover rail.
Sometimes deny, 'twill Appetite procure;
The ſharp-ſet Hawks will ſtoop to any Lure.
Then grant again, leſt he a habit get
Of living from thee, but be ſure thou let
No empty Lover in: murmur ſometimes,
And as firſt hurt, reproach him with thy Crimes.
Seem jealous, when thou'ſt been thy ſelf to blame,
'Twill ſtop his mouth, if thou the firſt complain.
All thou haſt done be ready to forſwear,
For Lovers Oaths fair *Venus* has no Ear.
Whilſt he is with thee, let ſome Woman bring
Some *Indian* Stuff, or Foreign pretious thing;
Which thou muſt ſay thou want'ſt, and he muſt buy,
Though for it Six months hence in Gaol he lye.
Thy Mother, Siſter, Brother, and thy Nurſe,
Muſt have a pull each at thy Lover's Purſe.
Let him from Rivals never be ſecure,
That hope once gone, Love will not long endure.

Shew

Shew him the Presents by those Rivals sent,
So shall his bounty thy request prevent.
When he will give no more, ask him to lend,
If he want mony, find a trusting Friend.
Get Hangings, Cabinets, a Looking-glass,
Or any thing for which his word will pass.
Practise these Rules, thou'lt find the benefit;
I lost my beauty e're I got this wit.

I at that word stept from behind the door,
And scarce my Nails from her thin Cheeks forbore.
Her few Grey hairs in rage I vow'd to pull,
And thrust her drunken Eyes into her Skull.
Poor in a Dungeons bottom mayst thou rot,
Dye with a blow with thy beloved Pot,
No Brandy, and Eternal thirst thy Lot.

SEVERAL OF

Ovid's Elegies,

BOOK II.

ELEGY the FIFTH.

To his false Mistress

Englished by Sir Ch. Sidly.

Cupid, begon! who wou'd on thee rely,
And thus at every moment wish to dye?
Death is my wish, when on thy guilt I think,
(Thy faithless guilt) at which I fain wou'd wink.
False Maid, thou various torment of my life,
Thou flying pleasure, and thou lasting grief;

No

No doubtfull Letters thy loſt faith accuſe,
Nor private gifts, thou mightſt with eaſe excuſe
Such proofs, one word of thine might overcome;
Why is my cauſe ſo good, and thou ſo dumb?
Happy's the man that's handſomely deceiv'd,
Whoſe *Miſtreſs* ſwears and lies, and is believ'd.
Theſe Eyes beheld thee when thou thought'ſt me gone
In books and ſigns (nor yet in thoſe alone)
Conveying the glad meſſage of thy Love
To that gay, vain, dull Fopp that ſate above.
I knew the Language ſoon, what could be hid
From Lovers Eyes of all ye ſaid or did?
When others roſe, I ſaw thee Dart a kiſs,
The wanton prelude to a farther bliſs:
Not ſuch as Wives to their cold Husbands give,
But ſuch as hot Adulterers receive.
Such as might kindle frozen appetite,
And fire even waſted nature with delight.
What art thou mad, I cry'd, before my face,
To ſteal my wealth, and my new Rival grace?
I'll riſe and ſeize my own upon the place.

Theſe

Theſe ſoft endearments ſhould not farther go,
But be the ſecret treaſure of us two,
How comes this third in for a ſhare I'd know?
This, and what more my grief inſpir'd, I ſaid;
Her face ſhe cover'd with a Conſcious red:
Like a Cloud guilded by the riſing Sun,
Or Virgin newly by her Love undone.
Thoſe very bluſhes pleas'd, when ſhe caſt down
Her lovely Eyes, with a diſdainfull frown.
Diſdain became her, looking on the Earth,
Sad were her looks, but Charming above mirth.
I could have kill'd my ſelf, or him, or her,
Scarce did my rage her tender Cheeks forbear:
When I beheld her Face my anger cool'd,
I felt my ſelf to a mere Lover fool'd.
I, who but now ſo fierce, grow tame and ſue,
With ſuch a kiſs we might our Love renew.
She ſmil'd and gave me one might *Jove* diſarm,
And from his hand the brandiſht Thunder charm.
'Twas worſe than death, to think my Rival knew
Such Joys as till that hour to me were new.

She

She gave much better kiſſes than I taught, [thought.
And ſomething ſtrange was in each touch and-
They pleas'd me but too well, and thou didſt tongue,
With too much art and skill, for one ſo young:
Nor is this all, though I of this complain,
Nor ſhould I for a kiſs be ſo in pain:
But thine cou'd never but in Bed be taught,
I fear how dear thou haſt thy Knowledge bought.

ELEGY the SIXTH.

Engliſhed by Mr. Creech.

ALas, poor *Poll*, my *Indian* talker dyes!
Go Birds, and celebrate his *Obſequies*.
Go Birds, and beat your Breaſts, your Faces tear,
And pluck your gaudy plumes, inſtead of hair.
Let dolefull Tunes the frighted Foreſts wound,
And your ſad Notes ſupply the Trumpets ſound.

Why

Why *Philomel* doſt mourn, the *Thracian* rage?
It is enough, thy Grief at laſt aſſwage;
His Crimſon ſhafts are now grown white with Age.
Now mourn this Bird, the Cauſe of all thy woe
Was great 'tis true, but it was long ago.
Mourn all ye wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
But you, my *Turtle*, take the greateſt ſhare!
You two liv'd conſtant Friends, and free from ſtrife,
Your kindneſs was intire, and long as life.
What *Pylades* to his *Oreſtes* vow'd,
To thee, poor *Poll*, thy friendly *Turtle* ſhow'd,
And kept his Love as long as Fate allow'd.
But ah, what did thy Faith, thy plumes and Tail!
And what thy pretty Speaking-art avail?
And what that thou wert given, and pleas'd my Miſs,
Since now the Birds unhappy Glory dyes?
A lovely *verdant* Green grac't every Quill,
The deepeſt *vivid* Red did paint thy Bill:
In ſpeaking thou didſt every Bird excell,
None pratled, and none liſp't the words ſo well.

'Twas

'Twas envy onely ſent this fierce Diſeaſe,
Thou wert averſe to War, and liv'dſt in peace,
A talking harmleſs thing, and lov'dſt thine Eaſe.
The fighting Quails ſtill live midſt all their ſtrife,
And even that, perhaps, prolongs their Life.
Thy Meat was little, and thy pratling tongue
Would ne'er permit thee make thy Dinner long:
Plain Fountain-water all thy drink allow'd,
And Nut, and Poppy-ſeed, were all thy Food.
The preying *Vultures*, and the Kites remain,
And the unlucky *Crow* ſtill caws for Rain.
The *Chough* ſtill lives, midſt fierce *Minerva*'s hate,
And ſcarce nine hundred years conclude her Fate.
But my poor *Poll* now hangs his ſickly head,
My *Poll*, my preſent from the Eaſt, is dead.
Beſt things are ſooneſt ſnatcht by covetous Fate,
To worſe ſhe freely gives a longer date.
Therſites brave *Achilles* Fate ſurviv'd;
And *Hector* fell, whilſt all his Brothers liv'd.
Why ſhould I tell, what Vows *Corinna* made?
How oft ſhe beg'd thy Life, how oft ſhe pray'd?

The

The Seventh-day came, and now the Fates begin,
To end the thread, they had no more to Spin.
Yet ſtill he talkt, and when death nearer drew,
His laſt breath ſaid, *Corinna*, now Adieu.
There is a ſhady Cypreſs Grove below,
And thither (if ſuch doubtfull things we know)
The Ghoſts of pious Birds, departed go.
'Tis water'd well, and verdant all the year,
And Birds obſcene do never enter there:
There harmleſs *Swans* ſecurely take their reſt,
And there the ſingle *Phœnix* builds her neſt.
Proud *Peacocks* there diſplay their gaudy Train,
And billing *Turtles* Coo o'er all the plain.
To theſe dark ſhades my *Parrot*'s ſoul ſhall go,
And with his Talk divert the Birds below.
Whilſt here his bones enjoy a Noble Grave,
A little Marble and an Epitaph:

In talking I did every Bird excell,
And my Tomb proves my Miſtreſs lov'd me well.

ELEGY

ELEGY the SEVENTH.

He proteſts that he had never any thing to doe with the Chamber-maid.

Engliſhed by Mr. Creech.

And muſt I ſtill be guilty, ſtill untrue,
And when old crimes are purg'd ſtill charg'd with new?
What tho' at laſt my Cauſe I clearly gain?
Yet I'm aſham'd to ſtrive ſo oft in vain,
And when the Prize will ſcarce reward the pain.
If at the Play I in Fop-corner ſit,
And with a ſquinting Eye glore o'er the pit,
Or Vew the Boxes, you begin to fear,
And fanſie ſtreight ſome Rival Beauty there;
If any looks on me, you think you ſpy
A private Aſſignation in her Eye,
A ſilent ſoft diſcourſe in every Grace,
And Tougues in all the Features of her Face.

If

If I praiſe any one, you tear your hair,
Shew frantick Tricks, and rage with wild Deſpair.
If diſcommend, O then 'tis all Deceit,
I ſtrive to Cloak my Paſſion by the Cheat:
If I look well, I then neglect your Charms,
Lye dull and lazy in your active Arms;
If weak my voice, if pale my Looks appear,
O then I languiſh for another Fair.
Would I did ſin, and you with Cauſe complain,
For when we ſtrive to ſhun, yet ſtrive in vain,
'Tis Comfort ſure to have deſerv'd the pain.
But ſure fond Fancies now ſuch heats engage,
Your credulous peeviſh humour ſpoils your Rage.
In frequent Chidings I no force can ſee,
You frown too often to prevail with me:
The Aſs grows dull by Stripes, the conſtant blow
Beats off his briskneſs, and he moves but ſlow.
But now I'm laviſh of my kind Embrace,
And *Moll* forſooth ſupplies her Lady's place!
Kind Love forbid that I ſhould ſtoop ſo low,
What, unto mean ignoble Beauties bow?

A Cham-

A Chamber-maid! no Faith, my Love flies high;
My Quarry is a Miſs of Quality.
Fy, who would claſp a Slave, who joy to feel
Her hands of Iron, and her ſides of Steel?
'Twill damp an eager thought, 'twill check my mind
To feel thoſe knubs the Lath hath left behind.
Beſides ſhe dreſſes well, with lovely grace,
She ſets thy Tour, and does adorn thy Face;
Thy natural Beauty all her Arts improve,
And make me more enamour'd of my Love:
Then why ſhould I tempt her? and why betray
Thy uſefull Slave and have her turn'd away?
I ſwear by *Venus*, by Love's Darts and Bow,
A deſperate Oath, you muſt believe me now;
I am not guilty, I've not broke my Vow.

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

Englished by Mr. Creech.

To Corinna's *Chamber-maid.*

DEar skilfull *Betty*, who dost far excell,
My Lady's other Maids in dressing well:
Dear *Betty*, fit to be preferr'd above
To *Juno*'s Chamber, or the Queen of Love;
Gentle, well bred, not rustically coy,
Not easie to deny desired Joy.
Through whose soft Eyes still secret wishes shine,
Fit for thy Mistress Use, but more for mine;
Who, *Betty*, did the fatal Secret see,
Who told *Corinna*, you were kind to me?
Yet when she chid me for my kind Embrace,
Did any guilty Blush spread o'er my Face?
Did I betray thee, Maid, or could she spy
The least Confession in my conscious Eye?
Not that I think it a disgrace to prove
Stoln sweets, or make a Chamber-maid my Love.

Achilles

Achilles wanton'd in *Briseis* Armes;
Atrides bow'd to fair *Cassandra's* Charms.
Sure I am less than these, then what can bring
Disgrace to me, that so became a King?
But when she lookt on you, poor harmless Maid
You blusht, and all the kind Intrigue betray'd:
Yet still I vow'd, I made a stout defence;
I swore, and lookt as bold as Innocence:
Damme, I gad, all that, and let me dye;
Kind *Venus*, do not hear my perjury,
Kind *Venus*, stop thy Ears when Lovers lye.
Now, *Betty*, how will you my Oaths requite?
Come prethee let's compound for more delight,
Faith I am easie, and but ask a Night.
What! Start at the proposal? how! deny?
Pretend fond Fears of a Discovery?
Refuse lest some sad Chance the thing betray?
Is this your kind, your damn'd Obliging way?
Well, deny on, I'll lye, I'll swear no more;
Corinna now shall know thou art a Whore;
I'll tell, since you my fair Address forbid,
How often, when, and where, and what we did.

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

Englished by another Hand.

To his Mistris's Maid.

THou to whom every Artfull dress is known,
Fit to attend on *Goddesses* alone,
Whom I at Rome delights have found so free;
Fit for your Mistriss, but more fit for me:
Tell me, O tell the false Discoverers
Of our past Joys, and all our tender hours.
Yet did I blush? Or did my Language move
The least Suspicion of our conscious Love?
What tho' I tax'd the man with want of sense,
Whose generous Love cou'd with the Maid dispence?
Did not *Achilles* fair *Briseis* love,
And *Greece*'s King his Captive's Vassal prove?
Am I then greater than brave *Peleus* Son,
That I should scorn the thing which Kings have done?
But when on you she first her angry Eyes,
Your Cheeks confest the Crime your Tongue denies.

While

While my more settl'd Soul the Fact disproves,
And makes the Gods the Patrons of our Loves.
(But O ye Gods forgive the Injury,
And spare so sweet, so harmless Perjury.)
Then what Reward is to such Service due?
Be kind, my Dear, and let's our Joys renew.
Ingratefull Maid! can you here feign delay?
More than my Passion, shall her Anger stay?
Should your nice Folly still deny Access,
I'll turn Informer, and my self confess;
E'en where we were, how oft, and what was done,
Both to your Mistress, and the World I'll own.

ELEGY the NINTH.

Englished by the late Earl *of* Rochester.

To Love.

O Love how cold and slow to take my part,
Thou idle wanderer about my heart?
Why thy old faithfull Souldier wilt thou see
Oppress in thy own Tents? they murther me.

Thy Flame consume, thy Arrows pierce thy friends,
Rather on foes pursue more noble ends.
Achilles Sword would certainly bestow
A cure as certain, as it gave the blow.
Hunters who follow flying Game, give o'er,
When the prey's caught, hopes still lead on before.
We thine own slaves feel thy Tyrannick blows,
Whilst thy mere hand's unmov'd against thy foes.
On men disarm'd how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.
Millions of dull men live, and scornfull Maids,
We'll own Love valiant when he these invades.
Rome from each corner of the wide World snatch't
A Laurel, or 't had been to this day thatcht.
But the old Souldier has his resting place,
And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass.
The harrast Whore, who liv'd a wretch to please,
Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her ease.
For me then who have truely spent my bloud
(Love) in thy service and so boldly stood
In *Celia*'s trenches, wer't not wisely done
E'en to retire and live at peace at home?

No—

No——might I gain a Godhead to disclaim
My glorious Title to my endless Flame,
Divinity with scorn I would forswear,
Such sweet dear tempting Devils Women are.
When e'er those flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce black storm pour down upon my mind;
Headlong I'm hurl'd like horse-men, who in vain
Their (fury flaming) Courlers would restrain;
As Ships just when the harbour they attain,
Are snatcht by sudden blasts to Sea again;
So Loves fantastick storms reduce my heart
Half rescu'd, and the God resumes his dart.
Strike here, this undefended bosome wound,
And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.
Shafts fly so fast to me from every part,
You'll scarce discern the Quiver from my heart.
What wretch can bear a live-long Nights dull rest,
Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest?
Fool —— is not sleep the Image of pale Death,
There's time for rest when Fate hath stopt your breath,
Me may my soft deluding Dear deceive,
I'm happy in my hopes while I believe:

Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
With doubtfull steps the God of War does move,
By thy Example in Ambiguous Love.
Blown to and fro, like Down from thy own Wing,
Who knows when Joy or Anguish thou wilt bring?
Yet at thy Mother's and thy slaves request,
Fix an eternal Empire in my breast:
And let th' inconstant charming Sex,
Whose wilfull scorn does Lovers vex,
Submit their hearts before thy Throne,
The Vassal world is then thy own.

ELEGY the TWELFTH.

Englished by Mr. Creech.

TRiumphant Laurels round my Temples twine,
I'm *Victor* now, my dear *Corinna*'s mine.
As she was hard to get, a carefull spy,
A Door well barr'd, and jealous Husband's Eye
Long time preserv'd her troublesome Chastity.

Now

Now I deserve a Crown, I briskly woo'd,
And won my Prey without a drop of Bloud:
'Twas not a petty Town with Gates and Bars,
(Those little Trophies of our meaner Wars;)
No 'twas a Whore, a lovely Whore I took,
I won her by a Song, and by a Look.
When Ten years ruin'd *Troy*, how mean a Name
Atrides got? how small his share of Fame?
But none pretends a part in what I won,
The Victory's mine, the Glory all my own.
I in this Conquest was the General,
The Souldier, Engine, Horse and Foot, and all.
Fortune and lucky Chance can claim no share,
Come Triumph gotten by my single Care.
I fought, as most have done, for Miss, and Love,
For *Helen*, *Europe* and all *Asia* strove:
The Centaures rudely threw their Tables o'er,
And spilt their Wine, and beat to get a Whore;
The *Trojans* tho' they once had lost their *Troy*,
Yet fought to get their Lord another Joy:
The *Romans* too did venture all their Lives,
And stoutly fought their Fathers for their Wives.

For

For one fair Cow I've seen two Bulls engage,
Whilst she stands by, and looks, and heats their rage.
Ev'n I (for *Cupid* says he'll have it so.)
As most men are, must be his Souldier too.
Yet I no bloudy Conquerer shall prove,
My Quarrels will be Kindness, Wars be Love.

ELEGY the NINETEENTH.

Englished by Mr. Dryden.

IF for thy self thou wilt not watch thy Whore,
Watch her for me that I may love her more;
What comes with ease we nauseously receive,
Who but a Sot wou'd scorn to love with leave?
With hopes and fears my Flames are blown up higher,
Make me despair, and then I can desire.
Give me a Jilt to tease my Jealous mind,
Deceits are Vertues in the Female kind.
Corinna my Fantastick humour knew,
Play'd trick for trick, and kept her self still new:

She

She, that next night I might the sharper come,
Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;
Or some pretence to lye alone wou'd take,
When e'er she pleas'd her head and teeth wou'd ake:
Till having won me to the highest strain,
She took occasion to be sweet again.
With what a Gust, ye Gods, we then imbrac'd!
How every kiss was dearer than the last!

Thou whom I now adore be edify'd,
Take care that I may often be deny'd.
Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some fright,
Make me lye rough on Bulks each other Night.
These are the Arts that best secure thy reign,
And this the Food that must my Fires maintain.
Gross easie Love does like gross diet, pall.
In squeasie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall.
Had *Danae* not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his Golden Show'rs
When *Juno* to a Cow turn'd *Io's* Shape,
The Watchman helpt her to a second Leap.

Let him who loves an eaſie Whetſtone Whore,
Pluck leaves from Trees and drink the Common Shore
The Jilting Harlot ſtrikes the ſureſt blow,
A truth which I by ſad Experience know.
The kind poor conſtant Creature we deſpiſe,
Man but purſues the Quarry while it flies.

But thou dull Husband of a Wife too fair,
Stand on thy Guard, and watch the pretious Ware;
If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou hear,
Or Windows ſcratcht, ſuſpect a Rival there;
An Orange-wench wou'd tempt thy Wife abroad,
Kick her, for ſhe's a Letter-bearing Bawd:
In ſhort be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;
And ſet my Wit on work to cheat thee well.
The ſneaking City Cuckold is my Foe,
I ſcorn to ſtrike, but when he Wards the blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy Conniving,
I'll be no Drudge to any Wittall living;
I have been patient and forborn thee long,
In hope thou wou'dſt not pocket up thy wrong;

If

If no Affront can rouſe thee, underſtand
I'll take no more Indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy Houſe and Wife!
Damn him who loves to lead ſo dull a life.
Now I can neither ſigh, nor whine, nor pray,
All thoſe occaſions thou haſt ta'ne away.
Why art thou ſo incorrigibly Civil;
Doe ſomewhat I may wiſh thee at the Devil.
For ſhame be no Accomplice in my Treaſon,
A Pimping Husband is too much in reaſon.

Once more wear horns before I quite forſake her,
In hopes whereof I reſt thy Cuckold-maker.

SEVERAL

SEVERAL OF

Ovid's Elegies.

BOOK III.

ELEGY the FOURTH.

To a Man that lockt up his Wife.

Englished by Sir Ch. Sidly.

VEx not thy self and her, vain Man, since all
By their own Vice, or Vertue stand or fall.
She's truely chaste and worthy of that name,
Who hates the ill, as well as fears the shame:
And that vile Woman whom restraint keeps in
Though she forbear the Act, has done the Sin.

Spi

Spies, Locks and Bolts may keep her brutal part,
But thou'rt an odious Cuckold in her Heart.
They that have Freedom uſe it leaſt, and ſo
They power of ill does the deſign o'erthrow.
Provoke not Vice by a too harſh reſtraint,
Sick men long moſt to drink, who know they may'nt.
The fiery Courſer, whom no art can ſtay,
Or rugged force, does oft fair means obey:
And he that did the rudeſt Arm diſdain,
Submits with Quiet to the looſer rein.
An hundred Eyes had *Argus*, yet the while
One ſilly Maid did all thoſe Eyes beguile.
Danae though ſhut within a braſen Tower,
Felt the male virtue of the Golden ſhower.
But chaſt *Penelope*, left to her own will
And free diſpoſal, never thought of ill;
She to her abſent Lord preſerv'd her truth,
For all th'Addreſſes of the ſmoother Youth.
What's rarely ſeen our fancy magnifies,
Permitted pleaſure who does not deſpiſe?
Thy Care provokes beyond her Face, and more
Men ſtrive to make the Cuckold, than the Whore.

They're

They're wondrous charms we think, and long to know,
That in a Wife inchant a Husband so:
Rage, Swear and Curse, no matter, shee alone
Pleases who sighs and cryes I am undone;
But could thy Spies say we have kept her chaste?
Good Servants then but an ill Wife thou hast.
Who fears to be a Cuckold is a Clown,
Not worthy to partake of this lewd Town;
Where it is monstrous to be Fair and Chaste,
And not one Inch of either Sex lies waste.
Wouldst thou be happy? with her ways comply,
And in her Case lay poynts of honour by:
The Friendship she begins wisely improve,
And a fair Wife gets one a world of Love:
So shalt thou welcome be to Every treat,
Live high, not pay, and never run in debt.

ELEGY

ELEGY the FIFTH.

Ovid's *Dream*.

'TWas night, and sleep had clos'd my wearied eyes,
When dreadfull Visions did my Soul surprise.
Under an open Hill I dreamt there stood
A stately visionary Oaken Wood;
Which flocks of Birds continually receives
In to the Shady Covert of its leaves:
Beyond a Meadow lay to sleeping view,
Which murmuring Waters constantly bedew;
The pleasant Verdure of th' extended Plain,
Those murmuring Waters constantly maintain.
Within the Wood I thought my self to shade
From Heat, but Heat did even the Woods invade;
When Lo! a Cow, imaginary white,
Did seem to feed whithin my fancy's sight;
With a promiscuous Bite she did devour
The tender Herb mixt with the springing Flower;

The pureſt Fleece of ſilent Waters ne'er
Cou'd boaſt a White that cou'd with Hers compare,
When freſh unfull'd, on the earth it lay,
And was not melted by too long a ſtay;
Nay whiter far than Milk ſqueez'd from the Tett,
That ſeem'd to quit the Udder with regret,
Whilſt murmuring Bubbles wrinkle its ſmooth Face,
Being rudely forc'd to leave its native place.
By her a Bull, her happy Lover, fed,
And they together made the Earth their Bed;
But as He lay and recall'd herbs did eat,
And feaſt on his before digeſted meat,
The Lover ſeem'd with heavy ſleep oppreſs'd,
And did incline his horney Head to reſt:
Mean time a Crow, that cut the yielding air,
Th' Occaſion took, and thither did repair;
By the white Cow the wing'd Ill-Omen ſtood,
And with new Paſſion fir'd her wanton blood:
Thrice with his ſaucy Beak her breaſt did gore,
And from her Neck her ſilver Hair he tore;
She ſeem'd her Mate and Paſture loath to leave,
(Yet on her Breaſt a ſpot I did perceive)

And when far off she grazing did espy
Another Herd, I'm sure they graz'd not nigh,
To them she went, thinking relief might be
In fresher Pasture, and fresh Company.
Tell me, O tell me, ye that can reveal
The fatal Truths that boding Dreams conceal,
What's thus obscurely to my Fancy brought,
In Hieroglyphicks made of sleeping Thought?
So I. So did th' experienc'd Augur say,
Who did each Circumstance exactly weigh.
The scorching Heat that you so vainly strove
T' exclude with Leaves, was your prevailing Love.
The Cow your Mistress was; for what cou'd be
By such a lovely Creature meant but She?
The Bull her happy Yoke-fellow and Mate,
Did figure you in your unrival'd state.
The Crow that seem'd the Heifers Breast to gore
Was a damn'd Bawd that urg'd her to turn Whore.
Your Mistress as she left you did bemoan
You in a Widow'd Bed left cold, alone.
The Spot on her white Breast, I fear, will be
A sign of violated Chastity.

Thus ſpake the wiſe Interpreter, when I,
Pale with Deſpair and Grief, reſolv'd to dye:
Had not the Viſion, that did wound my Sight,
Kindly diſſolv'd into the ſhades of Night.

ELEGY the SIXTH.

To a River, as he was going to his Miſtreſs.

Engliſhed by Mr. Rimer.

THy courſe, thy noble courſe a while forbear,
I am in haſte now going to my Dear:
Thy banks how rich, thy Stream how worthy praiſe!
Alas my haſte! ſweet River let me paſs.
No Bridges here, no Ferry, not an Oar,
Or Rope to hawl me to the farther ſhoar?
I have remembred thee a little one,
Who now with all this floud com'ſt blundring down.
Did I refuſe my Sleep, my Wine, my Friend,
To ſpur along and muſt I here attend?
No art to help me to my Journeys end!

Ye

Ye *Lapland* powers, make me ſo far a Witch,
I may a-ſtride get over on a ſwitch.
Oh for ſome Griffin, or that flying Horſe,
Or any Monſter to aſſiſt my Courſe:
I wiſh his art that mounted to the Moon,
In ſhorter journey wou'd my job be done.
Why rave I for what crack-brain'd Bards deviſe,
Or name their lewd unconſcionable lyes?
Good River, let me find thy courteſie,
Keep within bounds, and mayſt thou ne'er be dry.
Thou can'ſt not think it ſuch a mighty boaſt,
A Torrent has a gentle Lover croſt.
Rivers ſhou'd rather take the Lovers ſide;
Rivers themſelves Love's wondrous power have try'd.
'Twas on this ſcore *Inachus*, pale and wan,
Sickly and green, into the Ocean ran:
Long before *Troy* the ten-years ſiege did fear,
Thou, *Xanthus*, thou *Neara's* chains didſt wear.
Ask *Achelous* who his horns did drub,
Streight he complains of *Hercules's* club.
For *Calydon*, for all *Ætolia*
Was then conteſted ſuch outrageous fray?

(It neither was for Gold, nor yet for Fee)
Delanira, it was all for thee. [doors,
E'en *Nile* ſo rich, that rowls through ſeven wide
And uppiſh over all his Country ſcowrs;
For *Aſop*'s Daughter did ſuch flame contract,
As not by all that ſtock of waters ſlack't.
I might an hundred goodly Rivers name,
But muſt not paſs by thee, immortal *Thame*;
E'er thou coud'ſt *Iſis* to thy boſome take,
How did'ſt thou wind, and wander for her ſake?
The luſty ——— with broad *Humber* ſtrove,
Was it for Fame? I ſay, it was for Love.
VVhat makes the noble *Ouze* up from the main
VVith hideous roar come briſtling back again?
He thinks his deareſt *Derwent* left behind,
Or fears her falſe, in new Embraces joyn'd.
Thee alſo ſome ſmall Girl has warm'd, we gueſs,
Tho' woods and foreſts now hide thy ſoft place.
VVhilſt this I ſpeak, it ſwells and broader grows,
And o'er the higheſt banks impetuous flows.
Dog-floud what art to me? Or why doſt check
Our mutual Joys? And (Churl) my journey break?

VVhat

VVhat wou'dſt, if thee indeed ſome noble race,
Or high deſcent, and glorious name did grace?
VVhen of no ancient houſe, or certain ſeat
(Nor, known before this time untimely great)
Rais'd by ſome ſudden Thaw thus high and proud,
No holding thee, ill-manner'd upſtart Floud.
Not my Love-tales can make thee ſtay thy courſe,
Thou——Zounds, thou art a——River for a horſe.
Thou hadſt no Fountain, but from Bears wer't piſt,
From Snows and Thaws, or *Scotch* unſavoury miſt.
Thou crawlſt along in VVinter foul and poor,
In Summer puddl'd like a Common-ſhore.
In all thy days when did'ſt a courteſie?
Dry Traveller ne'er lay'd a lip to thee.
Thee bane to Cattle, to the Meadows worſe,
For ſomething, all, I, for my ſufferings, curſe.
To ſuch unworthy wretch, how am I ſham'd,
That I the generous amorous Rivers nam'd?
VVhen *Nile*, and *Achelöus* I deſplay'd,
And *Thame*, and *Ouz*, what worm was in my head?
For thy reward, diſcourteous River, I
VVish, be the Summers hot, the VVinters dry.

ELEGY the NINTH.

Upon the Death of Tibullus.

Engliſhed by Mr. Stepny.

IF *Memnon's* fate, bewail'd with conſtant dew,
Does, with the Day, his Mothers grief renew;
If her Son's death mov'd tender *Thetis* mind
To ſwell with tears the waves, with ſighs the wind;
If mighty Gods can Mortals ſorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe.
Now looſe your treſſes penſive Elegy,
(Too well your Office and your Name agree.)
Tibullus once the joy and pride of Fame
Lives now, rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad *Cupid* now deſpairs of conqu'ring hearts,
Throws by his empty Quiver, breaks his Darts:
Eaſes his uſeleſs Bows from idle ſtrings;
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with Flagging wings.

He

He wants, of which he rob'd fond Lovers, reſt;
And wounds with furious hands his penſive breaſt.
Thoſe gracefull Curles which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling Snow,
Forget thir beauty, and in diſcord lye
Drunk with the fountain from his melting Eye.
Not more *Æneas* loſs the Boy did move,
Like paſſions for them both prove equal love.
Tibullus Death grieves the fair Goddeſs more,
More ſwells her eyes, than when the ſavage Bore
Her beautifull, her lov'd *Adonis* tore.

Poets large Souls Heaven's nobleſt ſtamps do bear,
(Poets the watchfull Angels darling care)
Yet Death(Blind Archer) that no diff'rence knows,
Without reſpect his roving Arrows throws.
Nor *Phœbus*, nor the Muſes Queen could give,
Their Son, their own prerogative, do Live.
Orpheus, the Heir of both his Parents skill,
Tam'd wondring beaſts not Deaths more cruel will.
Linus ſad ſtrings on the dumb Lute do lie,
In ſilence forc't to let their Maſter die.

Homer

Homer (the ſpring, to whom We Poets owe
Our little All, does in ſweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal onely in his Fame,
His Works alone ſurvive the envious flame.
In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needleſs victims prodigally pay.
Worſhip their ſleeping Deities: Yet Death
Scorns Votaries, and ſtops the Praying breath.
To hallow'd ſhrines intruding Fate will come,
And dragg you from the Altar to the Tomb.
Go, frantick Poet, with deluſions fed,
Think Laurels guard your Conſecrated head,
Now the ſweet Maſter of your art is dead.
What can we hope? ſince that a narrow ſpan
Can meaſure the remains of thee, Great Man.
The bold, raſh flame that durſt approach ſo nigh,
And ſee *Tibullus*, and not trembling die,
Durſt ſeize on Temples, and their Gods defy.
Fair *Venus* (fair e'en in ſuch ſorrows) ſtands,
Cloſing her heavy eyes with trembling hands.
Anon, in vain, officiouſly ſhe tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His

His Mother weeping doth his eye-lids close,
And on his Urn Tears, her last gift, bestows.
His Sister too, with hair dishevel'd, bears
Part of her Mothers Nature and her Tears.
With these two fair two mournfull Rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his Tomb:
Both hug his Urn, both his lov'd Ashes kiss,
And both contend which reapt the Greater bliss.
Thus *Delia* spoke, (when sighs no more could last)
Renewing by remembrance pleasures past;
"When Youth with Vigour did for joy combine,
"I was *Tibullus* life, *Tibullus* mine;
"I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,
"And kept alive, till Age, his active Fire.
To her then *Nemesis* (when groans gave leave)
"As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve;
"Spare your vain tears, *Tibullus* heart was mine,
"About my Neck his dying arms did twine;
"I snatcht his Soul, which true to me did prove;
"Age ended Yours, Death onely stopt my Love.
If any poor remains survive the flames
Except thin shadows, and more empty names;

Free

Free in *Elyſium* ſhall *Tibullus* rove,
Nor fear a ſecond death ſhould croſs his Love.
There ſhall *Catullus*, crown'd with Bays impart
To his far dearer Friend his open heart.
There *Gallus* (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
Shall, free form cenſure, no more raſhly die.
Such ſhall our Poets bleſt Companions be,
And in their Deaths, as in their Lives, agree.
But thou, rich Urn, obey my ſtrict commands,
Guard thy great Charge from Sacrilegious hands.
Thou, Earth, *Tibullus* Aſhes gently uſe,
And be as ſoft and eaſie as his Muſe.

ELEGY

ELEGY the THIRTEENTH.

To his Miſtreſs, deſiring her that (if ſhe will be falſe to him) ſhe wou'd manage her Intrigues with Secreſie.

Engliſhed by Mr. Tate.

I Can allow ſuch charms, Inconſtancy;
But prethee hide your am'rous Theſts from me.
I never meant your pleaſures to confine,
Jilt privately, and I ſhall ne'er repine.
She's Innocent that can her Crime deny,
And makes no fault till the diſcovery:
'Tis madneſs your own frailty to betray,
And what you ſtole by Night confeſs by Day:
What ſhameleſs trading Punk of this lewd Age,
But will ſecure the Door e'er ſhe Engage?
Yet thou tak'ſt pride to publiſh thy own ſhame,
Unjuſt to me, but falſer to thy fame.
Be wiſer, and if chaſt thou canſt not grow,
Pretend at leaſt, and I'll believe thee ſo.

Doe

Doe what thou do'ſt, but ſtill forſwear it all,
And from thy Tongue let modeſt language fall.
You have your *Grotto*, your convenient ſhade,
A place for Loves moſt free Enjoyments made.
(Remov'd from thence a modeſt Carriage take,
And with your Bed your looſe deſires forſake,)
But there undreſs thee in thy Lover's ſight,
And Sally naked to the wanton fight;
Faſt wreath'd in your Embraces let him lye,
And in your Boſoms ſweet tranſported Dye;
Your ſofteſt Language, tendereſt ſighs, employ,
And let the trembling Bed confeſs your Joy:
But grow reſerv'd when the looſe Scene is done,
And with your Robes a modeſt Meen put on;
Impoſe upon the Crowd, impoſe on me,
Whilſt Ignorant, I ſhall not Injur'd be.
Why do I ſee your Billets come and go?
Your Pallet preſt, your Bed diſorder'd too?
Your looſe and ruffled Hair each Morning ſeems,
T' imply a buſie Night, and more than dreams;
The am'rous warmth ſtill glowing on the cheek,
And prints of eager kiſſes on your Neck.

At

At leaſt I wou'd not an Eye-witneſs be:
Spare if thou canſt thy Fame, if not ſpare me!
When by your ſelf your looſe Intrigues are told,
My ſenſe forſakes me, and my bloud grows cold!
'Tis then I rage by fits with Love and State,
And madly wiſh on both a ſudden Fate.
Purſue your Trade, but let me never ſee't,
And I ſhall ne'er enquire what Fops you meet;
"If you with Wheedles or with Cullies ſleep;
"What Terms you've made; whether y'are kept or
Eaſie thy Conqueſt is, when but to ſay [keep,
I have not don't, takes all my rage away:
Thus ſtill thy Cauſe ſhall for its merit ſpeed,
Or by the favour of thy Judge, Succeed.

ELEGY the THIRTEENTH.

He desires his Mistress if she does Cuckold him not to let him know it.

Englished by another Hand.

I Do not ask you wou'd to me prove true,
Since you'r a woman and a fair one two,
Act what you please, yet study to disguise
The wanton Scenes from my deluded Eyes.
A stiff denial will attenuate [great
That Crime which your confession would make
And 'twere unwise to trust the Tell-tale light,
With the dark Secrets of the silent night.
Tho' bought to be enjoy'd, a common Whore,
E'er she begins, will shut the Chamber door.
And will you turn debauch'd, then vainly own
How lewd you are, to this malicious Town?
At least seem vertuous, and tho' false it be,
Say you are honest and I'll credit thee.

Conceal

Conceal your Actions, and while I am by
Let modeſt words your looſer Thoughts bely.
When to your private Chamber you retire,
Unmask your luſt, and vent each warm deſire:
Throw off affected Coyneſs, and remove
The bold intruder between thee and love:
Talk not of Honour, lay that Toy aſide,
In men 'tis folly, and in women pride:
There without Bluſhes you may naked lye,
Claſping his Body with your tender Thigh;
Shoot your moiſt Dart into his mouth to ſhow
The Senſe you have of what he Acts below.
Try all the ways, your pliant Bodies Twine,
In folds more ſtrange than thoſe of *Aretine*:
With melting looks fierce Joys you may Excite,
And with thick dying Accents urge delight.
But when you're dreſt then look as Innocent,
As if you knew not what ſuch matters meant:
And tho' juſt now a perfect fiend you were,
Hide the true woman and a Saint appear.
Cozen the prying Town, and put a cheat
On it and me, I'll favour the deceit.

False as thou art why must I daily see
Th' Intriguing Billet Deux he sends to thee?
The wanton Sonnet or soft Elegy?
Why does your Bed all tumbled seem to say,
See what they've done, see where the Lovers lay?
Why do your Locks and rumpled head-cloaths shew
'Twas more than usual sleep that made 'em so;
Why are the kisses which he gave betray'd,
By the Impression which his teeth had made?
Yet say you'r chaste and I'll be still deceiv'd,
What much is wish'd for, is with ease believ'd.
But when you own what a lewd wretch thou art,
My blood grows cold and freezes at my heart.
Then do I curse thee and thy Crimes reprove,
But Curse in vain, for still I find I love.
Since she is false, oft to my self I cry,
Wou'd I were dead, yet 'tis with thee I'de dye.
I will not see your Maid to let me know
Who visits you, where and with whom you go.
Nor by your lodging send my Boy to scout,
And bring me word who passes in and out.

Injoy

Injoy the pleasure of the present times,
But let not me be knowing of your Crimes.
Do you forswear't tho' in the Act you're caught;
I'll trust the Oath, and think my Eyes in fault.

ELEGY the FIRST Of the Second Book.

That He can write of nothing but Love. Englished by Mr. Adams.

THis too I sing (this Love commanded too)
I who thus kindly my own lewdness show;
Hence the unfashionably vertuous Maid,
Such Scenes must not on such a Stage be play'd;
Me the brisk Wife by her dull Husband reade,
I'll raise their fancy, and Improve their breed:
Me the raw Youth whose Breast first flames do move,
Unknown to Care, and unexpert of Love.
The more experienc't who my Wounds have known,
Here in my sufferings may discern their own.

Then wondring say, how could this Poet tell
The several chances of my Love so well!
Once I remember in a Nobler strain
I rais'd my Voice, nor did I sing in vain:
I sung of Gyants, and of Wars above,
How Impious *Earth* reveng'd her self on *Jove*;
While her vile off-spring in Rebellion rise, [Skyes:
And Mountains heapt on Mountains storm'd the
And now I would describe the War, and now
I'de shew what *Jove* could for his Heaven doe.
When the lov'd Maid, who did with trembling hear
The sounding Numbers, shut me out for fear,
Jove and his Thunder soon away I threw,
Jove and his Thunder here could little doe;
I chose soft Measures, such as Love inspire,
And warn the wishing Maid into desire:
Sweet Elegy my own my faithfull Arms,
And soon the door grew softer to my Charms;
Charms which from Heav'n force down the bloudy
And stop the Courses of the Sun at Noon; [Moon,
Charms which the swelling Serpent burst in twain,
And turn the Rivers to their Springs again.

Should

Should my great Theme ſome mighty Hero be,
What could that mighty Hero doe for me?
But when the Beauties of ſome lovely Maid,
In my juſt lines are faithfully diſplay'd;
She kindly, ſhe the Poet's Pains regards,
And oft her praiſes with her ſelf rewards;
Ah who! who would not be rewarded ſo!
Farewell ye Hero's, I am not for you:
Let every Charming Maid to me repair,
'Tis I know beſt how to oblige the Fair;
Here Loves kind heat each tender breaſt ſhall move
In gentle Verſe, Verſe dictated by Love.

ELEGY the FIFTEENTH
Of the Second Book.

On a Ring ſent to his Miſtreſs.
Engliſhed by Mr. Adams.

THou that the finger of my Fair ſhalt bind,
In whom the Giver's Love ſhe'll onely find,
Go, but accepted be, accepted ſo
That on her Joynt thou preſently may'ſt go;

Fit her as well as I am us'd to do,
When round her Waſte, my Circling Armes I throw.
By my *Corinna* thou'lt oft handled be,
Ah happy Ring! how do I envy thee?
O that my Gift I quickly might be made,
By ſome ſtrange Witchcraft, or ſome Magick aid;
Then would I wiſh her ſwelling breaſts ſhe'd feel,
While from her lovely hand I'de ſlyely ſteal,
Off would I drop, tho' ſticking faſt before,
And kiſs the Snowey Boſome I adore:
Then would I wiſh I might her Signet be,
And that the Wax from ſticking might be free;
From her fair mouth I'de humid kiſſes ſteal,
And every Letter bite my Rival's ſeal:
But moſt I'de wiſh ſhe would me with her bear,
When to the Bath ſhe'd ſecretly repair;
Yet then! O then! I ſhould my ſelf betray
While I her Naked Armes her Breaſts ſurvey,
While my devouring Eye would wander lower,
I ſhould riſe Man and be a Ring no more.
In vain I wiſh, go, little Preſent, go,
By thee my Love, my Faith by thee ſhe'll know.

PART

PART OF VIRGIL's IV. GEORGICK.

Englished by the E. *of* M.

'TIs not for nothing when just Heav'n do's frown,
The wretched *Orpheus* brings these judgments down;
Whose wife avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once were snatch'd away;
The poor Nymph doom'd that dangerous way to pass,
Spy'd not the Snake lye lurking in the grass:
A mournfull noise the spacious Vally fills,
With echoing cryes from all the Neighboring hills;
The *Dryades* roar'd out in deep despair,
And with united voice bewail'd the Fair.
For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
But with his Lute indulg'd his tender grief;

All o'er the lonely ſands did wildly ſtray,
And with ſad Songs begin and end the day.
At laſt to Hell a frightfull journey made,
Paſs'd the wide gaping Gulph and diſmal Shade;
Viſits the Ghoſts, and to that King repairs,
Whoſe heart's inflexible to humane prayers.
Hell ſeems aſtoniſh'd with ſo ſweet a Song,
Light Souls, and airie Spirits ſlide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driv'n home by night or ſome tempeſtuous wind;
Matrons and Men, raw Youths and unripe Maids,
And mighty Heroes more majeſtick Shades;
Sons burnt before their mournfull Parents face,
Styx does all theſe in narrow bounds embrace
Nine times with loathſome mud, & noyſome weeds,
And all the filth which ſtanding water breeds:
Amazement reacht e'en the deep Caves of death,
The Siſters with blue ſnaky curls took breath;
Ixion's Wheel a while unmov'd remain'd,
And the great Dog his three-mouth'd voice reſtrain'd.
Now ſafe return'd, and all theſe dangers paſt,
His Spouſe reſtor'd to breathe freſh air at laſt,

Following,

Following, for ſo *Proſerpina* was pleas'd,
A ſudden rage th' unwary Lover ſeiz'd;
He when the firſt bright glimps of day-light ſhin'd,
Unmindfull, and impatient, look't behind,
A fault of Love, could Hell compaſſion find.
A dreadfull noiſe thrice ſhook the *Stygian* coaſt,
His hopes now fled, and all his labour loſt.
Why haſt thou thus undone thy ſelf and me?
What madneſs this? Again I'm ſnatch't from thee,
She faintly cry'd; Night, and the powers of Hell
Surrounded my eyes, O *Orpheus*, O farewell:
My hands ſtretch forth to reach thee as before,
But all in vain, alas, I'm thine no more;
No more allow'd to behold him or day;
Then from his ſight like ſmoak ſhe ſlipp'd away.
Much he would fain have ſpoke, but Fate, alas,
Would ne'er again conſent to let him paſs.
Thus twice undone, what courſe now could he take
To redeem her already paſs'd the Lake?
How bear his loſs? what tears procure him eaſe?
Or with what vows the angry Powers appeaſe?

'Tis

'Tis said, he seven long months bewail'd his loss
On bleak and barren Rocks, on whose cold moss,
While languishing he sung his Fatal flame,
He mov'd e'en Trees, and made fierce Tigers tame.
So the sad *Nightingale*, when Childless made
By some rough Swain who steals her young away,
Bewails her loss under a Poplar shade,
Weeps all the night, in murmurs wasts the day;
Her sorrows does a mournfull pleasure yield,
And melancholly musick fills the Field.
Marriage, nor Love could ever move his mind,
But all alone, beat by the Northern wind,
Shivering on *Tanais* Snowey banks remain'd,
Still of the Gods and their vain grace complain'd.
Ciconian Dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
As they the feast of *Bacchus* solemnis'd,
Kill'd the poor Youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
His Head torn off from the fair body swims,
Down that swift current, where the *Hebre* flows,
And still his Tongue in dolefull accents goes;
Ah, poor *Euridice*, it dying cry'd,
Euridice resounds from every side.

THE

THE PARTING OF *SIRENO* and *DIANA*.

Englished by Sir C. Scrope.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sireno *and* Diana *having lov'd each other with a most violent passion,* Sireno *is compell'd, upon the Account of his Master's service, to go for some time into a Foreign Country. The Melancholly parting of the two Lovers is the Subject of the following* Eclogue.

CLose by a stream, whose flowry bank might give
Delight to Eyes that had no Cause to grieve,
The sad *Sireno* sate, and fed his Sheep,
Which now, alas! he had no Joy to keep;

Since

Since his hard Fate compell'd him to depart
From her dear ſight, who long had Charm'd his heart.
Fix'd were his thoughts upon the Fatal day
That gave him firſt what this muſt take away;
Through all the Story of his Love he ran,
And naught forgot that might increaſe his pain.
Then with a ſigh raiſing his heavy Eyes,
Th' approach of his afflicted Nymph he ſpies;
Sad as ſhe was, ſhe loſt no uſual Grace,
But as ſhe paſs'd ſeem'd to adorn the place:
Thither ſhe came to take her laſt Farewell,
Her ſilent Look did her ſad Buſineſs tell.
Under a Neighbouring Tree they ſate 'em down,
Whoſe ſhade had oft preſerv'd 'em from the Sun;
Each took the other by the willing hand,
Striving to ſpeak, but could no word Command:
With mutual Grief both were ſo overcome,
The much they had to ſay had made 'em dumb.
There many a time they two had met before,
But met, alas! upon a happier ſcore:
Cruel reverſe of Fate, which all the Joys
Their mutual preſence us'd to bring deſtroys.

Sireno

Sireno saw his Fatal hour draw near,
And wanted strength the parting pang to bear;
All drown'd in tears he gaz'd upon the Maid,
And she with equal Grief the Swain survey'd;
Till his imprison'd passion forc'd its way,
And gave him leave faintly at last to say,

SIRENO.

O my *Diana*! who wou'd have believ'd
That when the sad *Sireno* most had griev'd,
Any affliction cou'd have fall'n on me
That wou'd not vanish at the sight of thee?
Thy Charming Eyes cou'd all my Clouds dispell,
Let but *Diana* smile and all was well.
Absent from thee my Soul no Joy cou'd know,
And yet, alas! I dye to see thee now.

DIANA.

Turn, O *Sireno*! turn away thy Face,
While all her shame a blushing Maid betrays;
For though my Eyes a secret pain reveal,
My tongue at least shou'd my fond thoughts conceal:
Yet I wou'd speak, cou'd speaking doe me good,
And since it is to thee, methinks it shou'd.

O Shep-

O Shepherd think how wretched I ſhall be,
When hither I return depriv'd of thee!
When ſitting all alone within this ſhade,
Which thou ſo oft thy tender Choice has made,
I read my Name Engrav'd on every bark,
Of our paſt Love the kind affecting mark;
Then my deſpairing Soul to death muſt fly,
And muſt thou be content to let me dye?
Why doſt thou weep? Alas! thoſe Tears are vain,
Since 'tis thy Fault that both of us Complain.
By this the Falſhood of thy Vows I know,
For were thy ſorrow true, thou wou'dſt not go.

SIRENO.

Ceaſe, cruel Nymph, ſuch killing Language ceaſe
And let the poor *Sireno* dye in peace.
Witneſs ye Everlaſting Powers above,
That never Shepherd bore a truer Love!
With thee I wiſh 't had been my happy doom,
With thee alone to ſpend my Life to come;
That we now part is by no Fault of mine,
Nor yet, my deareſt Shepherdeſs of th.. ;

For as no Faith did ever mine excell,
So never any Nymph deserv'd so well.
But the great Shepherd whom we all obey,
'Tis his Command that forces me away;
What ever he ordains none dare refuse;
I must my Joy, or else my Honour lose;
Should I to him deny th' Allegiance due,
Thou might'st to thee think me disloyal too.

DIANA.

No, no, *Sireno*, now too late I find,
How fond she is that can believe Mankind;
Who such Excuses for himself pretends
Will eas'ly bear the absence he defends.
A little time, I fear, will quite deface
Thy thoughts of me, to give another place:
Fool that I was my weakness to betray,
To one not mov'd with all that I can say.
Go, cruel Man, imbark when e'er you please,
But take this with you as you pass the Seas;
Tho' with the fiercest Winds the Waves should roar,
That Tempest will be less than mine on Shore.

SIRENO

SIRENO.

'Tis hard unjuſt ſuſpicions to abide,
But who can ſuch obliging Anger chide?
Fair as thou art, that Charm cou'd never move
My heart to this degree without thy Love:
For 'tis thy tender ſenſe of my ſad Fate,
That does my ſharpeſt, deadly'ſt pain create.
Ah fear not, to what place ſoe'er I go,
That I ſhall ever break my ſacred Vow:
VVhen for another I abandon thee,
May Heaven, for ſuch a Crime, abandon me.

DIANA.

If ever I my deareſt Swain deceive,
Or violate the Faith that here I give:
VVhen to their Food my hungry Flocks I lead,
May the freſh Graſs ſtill wither where they tread;
And may this River, when I come to drink,
Dry up as ſoon as I approach the brink.
Take here this Bracelet of my Virgin hair,
And when for me thou can'ſt a minute ſpare,
Remember this poor pledge was once a part
Of her, who with it gave thee all her heart.

VVhere

Where e'er thou go'ſt may Fortune deal with thee
Better than thou, alas! haſt dealt with me.
Farewell, my Tears will give me leave to ſay
No more than this, To all the Gods I pray
Theſe weeping Eyes may once enjoy the ſight,
Before they cloſe in Deaths eternal Night.

SIRENO.

Then let *Sireno* baniſh all his fears,
Heaven cannot long reſiſt ſuch pious Tears.
The Righteous Gods, from whom our paſſion came,
Will pity (ſure) ſo innocent a Flame;
Reverſe the hard Decree for which we mourn,
And let *Sireno* to his Joys return.
I ſhall again my Charming Nymph behold,
And never part, but in her Armes grow old:
That hope alone my breaking heart ſuſtains,
And Arms my tortur'd Soul to bear my Pains.

THE STORY of *LUCRETIA* OUT OF Ovid *de Faſtis.* Book II.

Engliſhed by Mr. Creech.

NOw *Tarquin* the laſt King did govern *Rome*,
Valiant abroad 'tis true, tho' fierce at home;
Some Towns he won, ſome he did fairly beat,
And took the *Gabii* by a mean deceit;
For of his Three brave Youths his youngeſt Son,
His Nature fierce, his Manners like his own,
His Father's Child Outright pretends a flight,
And came amidſt the Enemies by Night; [ſaid,
They drew their Swords, Come kill me now he
My Father will rejoyce to ſee me dead:
See how his Rods my tender Entrails tore,
(To prove this true he had been whipt before)

The

The men grow mild, they ſheath their threatning ſwords
And view his wounds, and thoſe confirm his words:
Then each man weeps, and each his wrongs reſents,
And begs to ſide with them, and he conſents.
Thus gull'd, the crafty Youth, and once in Truſt,
The firſt occaſion ſought to be unjuſt,
And the unthinking *Gabii*'s Town betray,
Conſults his Father for the ſureſt way.
There was a Garden crown'd with fragrant Flowers,
A little Spring ran through the pleaſant Bowers,
The ſoft retreat of *Tarquin*'s thinking hours.
There when the meſſage came he chanc't to ſtand,
And lopt the talleſt Lilies with his wand:
With that the Meſſenger return'd, and ſaid,
I ſaw your Father crop the loſty head
Of each tall Flower, but not one word to you;
Well, ſays the Son, I know what I muſt doe, [gone
And ſtreight the Nobles kill'd; When thoſe were
He ſoon betray'd the poor defenceleſs Town.
When lo (a wond'rous ſight) a Serpent came,
And ſnatcht the Entrails from the dying Flame;

Phœbus advis'd, and thus the Anſwer ran
He that ſhall kiſs (for ſo the Fates ordain)
His Mother firſt ſhall be the greateſt man.
Then ſtreight with eager haſte th' unthinking Crowd
Their Mothers kiſs't, nor underſtood the God.
But wiſer *Brutus*, who did act the Fool,
Leſt *Tarquin* ſhould ſuſpect his riſing Soul,
Fell down, as if 't had been a Caſual fall,
And kiſs't his Mother Earth before them all.
Now *Ardea* was beſieg'd, the Town was ſtrong,
The men reſolv'd, and ſo the Leaguer long:
And whilſt the Enemy did the War delay,
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe the careleſs Souldiers lay,
And ſpent the vacant time in ſport and play.
Young *Tarquin* doth adorn his Noble Feaſts,
The Captains treats, and thus beſpeaks his Gueſts;
Whilſt we lye lingring in a tedious War,
And far from Conqueſt tired out with Care,
How do our Women lead their Lives at *Rome*?
And are we thought on by our Wives at home?
Each ſpeaks for his, each ſays I'll ſwear for mine,
And thus a while they talkt, grown fluſht with Wine;

At

At laſt Young *Collatine* ſtarts up and cryes,
What need of words, come let's believe our Eyes;
Away to *Rome*, for that's the ſafeſt Courſe,
They all agree, ſo each man mounts his Horſe.
Firſt to the Court, and there they found no Guard,
No Watchmen there, and all the Gates unbarr'd;
Young *Tarquin*'s Wife, her hair diſorder'd lay
And looſe, was ſitting there at Wine and play.
Thence to *Lucretia*'s, She a lovely Soul,
Her Basket lay before her, and her Wooll,
Sate midſt her Maids, and as they wrought ſhe ſaid,
Make haſte, 'tis for my Lord as ſoon as made;
Yet what d'ye hear? (for you perchance may hear)
How long is't e'er they hope to end the War?
Yet let them but return; But ah, my Lord
Is raſh, and meets all dangers with his Sword:
Ah when I fanſie that I ſee him fight,
I ſwoon and almoſt periſh with the fright.
Then wept, and leaving her unfiniſht thread.
Upon her boſome lean'd her lovely head.
All this became, gracefull her grief appears,
And ſhe, chaſt Soul, lookt beauteous in her Tears.

Her Face lookt well, by Natures art deſign'd,
All charming fair, and fit for ſuch a mind.
I come, ſays *Collatine*, diſcard thy Fear,
At that ſhe ſtreight reviv'd, and oh my Dear,
She claſpt his Neck, and hung a welcome burthen there.
Mean while Young *Tarquin* gathers luſtfull Fire,
He burns and rages with a wild Deſire;
Her Shape, her Lilie-white, and Yellow hair,
Her natural Beauty, and her graceſull Air,
Her words, her voice, and every thing does pleaſe,
And all agree to heighten the diſeaſe;
That ſhe was Chaſt doth raiſe his wiſhes higher,
The leſs his hopes, the greater his Deſire.
But now 'twas Morning, and the warlike Train
Return from *Rome*, and take the Field again:
His working Powers her abſent Form reſtore,
The more he minds her, ſtill he loves the more;
'Twas thus ſhe ſate, thus ſpun, and thus was dreſt,
And thus her Locks hung dangling o'er her Breaſt;
Such was her Mein, and ſuch each Air and Grace,
And ſuch the charming figure of her Face.

As

As when a furious ſtorm is now blown o'er
The Sea ſtill troubl'd, and the Waters roar
And curle upon the Winds that blew before.
So he tho' gone the pleaſing form retains
The Fire her preſent Beauty rais'd remains;
He burns, and hurry'd by reſiſtleſs Charms,
Reſolves to force, or fright her to his Arms.
I'll venture, let whatever fates attend,
The daring bold have fortune for their friend;
By daring I the *Gabii* did o'ercome;
This ſaid, he takes his Horſe, and ſpeeds for *Rome*:
The Sun was ſetting when he reach'd the place,
With more than Evening Bluſhes in his Face;
A Gueſt in ſhew, an Enemy in deſign
He reach't the ſtately Court of *Collatine*,
And's welcom'd there, for he was nearly kin.
How much are we deceiv'd? She makes a Feaſt,
And treats her Enemy as a Welcome Gueſt;
Now Supper's done, and ſleep invites to Bed,
And all was huſht, as Natures ſelf lay dead.
The Lamps put out, and all for reſt deſign'd,
No Fire in all the Houſe, but in his mind:

He roſe, and drew his Sword, with luſtfull ſpeed
Away he goes to chaſte *Lucretia*'s Bed;
And when he came, *Lucretia*, not a word,
For look, *Lucretia*, here's my naked Sword;
My Name is *Tarquin*, I that Title own,
The King's young Son, his beſt beloved Son.
Half dead with fear, amaz'd *Lucretia* lay,
As harmleſs Lambs, their Mothers gone away,
Expos'd to ravenous Wolves an eaſie prey.
Her Speech, her Courage, Voice, and Mind did fail,
She trembled, and ſhe breath'd, and that was all:
What could ſhe doe? Ah! could ſhe ſtrive? with whom?
A Man! a Woman's eaſily o'ercome.
Should ſhe cry out, and make Complaints of wrong,
His violent Sword had quickly ſtopt her tongue.
What ſhould ſhe ſtrive to fly? that hope was gone,
Young *Tarquin* held her faſt, and kept her down.
He preſt her Boſome with a luſtfull hand,
That chaſt, that charming Breaſt then firſt prophan'd.
The Loving Foe ſtill ſues, reſolv'd to gain
With promiſe, threats, and Bribes: but all in vain.

At

At laſt 'tis Folly to reſiſt, he cry'd,
My Love will riſe to Rage, if long deny'd;
For I'll accuſe thee of unlawfull Luſt,
Kill thee, and ſwear, tho' falſe, thy Death was Juſt.
I'll ſtabb a Slave, and what's the worſt of harms,
Black Fame ſhall ſay I caught thee in his Arms.
This Art prevail'd, ſhe fear'd an injur'd name,
And liv'd and ſuffer'd, to ſecure her Fame.
Why doſt thou ſmile, Triumphant Raviſher?
This ſhamefull Victory ſhall coſt thee dear.
Thy ruine pay for this thy forc't delight,
How great a price! a Kingdom for a Night!
The guilty Night was gone, the day appears,
She bluſht, and roſe, and double Mourning wears,
As for her onely Son, ſhe ſits in Tears.
And for her Father, and her Husband ſends,
Each quickly hears the meſſage, and attends.
But when they came, and ſaw her drown'd in Tears,
Amaz'd they askt the Cauſe, what violent Fears,
What real ill did wound her tender mind;
What Friend was dead, for whom this Grief deſign'd?

But ſhe ſate ſilent ſtill, ſtill ſadly cry'd,
And hid her bluſhing Face, and wept, and ſigh'd.
Both ſtrive to Comfort, both lament her Fate,
And fear ſome deadly Ill, they know not what.
Thrice ſhe would ſpeak, thrice ſtopt, again ſhe tryes
To ſpeak her wrong, yet durſt not raiſe her Eyes:
This too on *Tarquin*'s ſcore, ſhe cry'd, I place;
I'll ſpeak, I'll ſpeak, ah me! my own diſgrace,
And what they could her modeſt words expreſt,
The laſt remain'd, her Bluſhes ſpoke the reſt.
Both weep, and both the forc't Offence forgive,
In vain you pardon me, I can't receive
The pity you beſtow, nor can I live.
This ſaid, her fatal Dagger pierc't her ſide,
And at her Fathers feet ſhe fell and dy'd.
Her Soul flew through the wound, and mounts above
As white, and Innocent as a Virgin Dove,
Not ſpotted with one thought of Lawleſs Love.
Yet as ſhe fell, her dying thoughts contriv'd
The fall as modeſtly as ſhe had liv'd.
The Father o'er the Corpſe, and Husband fall,
And mourn, and both the common loſs bewail.

While

While thus they mourn'd, the generous *Brutus* came,
And ſhew'd his Soul ill-ſuited with his Name.
He graſpt the Dagger reeking in her Gore,
And as he held it thus devoutly ſwore;
By thee, by this thy Chaſt and Innocent Bloud,
And by thy Ghoſt, which I'll eſteem a God;
Tarquin, and all his Race ſhall be expell'd,
My Virtue long enough hath lain conceal'd.
At that ſhe rais'd her Eyes, ſhe ſeem'd to bow
Her head, and with her Nod approv'd the Vow.
The Pomp appears, and as it paſſes by
The gaping VVound expos'd to publick View,
Fill'd all the Crowd with rage, and juſtly drew
Curſes from every Heart, & Tears from every Eye.
Young *Brutus* heads the Crowd, proclaims the [wrong,
And tells them they endure the King too long:
The King's expell'd, and Conſuls they create,
And thus the Kingdom chang'd into a State.

On Mr. *Dryden's*

RELIGIO LAICI.

BEgone you Slaves, you Idle Vermin go,
Fly from the Scourges,& your Maſter know;
Let free, impartial men from *Dryden* learn
Myſterious Secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing Senſe,
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as Angels do
Muſt be an Angel; but what's that to you?

While mighty *Lewis* finds the *Pope* too Great,
And dreads the Yoke of his impoſing Seat,
Our Sects a more Tyrannick Power aſſume,
And would for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*;
That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine;
Fanaticks caſt the Pearls of Heaven to Swine:

What

What then have honeſt thinking men to doe,
But chuſe a mean between th' Uſurping two?
Nor can the *Ægyptian* Patriarch blame a Muſe,
Which for his firmneſs does his heat Excuſe;
What ever Counſels have approv'd his Creed,
The *PREFACE* ſure was his own Act and Deed,
Our Church will have that Preface read (You'll ſay,)
'Tis true, But ſo ſhe will th' *Apocrypha*;
And ſuch as can believe them freely may.

But did that *God* (ſo little underſtood)
Whoſe *Darling* attribute is being good,
From the dark Womb of the Rude Chaos bring
Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;
Yet leave his *Favorite*, *Man*, his chiefeſt care,
More wretched than the vileſt Inſects are?
O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs Millions muſt be doom'd a Prey
To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not doe!

The

The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,
(And ſo do all their followers that Rebell)
If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* ſtray,
Shall the great Gulph be ſhow'd him for the way?
For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the faln Angels Rooms will be but ill ſupply'd.
That *Chriſt*, who at the great deciding Day
(For He declares what He reſolves to ſay)
Will Damn the Goats, for their *Ill-natur'd faults*,
And ſave the Sheep, for *Actions* not for Thoughts,
Hath too much mercy to ſend men to Hell,
For humble Charity, and hoping well.
To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity profuſely ſhown [own!
In Damning Crouds of Souls, may Damn their

I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.

TO

TO
Mr. DRYDEN
ON HIS
RELIGIO LAICI.

THoſe Gods the pious Ancients did adore
They learn in Verſe devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to uſe the common way
Of Talk when they did to ſuch Beings pray.
Nay they that taught Religion firſt, thought fit
In Verſe its ſacred Precepts to tranſmit:
So *Solon* too did his firſt Statutes draw,
And every little Stanza was a Law.
By theſe few Precedents we plainly ſee
The Primitive Deſign of Poetry;
VVhich by reſtoring to its Native uſe,
You generouſly have reſcu'd from Abuſe.

VVhilſt

Whilſt your lov'd Muſe does in ſweet Numbers ſing,
She vindicates her God, and God-like King.
Atheiſt, and Rebel too, She does oppoſe,
(God and the King have always the ſame Foes.)
Legions of Verſe you raiſe in their defence,
And write the Factious to Obedience.
You the bold *Arian* to Arms defie,
A conquering Champion for the Deity
Againſt the VVhigs firſt Parents, VVho did dare
To diſinherit God-Almighty's Heir.
And what the hot-brain'd *Arian* firſt began
Is carried on by the *Socinian*,
VVho ſtill Aſſociates to keep God a Man.
But 'tis the Prince of Poets Task alone
T' aſſert the Rights of God's,& *Charles* his Throne.
VVhilſt vulgar Poets purchaſe vulgar Fame
By chaunting *Cloris*, or fair *Phillis* Name;
VVhoſe Reputation ſhall laſt as long,
As Fops and Ladies ſing the amorous Song.
A Nobler Subject wiſely they refuſe,
The Mighty weight would cruſh their feeble Muſe.

So

So Story tells, a Painter once would try
VVith his bold hand to limn a Deity;
And He, by frequent practising that part,
Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous Art:
But when great *Jove* did to the Workman sit,
The Thunderer such horrour did beget,
That put the frighted Artist to a stand,
And made his Pensil drop from's baffl'd Hand.

O THE

THE XXII. ODE.

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF *HORACE.*

Integer Vitæ, &c.

VErtue, Dear Friend, needs no defence,
The ſureſt Guard is Innocence:
None knew till Guilt created Fear
VVhat Darts or poyſon'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through *Libyan* ſands or *Scythian* ſnows,
Or where *Hydapſes* wealthy ſide
Pays Tribute to the *Perſian* pride.

For as (by amorous Thoughts betray'd)
Careleſs in *Sabin* Woods I ſtray'd,
A Griſly foaming Wolf, unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling, fled.

No Beaſt of more Portentous ſize,
In the *Hercinian* Foreſt lies;
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the remoteſt place,
That *Neptune*'s frozen Arms embrace;
VVhere Angry *Jove* did never ſpare
One Breath of kind and temperate Air.

Set me where on ſome pathleſs Plain
The ſwarthy *Africans* complain,
To ſee the Chariot of the Sun
So near their ſcorching Country run.

The burning Zone the frozen Iſles
Shall hear me ſing of *Cælia*'s Smiles,
All cold but in her Breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all heat but that of *Cælia*'s Eyes.

Roſcomon

THE VI. ODE.

OF THE

THIRD BOOK OF *HORACE.*

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THose Ills your Anceſtors have done,
Romans are now become your own;
And they will coſt you dear,
Unleſs you ſoon repair
The falling Temples which the Gods provoke,
And Statues ſully'd yet with ſacriligeous Smoke.

Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble, gratefull Piety,
(As it rewarded their Reſpect)
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your neglect;
All Empires on the Gods depend,
[End.
Begun by their command, at their command they
Let

Let *Craſſus* Ghoſt and *Labienus* tell
How twice by *Jove*'s revenge our Legions fell,
And with inſulting Pride
Shining in *Roman* ſpoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The *Scythian* and *Ægyptian* Scum
Had almoſt ruin'd *Rome*,
While our Seditions took their part
Fill'd each *Ægyptian* ſail, & wing'd each *Scythian* dart.

Firſt, thoſe Flagitious times,
(Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
Conſpire to violate the Nuptial Bed
From which polluted head,
Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
And through the ſpurious Breed & guilty Nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting Maid,
Bound Prentice to the wanton Trade;
Jonian Artiſts at a mighty price
Inſtruct her in the Myſteries of Vice,

What Nets to ſpread, where ſubtile Baits to lay,
[Clay.
And with an Early hand they form the temper'd

Marry'd, their Leſſons ſhe improves
By practice of Adult'rous Loves,
And ſcorns the common mean deſign
To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,
Or ſnatch in ſome dark place
A haſty Illegitimate Embrace.

No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
And bids her riſe when Lovers call;
Hither a Merchant from the Straits
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,
Or City *Cannibal* repairs,
Who feeds upon the fleſh of Heirs,
Convenient Brutes, whoſe tributary flame,
Pays the full price of luſt, & guilds the ſlighted ſhame.

'Twas not the Spawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with *Punick* Bloud the Conquer'd Seas,
And

And quaſht the ſtern *Æacides*;
Made the proud *Aſian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was againſt *Europes* ſteel,
Forc'd e'en dire *Hannibal* to yield; [Field.
And won the long diſputed World at *Zamas* fatal

But Souldiers of a Ruſtick Mould
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the ſtubborn Ground,
Or through hewn Woods their weighty ſtrokes did
And after the declining Sun [ſound.
Had chang'd the ſhadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the labor of the day.

Time ſenſibly all things impairs,
Our Fathers have been worſe than theirs,
And we than Ours, next Age will ſee
A Race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

Roſcomon.

THE IV. ODE.

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF *HORACE*.

CONquer'd with ſoft and pleaſing Charms,
And never failing Vows of her return,
Winter unlocks his froſty Arms
To free the joyfull Spring;
Which for freſh Loves with youthful heat do's burn;
Warm South-winds court her, & with fruitful ſhowrs
Awake the drowſie flowers,
Who haſte and all their ſweetneſs bring
To pay their yearly Offering.

No nipping White is ſeen,
But all the Fields are clad in pleaſant Green,
And onely fragrant Dews now fall:
The Ox forſakes his once warm Stall

To

To bask in th' Sun's much warmer Beams;
The Plowman leaves his fire and his ſleep,
Well pleas'd to whiſtle to his lab'ring Teams;
Whilſt the glad Shepherd pipes to's friſking Sheep.
Nay tempted by the ſmiling ſky
Wreckt Merchants quit the ſhore,
Reſolving once again to try
The VVind and Seas Almighty power;
Chooſing much rather to be dead than poor.

Upon the flow'ry Plains,
Or under ſhady Trees,
The Shepherdeſſes and their Swains
Dance to their rural Harmonies;
Then ſteal in private to the covert Groves,
There finiſh their well heighten'd loves.
The City Dame takes this pretence
(weary of Husband and of Innocence)
To quit the ſmoak & buſineſs of the Town,
And to her Country-houſe retires,
Where ſhe may bribe, then graſp ſome brawny clown.
Or her appointed Gallant come

To

To feed her looſe deſires;
Whilſt the poor Cuckold by his ſweat at home
Maintains her Luſt and Pride
Bleſt as he thinks in ſuch a beauteous Bride.

Since all the World's thus gay and free,
Why ſhould not we?
Let's then accept our Mother Natures treat,
And pleaſe our ſelves with all that's ſweet;
Let's to the ſhady Bowers,
Where crown'd with gaudy flowers
We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours.
Truſt me, *Thyrſis*, the grim Conquerer's death
With the ſame freedom ſnatches a King's breath.
He huddles the poor fetter'd Slave,
To's unknown Grave,
Tho' we each day with coſt repair,
He mocks our greateſt skill and utmoſt care;
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the ſtrong,
And he that lives the longeſt dyes but young;
And once depriv'd of light
We're wrapt in miſts of endleſs Night.

Once

Once come to those dark Cells of which we're told
So many strange Romantick Tales of Old,
(In things unknown Invention's justly bold)
No more shall Mirth and VVine
Our loves and wits refine.
No more shall your *Phyllis* have,
Phyllis so long you've priz'd:
Nay she too in the Grave
Shall lye like us despis'd.

THE

THE IV. ODE.

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF *HORACE*.

Engliſhed by Mr. Duke.

BLuſh not, my Friend, to own the Love
VVhich thy fair Captives Eyes doe move:
Achilles once the Fierce, the Brave,
Stoopt to the Beauties of a Slave;
Tecmeſſa's Charms could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conquerour;
Great *Agamemnon*, when ſucceſs
Did all his Arms with Conqueſt bleſs;
VVhen *Hector's* fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright Captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midſt of Tiumph dyes.

You

You know not to what mighty line
The lovely Maid may make you joyn;
See but the Charms her ſorrow wears,
No common Cauſe could draw ſuch Tears;
Thoſe ſtreams ſure that adorn her ſo
For loſs of Royal kindred flow:
Oh! think not ſo divine a thing
Could from the Bed of Commons ſpring;
VVhoſe Faith could ſo unmov'd remain,
And ſo averſe to ſordid gain,
VVas never born of any Race
That might the nobleſt Love diſgrace.
Her blooming Face, her ſnowey Arms,
Her well ſhap'd Leg, and all her Charms
Of her Body and her Face,
I, poor I, may ſafely praiſe.
Suſpect not Love the youthfull Rage
From *Horace*'s declining Age,
But think remov'd by forty years
All his flames and all thy fears.

THE

THE VIII. ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF *HORACE*.

Engliſhed by Mr. Duke.

IF ever any injur'd Power
By which the falſe *Barine*, ſwore,
Falſe, fair *Barine*, on thy head
Had the leaſt Mark of Vengeance ſhed;
If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
Had ſuffer'd by thy Perjury,
I ſhould believe thy Vows; but thou
Since perjur'd doſt more charming grow,
Of all our Youth the publick care,
Nor half ſo falſe as thou art Fair.
It thrives with thee to be forſworn
By thy dead Mothers ſacred Urn,

By

By Heaven and all the Stars that ſhine
Without, and every God within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty Vows does ſmile,
Her Nymphs all ſmile, her little Son
Does ſmile, and to his Quiver run;
Does ſmile and fall to whet his Darts,
To wound for thee freſh Lovers hearts.
See all the Youth does thee obey,
Thy train of Slaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former Subjects thee
Tho' oft they threaten to be free,
Tho' oft with Vows falſe as thine are,
Their forſworn Miſtreſs they forſwear.
Thee every carefull Mother fears
For her Son's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride
In *Hymen*'s Fetters newly ty'd,
Leſt thou detain by ſtronger Charms
Th' expected Husband from her Armes.

HORACE

HORACE and *LYDIA*.

THE IX. ODE.

Engliſhed by Mr. Duke.

HORACE.

WHilſt I was welcome to your heart
In which no happier youth had part,
And full of more prevailing Charms,
Threw round your Neck his dearer Armes,
I flouriſh'd richer and more bleſt
Than the great Monarch of the Eaſt.

LYDIA.

Whilſt all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia, the celebrated Name,
The onely Theme of Verſe and Fame,
I flouriſh'd more than ſhe renown'd,
Whoſe Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

HORACE

HORACE.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muſe,
And every Grace adorn, ſubdues;
For whom I'd gladly dye, to ſave
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire
With mutual flames of fierce deſire;
For whom I twice would dye, to ſave
His youth more precious from the Grave.

HORACE.

What if our former Loves return,
And our firſt fires again ſhould burn?
If *Chloe*'s baniſh't to make way
For the forſaken *Lydia*?

LYDIA.

Tho' he is ſhining as a Star,
Conſtant and kind as he is Fair;
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would live, would dye with thee.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE and LYDIA.

Englished by another Hand.

HORACE.

WHile I remain'd the Darling of your heart,
And no encroaching Lover claim'd a part:
Unrival'd while my Longing Arms I cast
About your lovely Neck and slender waste,
And you to every one but me were chaste;
I scorn'd the lofty *Persian* Monarch's state,
And thought my self more happy and as great.

LYDIA.

While I enjoy'd your self and no fairer face
Had stoln your wandring heart away from me;
While *Chloe* seem'd not *Lydia* to outshine,
Nor gain'd a Conquest that before was mine;

Not

Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her ſweet embraces ſought.

HORACE.

Now *Threcyan Chloe* has ſupply'd your place,
She Charms me with her Muſick and her Face;
To ſave her life, I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my heart.

LYDIA.

Fair *Calais* now the ſweet *Meſſenian* Boy,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
If by my Dying he might longer live,
I'd give two lives, if I had two to give.

HORACE.

What if kind *Venus* ſhould our hearts unite,
And force us to adore that Love we ſlight?
If *Chloe* with her Golden locks ſhould yield,
And baniſht *Lydia* ſhould regain the Field?

LYDIA.

If ſo, tho' you are cruel and unkind
Leſs to be truſted than the Seas or Wind;
Tho' he ſo kind ſo charming and ſo true,
I willingly wou'd live, wou'd dye, with you.

THE III. ELEGY

Of the first Book of Propertius.

Englished By Mr. Adams.

AS on the Beach sad *Ariadne* lay,
While the deaf Winds false *Theseus* bore away;
Or from the Rock *Andromeda* redeem'd,
More fair, more fair in her first Slumber seem'd;
Or as the no less weary *Bacchanall*
Surpris'd by Sleep near some smooth stream do's fall;
So fell it to me, so was my *Cynthia* lay'd,
While breathing soft repose the lovely Maid
On her fair hand reclin'd her bending Head;
When I well drunk through the too narrow Street
Drag'd home at Midnight my unfaithfull Feet;
But as sh'appear'd so charming to my view,
Gently I prest the Bed, and near her drew;
Thinking (for so much sense I still retain'd)
The Fort of Love might by surprise be gain'd;

Yet

Yet tho' commanded by a double fire,
Both by the flames of Wine, and love within;
Tho' my lewd hand would naughtily have slyd,
And I would fain my Arms have ready made;
I durst not in the soft assault engage,
Dreading to wake her well experienc'd rage;
But so my greedy Eyes survey'd her o'er,
The waking *Argus* watcht not *Io* more;
Sometimes I loos'd the Chaplet from my Brow,
And try'd how sweetly 't would on *Cynthia's* flow;
Sometimes corrected her disorder'd Hair,
That loosely wanton'd with the sportive Air;
And when she sigh'd, I credulously fear'd
Some frightfull Vision to my Love appear'd;
Till the bright Moon through the wide Window
(The Moon that would not suddenly be gon;)
She with her subtile rayes unclos'd Her eyes,
When thus against me did her fury rise.

At length affronted by some Tawdry Jade,
Kick't out of doors, you're fore't into my Bed;
For where is it you spend my Nights? you come
Drawn off and Impotent at Morning home;

I [illegible] base man! I wish such nights you had,
As you forc'd me! unhappy me! to lead!
Sometimes I with my Needle sleep deceive,
Then with Lute my weariness relieve;
Then do I weep, and curse your tedious stay,
While in some others Armes you melt away;
Till sleeps soft wings my willing Eye-lids close,
And all my Sorrows and my Cares compose.

OUT OF
PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Modo est in Coitu & brevis voluptas.

'Tis but a Short, but a filthy Pleasure,
And we soon naufeate the enjoy'd treasure;
Let not us then as lustfull Beasts do,
Slavishly, abruptly, blindly fall to:
Least we put out Love's gentle fire,
And he droop, and languish in impotent desire:

But

But thus we'll lye, and thus we'll kiss,
Thus, thus improve the lasting bliss!
There is no labour here, no shame,
The solid Pleasure's still the same,
Never, oh, never to be done,
Where Love is ever but begun.

EPISTLE

To *R. D.* from *T. O.*

My much lov'd Friend,

WHen thou art from my eyes,
How do I loath the day, and light detest!
Night, kinder night's the much more welcome guest,
For though it bring small ease, it hides at least
Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree, [thee.
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of

Last night methought (Heaven make the next as
Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd [kind)
As our first Parents in their *Eden* were,
Ye'er yet condemn'd to eat their bread with Care;
We two together wander'd through a Grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,
Mild as our friendship, springing as our Love;
Hundreds of chearfull Birds fill'd every Tree,
And sung their joyfull Songs of Liberty;
While through the gladsome Choire well pleas'd we
And of our present Valu'd State thus talkt; [walk'd,
How happy are we in this sweet retreat?
Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?
Who for Preferments at a Court would wait,
Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
What fish of sense would on that shallow lye,
Amongst the little starving wriggling Frye,
That throng and crowd each other for a Taste
Of the deceitfull, painted, poison'd Paste;
When the wide River, he behind him sees,
Where he may lanch to Liberty and Ease?

No cares or business here disturb our hours,
While underneath these shady, peacefull Bowers,
In cool delight and innocence we stray,
And midst a Thousand pleasures waste the day;
Sometimes upon a Rivers bank we lye,
Where skimming Swallows o'er the surface fly,
Just as the Sun, declining with his Beams,
Kisses, and gently warms the gliding Streams;
Amidst whose current rising Fishes play,
And rowl in wanton Liberty away.
Perhaps, hard by there grows a little bush,
On which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
Nightly their solemn Orgyes meeting keep,
And sing their Vespers e'er they go to sleep:
There we two lye, between us may be spread
Some Book, few understand though many read,
Sometimes we *Virgil's* Sacred leaves turn o'er,
Still wond'ring, and still finding cause for more.
How *Juno's* rage did good *Aneas* vex,
Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex
In *Dido's* state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;

He

He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
And scorn'd to melt his vertue in her Armes.
Next *Nisus* and *Eurialus* we admire,
Their gentle Friendship, and their Martial fire;
We praise their valour 'cause yet matcht by none,
And Love their Friendship, so much like our own.
But when to give our minds a Feast indeed,
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
Who can our Transports, or our longings tell,
To taste of Pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
With thoughts of Love, and wine, by him we're fir'd,
Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd;
A generous Bottle, and a Lovesome She,
Are th' onely Joys in nature, next to Thee;
To which retiring quietly at night,
If (as that onely can) we add delight,
When to our little Cottage we repair,
We find a Friend or two, we'd wish for there,
Dear *B—ly*, kind as parting Lovers tears,
Ad—ly, honest as the Sword he wears,
W—son, professing friendship yet a Friend,
Or —*S—st*, beyond what numbers can commend,

F—ch,

F—ch, full of kindness, gen'rous as his blood,
Watchfull to doe, too modest ought good;
Who have forsook the vile tumultuous Town,
And for a taste of life to us come down;
With eager armes, how closely then w' embrace,
What Joy's in every heart, and every face!
The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
With choicest Meats at least, though not with store
Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,
Full of what cheats the Heart, and fires the Brain;
Each waited on by a bright Virgin glove,
Clean, sound and shining like its drinker's Love.
Then down we sit, while every Genius tryes
T' improve, till he deserves his Sacrifice:
No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night;
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
Each takes th' obedient Treasure of his heart,
And leads her willing to his silent Bed,
Where no vexatious cares create near his head,
But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;

Till

Till in full joy diſſolv'd, each falls aſleep,
With twining limbs, that ſtill loves poſture keep,
At dawn of morning to renew delight,
So quiet, craving love till the next night:
Then we the drowſie Cells of ſleep forſake,
And to our Books our earlieſt viſit make;
Or elſe our thoughts to their attendance call,
And there methinks, Fancy ſits Queen of all;
While the poor under faculties reſort,
And to her fickle majeſty make Court;
The underſtanding firſt comes plainly clad,
But uſefully; no entrance to be had,
Next comes the Will, that Bully of the mind,
Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
He meets reception from the Antick Queen,
Who thinks her Majeſty's moſt honour'd when
Attended by thoſe fine dreſt Gentlemen.
Reaſon, the honeſt Counſeller, this knows,
And into Court with reſolute vertue goes;
Lets Fancy ſee her looſe irregular ſway,
Then how the flattering Follies ſneak away!

This

This Image when it came too fiercely shook
My Brain which its soft quiet straight forsook;
When waking as I cast my eyes around,
Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
No grove, no freedom, and what's worse to me,
No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
Were seiz'd; which to divert I fram'd this pray'r,
Gods! life's your gift, then season't with such ease,
That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
Of this your play-thing made in haste, the World;
But grant me quiet, liberty and peace,
By day what's needfull, and at night soft ease;
The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,
Then fix me; and if e'er I wish remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
Set me in power, the wofull'st state of Man;
To be by Fools misled, to Knaves a prey,
But make Life what I ask, or ask't away.

A LET-

A

LETTER to a FRIEND.

A Youth once free and happy, now a slave,
Found a retreat within a peacefull Cave;
Where no intruders durst his hours molest,
(But the dear Passion still inflam'd his Breast)
And where abandon'd to his restless pains,
He weeps alone, and feels his weighty Chains.
From thence——
To a dear Friend (such as are hard to find)
Known true and just, and longing to be kind,
Who always shar'd his pleasures and his pain,
In these sad terms writ the tormented Swain.

My onely Friend, learn my unhappy Fate,
That I'm undone by Love, oppos'd by Hate;
Your pity e'er I ask I'm sure to gain,
But cruel *Cynthia*'s never must obtain.

Yon

You are not ign'rant of her Charms I know,
Too well by her they're known, & hence my Woe:
Yet must I not complain, I own the Fair
Has justly doom'd me to the pains I bear;
For I have long profanely laught at Love,
And oft to make the World despise it, strove.

Wanton till now were all the flames I knew,
With pleasure wing'd my minutes Gaily flew:
When Beauty wounded, Wine soon heal'd my Soul,
My peace came swimming in the lurking Bowl;
Or if too weak the Wine against Love's Charms,
I took some Balmy Harlot to my Armes;
Which always did the raging pains remove,
And cool the stings of any other Love.
In peace and plenty, with still new Delights,
I past my joyfull Days, and Amorous Nights.

But now in vain that freedom lost I mourn,
My far fled Liberty will ne'er return;
Too strong's my passion, & the Nymph too Fair,
(Ah, lovely Nymph, must I for ever bear!)

In

In your bright Eyes such Heav'nly Beauty's shine,
You want but mercy to be all Divine;
Lost freedom to regain I dare not try,
That were Rebellion, and I ought to dye.
Why shou'd your pow'rfull Charms your Pride create,
Your Pride your onely Fault, my onely Fate?

Thus oft I've mourn'd the Conquest of her Eyes,
Since first my Heart was made her Sacrifice,
And she the panting Victim cou'd despise.
Yet spite of all her rigorous disdain,
I love my Ruine, and I hugg my Chain.

Reason in vain endeavours to persuade
That I shou'd quit this haughty, scornfull Maid;
Small Passions often make our Reason yeild,
When Love invades, it well may quit the Field.

Your hopeless Friend thus languishing remains,
Enslav'd by one who will not ease his pains;
Smiles when he weeps, and frowns when he com-

AN

AN ELEGY BY

The Wife of St. ALEXIAS *(a Nobleman of* Rome*) complaining on his absence, he having left her on his Wedding Night unenjoy'd, out of a Pious Zeal to go visit the* Christian Churches.

Written in Latin by Fran. Remond *a* Jesuit.

I Prais'd and Lov'd by the best Youth of *Rome*,
My fatal Charms sent many to their Tomb,
Now wretched Maid, and miserable VVife,
In Tears, and in Complaints, must waste my Life;
Abandon'd by my Husband e'er enjoy'd,
With thoughts of pleasures yet untasted cloy'd.

He leaves me to my anxious Cares a Prey;
Ah! my *Alexias*, whither do you ſtray;
VVhilſt in my Maiden VViddow'd Bed I lye,
More wretched than the Dead; and wiſh to dye?
In you were all my hopes, dear VVanderer,
Your doubted ſafety now creates my Fear;
He broke his Vows, he broke our Marriage-bond,
VVhat dangers may a perjur'd Wretch ſurround,
At leaſt his flight his tender Feet may wound.
Oh! that I knew which way his courſe he ſteers,
T'wou'd ſoften much my pains, & leſſen much my fears:
A Letter ſhou'd inform him of my cares,
And he with pity ſure wou'd reade my Pray'rs;
I'de write him lines might move a ſenſeleſs Stone,
Nay his hard Heart to feel compaſſion.
But, when we write, too ſlow are the returns,
Too ſlow, for one that with my paſſion burns;
Letters I wou'd not truſt, my ſelf wou'd go,
And from my mouth my ſorrows he ſhou'd know.
By ſtealth I'll leave my Father's Houſe, 'twas you
Did firſt, alas! the ſad Example ſhew.

My

My preſſing Love wou'd wing my willing Feet,
To fly, till my *Alexias* I ſhou'd meet.
Through Deſarts I durſt go (a tender Maid)
In ſearch of you I cou'd not be afraid.
No dangers ſhou'd my eager ſteps retard,
My Innocence, and Love wou'd be my guard.
If *Dragons* againſt me their Creſts ſhou'd rear,
Or ſhou'd I meet a *Lyon* or a *Bear*,
I never can be capable of Fear.
David (too young for Toils) a tender Boy,
Cou'd the fierce *Lyon*, and rough *Bear* deſtroy;
From his ſmall Hand a Pebble cou'd confound,
And ſtrike the Mountain Gyant to the ground.
Th' *Aſſyrian* General, *Bethulia*'s dread,
By a chaſte VVoman's hand did loſe his Head,
And ſhe was by her Guardian Angel led.
VVhy may not my attempts ſucceſsfull prove;
Aſſiſted by Divinity, and Love?
VVith fearleſs courage I dare undertake
Amazing Actions, for my Husband's ſake:
Through all the World (my Life) I'll follow thee,
Whether by Land thou wander'ſt or by Sea;

Whether on Shoar or on the ſwelling Main,
One Houſe, one Boat may both of us contain:
If your ſharp Keel *Ionian* Waves divide,
On that *Ionian* Sea my Barque ſhall ride.
If (to contemplate on the ſufferings
And cruel Death of the bleſt King of Kings,)
A *Pilgrim* to the Holy-land you go,
I'll join in Adoration there with you.
If where th' adored, Silver *Jordan* flows,
With you in *Paleſtine* I'll offer holy Vows;
Or if to *Scythian* Mountains you repair,
And leave this temp'rate for that froz'n Air;
With thee (my Soul) I willingly can dwell
On the cold Top of the *Caucaſian* Hill.
Or ſhou'd you wander o'er the *Lybian* Sand,
(That vaſt, and wild, unhoſpitable Land)
Through thoſe parcht plains with thee (my Love)
Nor fear the hungry, ſavage Beaſt of Prey. [I'll ſtray,
I'll be a *Thracian*, if to *Thrace* you ſail;
My Love ſhall o'er my Sexes fears prevail,
Nothing to follow you wou'd ſeem a Toil.

Tho'

Tho' to the utmoſt *Indies* you are driv'n,
Till I can reach your Armes I'll know no Hav'n.
Ah! let chaſte Love, propitious Planets keep,
Safe from the Dangers of the greedy Deep;
Yet if my Ship by Tempeſts muſt be torn,
By Artfull ſtrokes above the Waters born,
In ſpite of Nature I ſhall ſwim to ſhoar,
For love will give my untaught hands the pow'r.
The flaming Conſtellations are in Love,
And Seas, and all that in the Waters move;
But the unſettl'd Waves, nor the inconſtant Wind
Shall ever move my faith, or ſhake my ſtedfaſt mind.
But if inevitable Fates decree,
That I muſt ſuffer in the angry Sea,
Leviathan, let me become thy Prey;
(The onely Succour ſuch a Fate can give)
In thy kind Bowels hidden let me live,
There let me reſt, till thou ſhalt find that Shoar
VVhere my *Alexias* is a Wanderer,
There caſt me up unhurt, and leave me there.
So in the ſcaly Monſter *Jonas* lay,
Protected from the Fury of the Sea;

Both wondred at their Lot, & both rejoyc'd, [hoſt:
One with his gueſt was pleas'd, the other with his
The third Day came, and then (by Heaven's com-
The Fiſh reſtor'd the Prophet to the Land. [mand)
But if to me no Fiſh will Favour ſhew,
And (dear *Alexia*) I muſt dye for you;
Oh Love Divine! I'm pleas'd for thee to fall,
For thee, chaſte Authour of my Funeral;
The Sea ſhall take my Name, & 'mongſt the Stars
I'll be a Guide to wandring Mariners:
While they with wonder ſhall repeat my Name,
A Faith like mine deſerves no leſs a Fame;
They'll doubtleſs pray that ſuch a Wife, above,
May be rewarded for ſo chaſte a Love;
And that her Husband there may conſtant prove,
And for the Load of Waters ſhe has born,
Her Aſhes may lye eaſie in their Urn.
Alas! I rave, with Fancies I am fed,
Not knowing where my deareſt Husband's fled,
I ſearch him, dreaming in my Widow'd Bed.
If to the Woods I go, or Rocks or Shoars, [Powers.
From thee they've learn'd to ſcorn Love's mighty
Unhear'd,

Unhear'd, alas! I loſe my Amorous groans,
The Winds and Waves refuſe to hear my moans,
Echo alone can ſuffer my complaint,
And ſhe with repetition is grown faint.

Return (my Life) for what can cauſe your ſtay!
If thou haſt Piety, Oh! come away:
Ah! ſuffer not thy abſence I ſhou'd mourn,
I'll come to thee, if thou canſt not return.

AMARYLLIS,

Or the Third *Idyllium*

OF

THEOCRITUS, Paraphras'd.

By Mr. Dryden.

TO *Amaryllis* Love compells my way,
My browzing *Goats* upon the Mountains stray:
O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and see them fed
In Pastures fresh, and to their watring led;
And w'are the Ridgling with his butting head.
Ah beauteous Nymph, can you forget your Love,
The conscious *Grottos*, and the shady Grove;
Where stretcht at ease your tender Limbs were laid,
Your nameless Beauties nakedly display'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
With Kisses such as set my Soul on fire:

But

But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame,
My heart maintains for both a double Flame.
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn,
So faithfull I, and you ſo much forſworn!
I dye, and Death will finiſh all my pain,
Yet e'er I dye, behold me once again:
Am I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial Judges are our Love and Hate!
Ten Wildings have I gather'd for my Dear,
How ruddy like your Lips their ſtreaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye
Upon the topmoſt branch (the Tree was high;)
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd;
And for to Morrow have Ten more reſerv'd.
Look on me Kindly and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some God transforms me by his Heavenly pow'r
E'vn to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,
The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded Fern that your fair Forehead ſhade.
Now to my coſt the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand he bears on humane kind!

The

The Milk of *Tygers* was his Infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſt of blood;
His Brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah Nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick Court,
To make the ſuff'rings of your Slaves your ſport!
Unheeded Ruine! treacherous delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs ſoften'd to the ſight!
Whoſe radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,
Like Midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of Morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your Charms;
And let me dye contented in your Arms.
I would not ask to live another Day,
Might I but ſweetly Kiſs my Soul away!
Ah, why am I from empty Joys debarr'd,
For Kiſſes are but empty, when Compar'd!
I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The Garland which I wove for you to wear,
Of Parſley with a wreath of Ivy bound;
And border'd with a Roſie edging round
What pangs I feel, unpity'd, and unheard!
Since I muſt dye, why is my Fate deferr'd!

I ſtrip

I ſtrip my Body of my Shepherds Frock,
Behold that dreadfull downfall of a Rock,
Where yon old *Fiſher* views the Waves from high!
'Tis that Convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd, to ſee me plunge to ſhoar,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more.
I might have read my Fortune long agoe,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in Love to know,
I try'd th'infallible Prophetique way,
A Poppy leaf upon my palm to lay;
I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.
And which was worſe, If any worſe cou'd prove,
The withring leaf foreſhew'd your withring Love.
Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to Seive and Sheeres;
And told the Witch *Agreo* my diſeaſe,
(*Agreo* that in Harveſt us'd to leaſe;
But Harveſt done, to Chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, drink, and Two-pence was her daily hire:)

To work she went, her Charms she mutter'd o'er,
And yet the restyy Seive wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for Woe, the testy Beldame swore.
And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate;
That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.
A milk-white Goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-whit Kids run frisking by her side,
For which the Nut-brown Lass, *Eritbacis*,
Full often offer'd many a savoury Kiss;
Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price,
What madman would o'erstand his Market twice?
My right Eye itches, some good-luck is near,
Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear,
I'll set up such a Note as she shall hear.
What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move?
She must be Flint, if she refuse my Love.
Hippomenes, who ran with Noble strife
To win his Lady, or to lose his Life,
(What shift some men will make to get a Wife!)
Threw down a Golden Apple in her way,
For all her haste she could not chuse but stay:

Renown

Renown said run, the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd hold,
The Man might have been hang'd but for his Gold.
Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed,)
That stopt the fatal fury of her Speed:
She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble Feet refuse
Their wanted Speed, and she took pains to lose.
A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,
(No matter which, so neither of them lye.)
From steepy *Othrys* top, to *Pylus* drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love:
If such another Wager shou'd be laid,
I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid,
Why name I Men, when Love extended finds
His pow'r on high, and in Celestial Minds?
Venus the Shepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd something else besides the Crook.
Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the Boar.
How blest is fair *Endymion* with his Moon,
Who sleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon!
What *Jason* from *Medea's* Love possest,
You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest,

My

My aking Head can scarce support the pain;
This cursed Love will surely turn my Brain:
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no Pity,
Nay then 'tis time to end my dolefull Ditty.
A clammy Sweat does o'er my Temples creep;
My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron sleep:
I lay me down to gasp my lateſt Breath,
The Wolves will get a Breakfast by my Death;
Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
For Love has made me Carrion e'er I dye.

PHAR-

PHARMACEUTRIA,
OR THE
ENCHANTRESS.

Simætha *is here introduc'd by the Poet in Love with one* Delphis, *and not having ſeen him in Twelve days, and ſuſpecting him to love ſome other Woman, She, by the help of her Maid* Theſtylis, *endeavours by Charms to reduce him.*

Tranſlated from THEOCRITUS. *By Mr.* William Bowles, *of King's College in* Cambridge.

THe Philters, *Theſtylis*, and Charms prepare,
I'll try, ſince neither Gods, nor *Delphis* hear,
If the falſe Man, by me in vain belov'd,
By Charms, and Arts more powerfull, can be mov'd.

Twelve

Twelve days, an Age to me alas! are paſt
Since at theſe doors, he knock'd, or ſaw me laſt;
Scorn'd and neglected if I live, or no,
Inhumane as he is, he does not know.
To ſome new Miſtreſs ſure he is inclin'd,
For love has wings, and he a changing mind.
To morrow I'll to the *Palæſtra* go,
And tell him he's unkind to uſe me ſo.
Now to my charm: But you, bright Queen of night,
Shine, and aſſiſt me with your borrow'd light,
You, mighty Goddeſs, I invoke; and you,
Infernal *Hecate*——
(When you aſcend from the pale ſhades below
Through gaping Tombs, and the divided ground,
A ſudden horrour ſeizes all arround,
The Dogs at your approach affrighted fly,)
Aſſiſt, and with your pow'rfull aid be nigh;
Inſpire this Charm, and may it prove as ſtrong
As *Circe*'s or the bold *Medea*'s Song.

Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rfull charms;
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my armes.*

Throw

Throw Meal upon the hallow'd flames: d' you
Insensible, you Sot, when I command? [stand
Or am I scorn'd, and grown a jest to you?
Strew Salt, and say, thus *Delphis* Bones I strew.
Bring, &c.
As *Delphis* me, so I this Laurel burn,
And as that burns, and does to Ashes turn,
And cracks, and in a glorious light expires,
So may false *Delphis* burn in quicker Fires.
Bring, &c.
As the Wax melts, which in the Fire I cast,
So in Loves slower flames may *Delphis* waste:
And as this Wheel with motion quick turn'd round,
Tho' seeming to go on, and quit its ground,
Returns, and in its Magick Circle still is found;
So, tho' averse, and fled from my Embrace,
May he return, and still maintain his Place.
Bring, &c.
Hail, *Artemis*, and aid me from above; Diana.
You all the stubborn Pow'rs below can move,
Th' infernal Judges and th' infernal King:
Ring, *Thestylis*, the sounding Brass, haste, ring;

She comes, the Goddeſs comes, the dreadfull Cry
Of howling Dogs gives notice ſhe is nigh.
Bring, &c.
See! ſilent are the Winds, a peacefull ſleep
Has calm'd the raging Seas, & ſmooth'd the Deep,
But the rough Tempeſt, that diſtracts my Breaſt,
No Calm can find, and will admit no reſt.
O Chaſtity, and violated Fame!
I burn for him whoſe Love's my onely ſhame.
Bring, &c.
Thus thrice I ſacrifice, and thrice I pray
You execute, great Goddeſs, what I ſay:
Who e'er ſhe be, that ſhares his envy'd Bed,
Proud by her Conqueſt, and my Ruine made,
Her Honour loſt, and ſhe undone, as I,
Deſerted and abandon'd may ſhe lye,
As did on *Dia*'s ſhoar the royal Maid
By perjur'd *Theſeus* Cruelty betray'd.
Bring, &c.
Hippomanes but taſted rage inſpires,
And with new heat the winged Courſers fires,

O'er

O'er Fields and Woods, & Mountains tops they go,
Their rage no bounds, and they no ſtop can know;
Such is the plant, and oh! that I might ſee
My *Delphis* with like rage run home to me.
Bring, &c.
This fringe, which my lov'd *Delphis* once did wear,
This once dear relique thus enrag'd I tear:
How cruel is the Love, that Leech-like dreins
From my pale limbs the bloud, and empty Veins!
Bring, &c.
To Morrow a dire potion I'll compound;
Now, *Theſtylis*, this Philter ſpread around
His fatal door——
(There all my thoughts, and my loſt ſenſes dwell,
There tho' ill us'd, my Soul continues ſtill)
And ſpit and the ingratefull Man devove,
That ſlights my paſſion, and neglects my Love.
Bring, &c.
She's gone; and ſince I now am left alone,
What ſhall I ſay? what firſt ſhall I bemoan?
What was the Cauſe? whence ſprung my ill plac'd Love?
Diana's Rites can tell, and fatal Grove;

VVhen fair *Anaxo* to the Temple led,
Her nuptial Vow to the chaſt Goddeſs paid,
With ſavage Beaſts the glorious Pomp was grac'd,
And a fierce Lyoneſs amidſt 'em plac'd.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *teli whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Theucharila, my Nurſe, would ſee the ſhow,
She near us dwelt, and begg'd of me to go;
Her Pray'rs, and my ill Fate at laſt prevail'd,
There my kind Stars, and better *Genius* fail'd.
Tell, &c.
There all my Ills began; for there, alas!
I *Delphis* ſaw, and *Eudamippus* paſs:
Their golden Hair in careleſs Curles hung down,
And brighter, (*Cynthia*,) far than you they ſhone.
Tell, &c.
I ſaw, and was undone! a ſubtile fire
Ran through my Veins, and kindled hot deſire;
The ſhining Pomp could now no more ſurprize,
A nobler object now employ'd my Eyes.
When that was ended, I forgot to go,
How I return'd, or when I did not know;

Ten

Ten days, as many reſtleſs Nights I lay,
My Beauty to the fierce Diſeaſe a Prey.
Tell, &c.
My Fleſh all waſted, and my Limbs all pale,
And all my Hair with the ſtrong Poiſon fell:
Ah, cruel Love, to what doſt thou inforce?
To what Enchantreſs had not I recourſe,
For skill in Herbs, and Magick Arts renown'd?
No remedy in their vain Arts I found.
Tell, &c.
With Sickneſs waſted, and with Grief oppreſt,
Thus to my Servant I at laſt confeſt:
Haſte, *Theſtylis*, thy dying Miſtreſs ſends,
My Health on *Delphis*, and my Life depends,
Delphis, who gave, alone can cure the Wound;
No remedy for Love but Love is found:
In active Sports, and Wreſtling he delights,
And in the bright *Palæſtra* often ſits.
Tell, &c.
There watch your time, and ſoftly let him know
Simætha ſent you, then my Lodgings ſhow.

She did, and ſtreight his ſounding feet I heard.
Gods! but when lovely *Delphis* firſt appear'd!
Tell, &c.
A death-like cold ſeiz'd on me from my Brow,
Like Southern dew, the liquid drops did flow,
Stiff and unmov'd I lay, and on my Tongue
My dying words, when I would ſpeak 'em, hung;
As when imperfect ſounds from Children fall,
When in their Dreams they on their Mother call.
Tell, &c.
The cruel Man ſat down upon my Bed,
And then with Eyes caſt downward thus he ſaid:
In Love you are as far before me gone,
As young *Philinus* lately I out-run.
Tell, &c.
Had not your kinder Meſſage call'd me home,
By Love's ſweet Joys at Night I would have come,
Arm'd with my Friends I had beſet you round,
And my victorious Head with Poplar crown'd.
Tell, &c.

Had

Had you admitted me, it had been well,
For I in ſwiftneſs, and in form excell,
But that my vanquiſh'd Equals beſt may tell;
Some ſmaller favour then I had deſir'd;
And modeſtly but with a Kiſs retir'd;
Had you been cruel, and your Doors been barr'd,
With Bars and Torches for the ſtorm I was prepar'd.
Tell, &c.

Now thanks to you great Queen of Love I owe,
And next, my fair Preſerver, next to you,
She ſaw the burning Pain which I endure,
And recommends to you the mighty Cure;
For cool and gentle are all other fires
Compar'd with thoſe which cruel Love inſpires.
Tell, &c.

Love, tender Maids can from their Beds excite,
Nor darkneſs them, nor danger can affright,
Love's mighty power can the young Wife compell
From her warm ſleeping Husband's Armes to ſteal,
He ſaid: And I a fond, believing Maid
Preſt, and reclin'd him gently on my Bed;

Now a new heat return'd with his embrace,
Warmth to my Bloud, and Colour to my Face,
And, to be ſhort, with mutual Kiſſes fir'd,
To the laſt bliſs we eagerly aſpir'd,
And both attain'd, what both alike deſir'd.
Now ſwift the hours, & wing'd with pleaſure flew,
Calm were our Paſſions, and no Tempeſt knew;
No quarrel could diſturb our peaceſull Bed,
But all thoſe Joys this fatal Morning fled.
Aurora ſcarce had chas'd away the Night,
And o'er the World diffus'd her roſie Light,
Philiſta's Mother came, (and as ſhe ſtill
The Love, and News o'th' Town delights to tell;)
She told me firſt that *Delphis* lov'd, but who
She could not tell, but that he lov'd ſhe knew;
All ſigns of ſome new Love ſhe ſaid ſhe found,
His Houſe adorn'd, & Doors with Garlands crown'd.
She tells me true; oh my ill-boding fears!
And *Delphis* treachery too plain appears:
His Viſits were more frequent, now at laſt,
Since he was here twelve tedious days are paſt.

'Tis

'Tis ſo: And can he then ſo cruel prove,
Am I ſo ſoon forgotten, and my Love?
Now I'm content to ſee what Charms can do,
But if he dares go on to uſe me ſo,
Provok'd at laſt a Potion I'll prepare,
That by his Death ſhall eaſe me of my Care.
So ſure the Poiſon, and ſo ſtrong the Draught;
The Secret was by an *Aſſyrian* taught.
You, *Cynthia*, now may to the Sea decline,
And to the riſing Sun your light reſign;
My Charm's now done, and has no longer force
To fix your Chariot, or retar'd your courſe;
I, what I can't redreſs, muſt learn to bear,
And a ſad Cure attend from my deſpair.
Adieu, O Moon, and every glimm'ring light,
Adieu, ye gay Attendants on the Night.

THE

THE CYCLOPS.

Theocritus *Idyll.* 11*th.*

Engliſhed by Mr. Duke *of* Cambridge,

To Dr. Short.

O *Short*, no Herb, no Salve was ever found
To eaſe a Lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No Medicine this prevailing Ill ſubdues,
None, but the Charms of the condoling Muſe:
Sweet to the Senſe, and eaſie to the Mind
The Cure, but hard, but very hard to find.
This you well know, and ſurely none ſo well,
Who both in Phyſick's ſacred Art excell,

And

And in Wit's Orb among the brighteſt ſhine,
The Love of *Phœbus*, and the tuneſull Nine.
Thus ſweetly ſad of old, the *Cyclops* ſtrove
To ſoften his uneaſie hours of Love.
Then when hot Youth urg'd him to fierce deſire,
And *Galatea*'s Eyes kindled the raging fire,
His was no common Flame, nor could he move
In the old Arts, and beaten Paths of Love;
Nor Flowers, nor Fruits ſent to oblige the Fair,
Nor more to pleaſe, curl'd his neglected Hair.
His was all Rage, all Madneſs; To his Mind
No other Cares their wonted Entrance find.
Oft from the Field his Flock return'd alone
Unheeded, unobſerv'd: He on ſome ſtone,
Or craggy Cliff, to the deaf Winds and Sea
Accuſing *Galatea*'s Cruelty;
Till Night from the firſt dawn of opening Day,
Conſumes with inward heat, and melts away.
Yet then a Cure, the onely Cure he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding Wound;
From a ſteep Rock, from whence he might ſurvey
The Floud, the (Bed where his lov'd Sea-Nymph lay,)

His

His drooping head with Sorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournfull Song.
Fair *Galatea*, why is all my Pain
Rewarded thus? ſoft Love with ſharp diſdain?
Fairer than falling Snow or riſing Light,
Soft to the touch as charming to the ſight;
Sprightly as unyok'd Heifers, on whoſe head
The tender Creſcents but begin to ſpread;
Yet cruel you to harſhneſs more encline,
Than unripe Grapes pluck'd from the ſavage Vine.
Soon as my heavy Eye-lids ſeal'd with ſleep,
Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
But when Sleep leaves me, you together fly,
And vaniſh ſwiftly from my opening Eye,
Swift as young Lambs when the fierce Wolf they ſpy.
I well remember the firſt fatal Day
That made my Heart your Beauty's eaſie Prey,
'Twas when the Flood you, with my Mother, left,
Of all its Brightneſs, all its Pride bereft,
To gather Flowers from the ſteep Mountain's Top,
Of the high Office proud, I led you up;

To

To Hyacinths, and Roſes did you bring,
And ſhew'd you all the Treaſures of the Spring.
But from that hour my Soul has known no reſt,
Soft Peace is baniſh'd from my tortur'd Breaſt,
I rage, I burn. Yet ſtill regardleſs you
Not the leaſt ſign of melting Pity ſhew:
No; by the Gods that ſhall revenge my pain!
No; you the more I love the more diſdain.
Ah! Nymph, by every Grace adorn'd, I know
Why you deſpiſe and fly the *Cyclops* ſo;
Becauſe a ſhaggy Brow from ſide to ſide,
Stretch'd in a line, does my large Forehead hide;
And under that one onely Eye does ſhine,
And my flat Noſe to my big Lips does joyn.
Such tho' I am, yet know, a Thouſand ſheep,
The pride of the *Sicilian* Hills, I keep;
With ſweeteſt Milk they fill my flowing Pails,
And my vaſt ſtock of Cheeſes never fails;
In Summer's heat, or Winter's ſharpeſt cold,
My loaded Shelves groan with the weight they hold.
With ſuch ſoft Notes I the ſhrill Pipe inſpire,
That every liſtning *Cyclops* does admire;

While

While with it often I all Night proclaim,
Thy powerfull Charms, and my ſucceſleſs flame.
For thee twelve *Does*, all big with Fawn, I feed,
And four Bear-Cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
Ah! come, to me, fair Nymph, and you ſhall find
Theſe are the ſmalleſt Gifts for thee deſign'd.
Ah! come and leave the angry Waves to roar,
And break themſelves againſt the ſounding ſhoar.
How much more pleaſant would thy Slumbers be
In the retir'd and peaceſull Cave with me?
There the ſtreight Cypreſs and green Laurel joyn,
And creeping Ivy claſps the cluſter'd Vine;
There freſh, cool Rills, from *Ætna*'s pureſt Snow,
Diſſolv'd into Ambroſial liquor, flow.
Who the wild Waves, and brackiſh Sea could chuſe,
And theſe ſtill Shades, & theſe ſweet Streams refuſe?
But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
Without a fire defie the winter Air,
Know I have mighty ſtores of Wood, and know
Perpetual Fires on my bright Hearth do glow.
My Soul, my Life it ſelf ſhould burn for Thee,
And this One-Eye, as dear as Life to me.

Why

Why was not I with Fins, like Fiſhes, made,
That I, like them, might in the Deep have play'd?
Then would I dive beneath the yielding Tide,
And kiſs your hand if you your lips deny'd.
To thee I'd Lilies, and red Poppies bear,
And flowers that Crown each Seaſon of the Year.
But I'm reſolv'd I'll learn to ſwim and dive
Of the next Stranger that does here arrive,
That th' undiſcover'd Pleaſures I may know
Which you enjoy in the deep Floud below.
Come forth, O Nymph, and coming forth forget,
Like me that on this Rock unmindfull ſit,
(Of all things elſe unmindfull but of thee)
Home to return forget, and live with me.
With me the ſweet and pleaſing Labour chuſe,
To feed the Flock, and milk the burthen'd Ews,
To preſs the Cheeſe, & the ſharp Runnet to infuſe.
My Mother does unkindly uſe her Son,
By her neglect the *Cyclops* is undone;
For me ſhe never labours to prevail,
Nor whiſpers in your Ear my am'rous Tale.

No;

No; tho' ſhe knows I languiſh every day,
And ſees my Body waſte, and ſtrength decay.
But I more Ills than what I feel will feign,
And of my Head, and of my Feet complain;
That, in her Breaſt if any Pity lye,
She may be ſad, and griev'd as well as I.

O *Cyclops*, *Cyclops*, where's thy Reaſon fled?
If your young Lambs with new pluckt boughs you fed,
And watch'd your Flock, would you not ſeem more [wiſe?
Milk what is next, purſue not that which flies.
Perhaps you may, ſince this proves ſo unkind,
Another fairer *Galatea* find.
Me many Virgins as I paſs invite
To waſte with them in Love's ſoft Sports the Night,
And if I but incline my liſtning Ear,
New Joys, new Smiles in all their Looks appear.
Thus we, it ſeems, can be belov'd; and we,
It ſeems, are ſomebody as well as ſhe.

Thus did the *Cyclops* fan his raging fire,
And ſooth'd with gentle Verſe his fierce Deſire.
Thus paſs'd his hours with more delight and eaſe,
Than if the Riches of the World were his.

TO

TO CÆLIA.

By *Mr.* Duke.

FLy ſwift, ye Hours, ye ſluggiſh Minutes fly,
Bring back my Love or let her Lover dye.
Make haſte, O Sun, and to my Eyes once more,
My *Cælia* brighter than thy ſelf reſtore.
In ſpight of thee, 'tis Night when ſhe's away,
Her Eyes alone can the glad Beams diſplay,
That make my ſky look clear, and guide my day.
O when will ſhe lift up her ſacred Light!
And chaſe away the flying ſhades of Night!
With her how faſt the flowing hours run on?
But oh! how long they ſtay when ſhe is gone?
So ſlowly Time when clogg'd with Grief does move;
So ſwift when born upon the Wings of Love!

Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are paſt,
Yet 'tis an Age ſince I beheld her laſt.
O my auſpicious Star make haſte to riſe,
To charm our Hearts and bleſs our longing Eyes!
O how I long on thy dear Eyes to gaze,
And chear my own with their reflected rays!
How my impatient, thirſty Soul does long,
To hear the charming Muſick of thy Tongue!
Where pointed Wit with ſolid Judgment grows,
And in one eaſie ſtream united flows.
When e'er you ſpeak, with what delight we hear,
You call up every Soul to every Ear!
Nature's too prodigal to Woman-kind,
Ev'n where ſhe does neglect t' adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
As makes Man-kind with joy and pride obey.
But oh! when Wit and Senſe with Beauty's joyn'd,
The Woman's ſweetneſs with the manly mind,
When Nature with ſo juſt a hand does mix,
The moſt engaging Charms of either Sex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does ſomething form not humane but Divine,

What's

What's her command but that we all adore
The nobleſt work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our Zeal thy anger to create,
Since Love's thy debt, nor is our Choice but Fate:
Where Nature bids, worſhip I'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the Liberty to diſobey.
And whenſoe'er ſhe does a Poet make,
She gives him Verſe but for thy Beauty's ſake.
Had I a Pen that could at once impart
Soft *Ovid*'s Nature and high *Virgil*'s Art,
Then the immortal *Sacharissa*'s Name
Should be but ſecond in the liſt of Fame; [fill'd,
Each grove each ſhade ſhould with thy praiſe be
And the fam'd *Penſhurſt* to our *Windſor* yield.

PROLOGUE,

To the University of *Oxon.*

Spoken by Mr. Hart, *at the Acting of the*

Silent Woman,

Written by Mr. Dryden.

WHat *Greece*, when learning flouriſh'd, once knew,
(*Athenian* Judges,) you this day renew.
Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,
And here Poetique prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, crown'd with Olives ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred Horrour from the Pit.
A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,
Where even the Beſt are but by Mercy free: [ſee.
A Day wch none but *Johnſon* durſt have wiſh'd to
Here they who long have known the uſefull Stage,
Come to be taught themſelves to teach the Age.

As

As your Commiſſioners our Poets go,
To cultivate the Virtue which you ſow:
In your *Lycæum*, firſt themſelves refind,
And delegated thence to Humane kind.
But as Embaſſadours, when long from home,
For new Inſtructions to their Princes come;
So Poets who your Precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and Faults elſe-where by them are ſhown,
But by your Manners they correct their own.
Th' illiterate Writer, Emperique like, applies
To minds diſeas'd, unſafe, chance Remedies:
The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge firſt [began,
Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man;
Sees Vertue, Vice, and Paſſions in their Cauſe,
And Fame from Science, not from Fortune draws.
So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made
An Art, in *London* onely is a Trade.
There haughty Dunces whoſe unlearned Pen
Could ne'er ſpell Grammar, would be reading Men;
Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way,
So many Huddled Atoms make a Play,

And if they hit in Order by some Chance,
They call that Nature, which is Ignorance.
To such a Fame let mere Town-Wits aspire,
And their gay Nonsense their own Citts admire.
Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here
Would wish it rather than a *Plaudit* there.
He owns no Crown from those *Prætorian* bands,
But knows *that* Right is in the Senates hands.
Not impudent enough to hope your Praise,
Low at the Muses feet, his Wreath he lays,
And where he took it up resigns his Bays.
Kings make their Poets whom themselves think fit,
But 'tis your Suffrage makes Authentique Wit.

EPILOGUE, *Spoken by the same.*

Written by Mr. Dryden.

NO poor *Dutch* Peasant, wing'd with all his [Fear,
Flies with more haste, when the *French* [arms draw near,
Than we with our Poetique Train come down
For refuge hither, from th' infected Town;
Heaven

Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the Plagues of Wit.
A *French* Troop first swept all things in its way'
But those hot *Monsieurs* were too quick to stay;
Yet, to our Cost in that short time, we find
They left their Itch of Novelty behind.
Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace:
Instead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight
Was there to see two Hobby-horses fight,
Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,
And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.
For Love you heard how amorous Asses bray'd,
And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.
Nature was out of Countenance, and each Day
Some new born Monster shewn you for a Play.
But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage quite dumb,
Those wicked Engines call'd Machines are come.
Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are play'd,
And shortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be lay'd:
Art Magique is for Poetry profest,
And Cats and Dogs, and each obscener Beast

To which *Ægyptian* Dotards once did bow,
Upon our *Engliſh* Stage are worſhip'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to Renown
Macbeth, and *Simon Magus* of the Town.
Fletcher's deſpis'd, your *Johnſon* out of Faſhion,
And Wit the onely Drug in all the Nation.
In this low Ebb our Wares to you are ſhown,
By you thoſe Staple Authours worth is known,
For Wit's a Manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their Scenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay their Price is rais'd.

PROLOGUE, *to the Univerſity of* Oxford, 1674. *Spoken by Mr.* Hart.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

POets, your Subjects, have their Parts aſſign'd
T'unbend, and to divert their Sovereign's mind:
When tyr'd with following Nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of Wit,
And from the ſweet Retreat, with Joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.

Here

Here free your ſelves, from Envy, Care and Strife,
You view the various turns of humane Life:
Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go,
And undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know.
Your Theories are here to Practice brought,
As in Mechanick operations wrought;
And Man the Little World before you ſet,
As once the Sphere of Chryſtal, ſhew'd the Great:
Bleſt ſure are you above all Mortal kind,
If to your Fortunes you can ſuit your Mind.
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe Ills we ſhow,
And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know:
With joy we bring what our dead Authours writ,
And beg from you the value of their Wit.
That *Shakeſpear*'s, *Fletcher*'s, & great *Johnſon*'s claim
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living Poets dare appear,
For Muſes ſo ſevere are worſhipt here;
That conſcious of their Faults they ſhun the Eye,
And as Prophane, from Sacred places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God, and dye.

We

We bring no Imperfections, but our own,
Such Faults as made, are by the Makers ſhown.
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
The greateſt Judges ſtill can pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our Pit,
Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit.
Diſdaining that, which yet they know, will Take,
Hating themſelves, what their Applauſe muſt make:
But when to praiſe from you they would aſpire
Though they like Eagles mount, your *Jove* is higher.
So far your Knowledge, all their Pow'r tranſcends,
As what *ſhould* be, beyond what *Is*, extends.

Epilogue *ſpoken at* Oxford *by Mrs.* Marſhall.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

OFT has our Poet wiſht, this happy Seat
Might prove his fading Muſes laſt retreat;
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiſefull Towns, & Courts can never know,
And onely in the ſhades like Laurels grow.

Youth,

Youth, e'er it ſees the World, here ſtudies reſt,
And Age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching ev'n you, (while the vext World we ſhow,)
Your Peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy Memory ſhall ever laſt,
For Patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides:
Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.
Whoſe Age enjoys but what his Youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd:
His Learning, and untainted Manners too
We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you;
Such Ancient hoſpitality there reſts
In yours, as dwelt in the firſt *Grecian* Breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was Religion to their Gueſts.
Such Modeſty did to our Sex appear,
As had there been no Laws we need not fear,
Since each of you was our Protector here.

Con-

Converſe ſo chaſt, and ſo ſtrict Vertue ſhown,
As might *Apollo* with the Muſes own.
Till our return we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

Prologue *to the Univerſity of* Oxford.

DIſcord, & Plots which have undone our Age
With the ſame ruine, have o'erwhelm'd the [Stage.
Our Houſe has ſuffer'd in the common Woe,
VVe have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels too;
Our Brethren, are from *Thames* to *Tweed* departed,
And of our Siſters, all the kinder hearted,
To *Edenborough* gone, or Coacht, or Carted.
VVith bonny Blewcap there they act all Night
For *Scotch* half Crown, in *Engliſh* Three-pence hight.
One Nymph, to whom ſat Sir *John Falſtaff*'s lean,
There with her ſingle Perſon fills the Scene.
Another, with long uſe, and Age decay'd,
Div'd here old VVoman, and roſe there a Maid.
Our Truſty Door-keepers of former time,
There ſtrut and ſwagger in Heroique rhime:

Tack

Tack but a Copper-lace to Drugget ſute,
And there's a Heroe made without diſpute.
And that which was a Capons tayl before,
Becomes a plume for *Indian* Emperour.
But all his Subjects, to expreſs the care
Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare;
Lac'd Linen there would be a dangerous thing,
It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring,
The *Scot* who wore it, wou'd be choſen King.
But why ſhou'd I theſe Renegades deſcribe,
VVhen you your ſelves have ſeen a lewder Tribe.
Teag has been here, and to this learned Pit,
VVith *Iriſh* Action ſlander'd *Engliſh* Wit.
You have beheld ſuch barb'rous *Mac*'s appear,
As merited a ſecond Maſſacre.
Such as like *Cain* were branded with diſgrace,
And had their Country ſtampt upon their Face:
When Stroulers durſt preſume to pick your purſe,
VVe humbly thought our broken Troop not worſe,
How ill ſoe'er our Action may deſerve,
Oxford's a place, where VVit can never ſterve.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO THE
Univerſity of *OXFORD:*

By Mr. *Dryden.*

THo' Actors cannot much of Learning boaſt,
Of all who want it, we admire it moſt.
VVe love the Praiſes of a Learned Pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
VVe ſpeak our Poets Wit, and Trade in Ore,
Like thoſe who touch upon the Golden Shore:
Betwixt our Judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our Poems take.
Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sence, rejoyce,
Whether th' Applauſe be only Sound or Voice.
When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy: [raiſe,
VVe doubt that Scene which does their wonder
And, for their Ignorance contemn their Praiſe.

Judge

Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes groſly, but this nicer Pit
Examines, fathoms all the Depths of Wit:
The ready Finger lays on every Blot,
Knows what ſhou'd juſtly pleaſe, & what ſhou'd not.
Nature her ſelf lies open to your view,
You judge by her what draught of her is true,
VVhere out-lines falſe, and Colours ſeem too faint,
Where Bunglers dawb, and where true Poets paint.
But by the Sacred Genius of this Place,
By every Muſe, by each Domeſtick Grace,
Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.
Our Poets hither for Adoption come,
As Nations ſu'd to be made free of *Rome*.
Not in the ſuffragating Tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, Provincial Band.
If his Ambition may thoſe Hopes purſue,
VVho with Religion loves your Arts and You,
Oxford to him a dearer Name ſhall be,
Than his own Mother Univerſity.

Thebes

Thebes did his green, unknowing Youth ingage,
He chuſes *Athens* in his riper Age.

The Prologue at *Oxford*, 1680.

By Mr. Dryden.

Theſpis, the firſt Profeſſor of our Art,
At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads from a Cart:
To prove this true, if Latin be no Treſpaſs, [Cart.
Dicitur & Plauſtris, vexiſſe Poemata Theſpis.
But *Eſcalus*, ſays *Horace* in ſome Page,
Was the firſt Mountebank that trod the Stage:
Yet *Athens* never knew your Learned Sport,
Of Toſſing Poets in a *Tennis-Court*;
But 'tis the Talent of our *Engliſh* Nation,
Still to be plotting ſome new Reformation:
And few years hence, if Anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter ſhall here erect his Throne.
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a day,
And every Prayer be longer than a Play.
Then all you Heathen Wits ſhall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popiſh-plot:

Your

Your Poets ſhall be us'd like Infidels,
And worſt the Author of the *Oxford Bells*:
Nor ſhou'd we ſcape the Sentence, to depart,
Ev'n in our firſt Original, a Cart.
No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone,
To maul Us Cardinals, and pelt Pope *Joan*:
Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beaſt:
Scot, *Suarez*, *Tom of Aquin*, muſt go down,
As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown;
And *Ariſtotle*'s for deſtruction ripe,
Some ſay he call'd the Soul an Organ-pipe,
VVhich by ſome little help of Derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inſpiration.

The Prologue to *Albumazar*:

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

TO ſay this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs you now.

Yet, Gentlemen, your Anceſtors had wit;
VVhen few Men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ.
And *Johnſon* (of thoſe few the beſt) choſe this
As the beſt model of his Maſter-piece:
Subtle was got by our *Albumazar*,
That Alchymiſt by this Aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe,
He lik'd the Faſhion well, who wore the Cloaths.
But *Ben* made Nobly his, what he did mould,
What was anothers Lead, becomes his Gold:
Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjuſtly gains.
But this our Age ſuch Authors does afford, [word:
As make whole Plays, and yet ſcarce write one
Who in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all;
And what's their Plunder, their Poſſeſſion call.
Who, like bold Padders, ſcorn by Night to prey,
But rob by Sun-ſhine, in the Face of Day.
Nay ſcarce the common Ceremony uſe,
Of ſtand Sir, and deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,
Mount *Pegaſus* before the Owner's Face.

Faith,

Faith, if you have ſuch Country *Toms* abroad,
'Tis time for all true Men to leave that Road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid
They ſtrip the Living, but theſe rob the Dead:
Dare with the Mummies of the Muſes Play,
And make Love to them the *Ægyptian* way:
Or as a Rhiming Author would have ſaid,
Joyn the Dead Living to the Living Dead.
Such Men in Poetry may claim ſome Part,
They have the Licenſe, tho' they want the Art.
And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Lawreats ſtand
Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand.
They make the Benefits of others ſtudying,
Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack-Pudding*.
Whoſe diſh to challenge, no man has the Courage,
'Tis all his own when once h' has ſpit i'th' Porrige.
But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
You are in fault for what they do amiſs.
For they their Thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleaſe to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by you Decree,
They ſhou'd refund, but that can never be.

For ſhould you Letters of Repriſal ſeal, [ſteal,
Theſe Men write that which no Man elſe would

Prologue to *Aviragus* Reviv'd:

Spoken by Mr. *Hart.*

Written by Mr. *Dryden.*

WIth ſickly Actors and an old Houſe too,
We're match'd with glorious Theatres & new,
And with our Ale-houſe Scenes, and Cloaths bare
Can neither raiſe old Plays, nor new adorn. [worn,
If all theſe Ills could not undo us quite,
A Brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear delight.
Who with broad bloudy Bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your Buttons at their Play.
Or ſee ſome ſerious Piece, which we preſume
Is fall'n from ſome incomparable plume;
And therefore, *Meſſieurs*, if you'll do us Grace,
Send Lacquies early to preſerve your Place.
We dare not on your Priviledge intrench,
Or ask you why you like 'em? They are *French.*

There-

Therefore ſome go with Courteſie exceeding,
Neither to hear nor ſee but ſhow their Breeding.
Each Lady ſtriving to out-laugh the reſt;
To make it ſeem they underſtood the Jeſt:
Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us *Engliſh* where to clap the Play:
Civil *Igad:* Our Hoſpitable Land,
Bears all the charge for them to underſtand:
Mean time we languiſh, and neglected lye,
Like Wives, while you keep better Company;
And wiſh for our own ſakes, without a Satyr,
You'd leſs good Breeding or had more good Nature.

Prologue ſpoken the firſt day of the King's Houſe Acting after the Fire.

Writ by Mr. *Dryden.*

SO ſhipwrackt Paſſengers eſcape to Land, [ſtand
So look they, when on the bare Beach they
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o'er,
Expecting Famine on a Deſart ſhore.

From that hard Climate we muſt wait for Bread,
Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our Stage does humane chance preſent to view,
But ne'er before was ſeen ſo ſadly true.
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to ſee,
Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.
Your own Proviſions furniſh out our Feaſts, [gueſts.
VVhile you the Founders make your ſelves the
Of all Mankind beſide Fate had ſome Care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a Rent-Charge to the Brave and Fair.
You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd Zelots make their ſcorn,
Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage,
Which ſpar'd not Temples in its furious Rage.
But as our new built City riſes higher,
So from old Theatres may new aſpire,
Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire.
Our Great Metropolis does far ſurpaſs
What e'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel,
And, like a King, ſhou'd in a Palace dwell.

But

But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a ſhed:
Your preſence here (for which we humbly ſue)
Will grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

Prologue for the Women, when they Acted at the Old *Theatre* in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mr. *Dryden.*

Were none of you Gallants e'er driven ſo hard,
As when the poor kind Soul was under guard
And could not do't at home, in ſome By-ſtreet,
To take a Lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our Caſe, We can't appoint our Houſe,
The Lovers old and wanted Rendezvouz.
But hither to this truſty Nook remove,
The worſe the Lodging is, the more the Love.
For much good Paſtime, many a dear ſweet hug
Is ſtoln in Garrets on the humble Rugg.
Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,
The Grave demurely in the midſt may ſit.

And so the hot *Burgundian* on the Side,
Ply Vizard Masque, and o'er the Benches stride:
Here are convenient upper Boxes too,
For those that make the most triumphant show,
All that keep Coaches must not sit below.
There Gallants, you betwixt the Acts retire,
And at dull Plays have something to admire:
We who look up, can your Addresses mark;
And see the Creatures coupled in the Ark:
So we expect the *Lovers*, *Braves*, and *Wits*,
The gaudy House with Scenes, will serve for *Cits*.

A PRO-

A PROLOGUE

Spoken at the opening of the

New Houſe,

March 26. 1674.

Written by Mr. *Dryden.*

A Plain built Houſe after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfi'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected Pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is deſign'd.
You who each Day can Theatres behold,
Like *Nero*'s Palace, ſhining all with Gold,
Our mean ungilded Stage will ſcorn, we fear,
And for the homely Room, diſdain the Chear.

Yet

Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown,
And a plain Sute (ſince we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarniſht gawdry known.
They who are by your Favours wealthy made,
With mighty Summs may carry on the Trade:
We, broken Banquers, half deſtroy'd by Fire,
With our ſmall Stock to humble Roofs retire,
Pity our Loſs, while you their Pomp admire.
For Fame and Honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live.
Unable to ſupport their vaſt Expence,
Who Build, and Treat with ſuch Magnificence;
That like th' Ambitious Monarchs of the Age,
They give the Law to our Provincial Stage:
Great Neibours enviouſly promote Exceſs,
While they impoſe their Splendor on the leſs.
But only Fools, and they of vaſt Eſtate,
Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,
The dangling Knee-fringe, and the Bib-Cravat.
Yet if ſome Pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:

Our

Our Royal Maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo,
What e'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no ſhow:
That ſacred Name gives Ornament and Grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt Mettals paſs.
'Twere Folly now a ſtately Pile to raiſe, [Plays.
To build a Play-Houſe while you Throw down
Whilſt Scenes, Machines, and empty *Opera's* reign,
And for the Pencil you the Pen diſdain.
While Troops of famiſht *Frenchmen* hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe Alms they live:
Old *Engliſh* Authours vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new Conqu'rors of the *Norman* Race;
More tamely, than your Fathers you ſubmit,
You're now grown Vaſſals to 'em in your Wit:
Mark, when they play, how our fine Fops advance
The mighty Merits of theſe Men of *France*,
Keep Time, cry *Ben*, and humour the Cadence:
Well, pleaſe your ſelves, but ſure 'tis underſtood,
That *French* Machines have ne'er done *England* good:
I wou'd not propheſie our Houſes Fate:
But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd—

That

That as a Fire the former Houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and Tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

Epilogue by the ſame Author.

THough what our Prologue ſaid was ſadly true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely Houſe is new,
A Charm that ſeldom fails with, wicked, you.
A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch,
Tho' ſhe's no Lady, you may think her ſuch,
A ſtrong Imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who tho' your Curls look big,
Criticks in plume and white vallancy Wig,
Wo lolling on our foremoſt Benches ſit,
And ſtill charge firſt, (the true forlorn of Wit)
Whoſe favours, like the Sun, warm where you roul,
Yet you like him, have neither heat nor Soul;
So may your Hats your Foretops never preſs,
Untouch'd your Ribbons, ſacred be your dreſs;
So may you ſlowly to Old Age advance,
And have th' Excuſe of Youth for Ignorance.

So

So may Fop corner full of Noise remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive Train;
So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove,
And Morning Batt'ries force your way to love;
So may not *France* your VVarlike Hands recall,
But leave you by each others Swords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk,
VVhen sober, rail and roar when you are drunk.
But to the Wits we can some Merit plead,
And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd Streets, and long dark VVinter Nights;
The *Flanders* Horses from a cold bleak Road,
VVhere Bears in Furs dare scarcely look abroad.
The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff
Of Rhime, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff.
Though in their House the Poets Heads appear,
VVe hope we may presume their VVits are here.
The best which they reserv'd they now will play,
For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way
To please, we'll find you abler Men who may.

If

If they shou'd fail, for last recruits we breed
A Troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed:
(You know the *French* sure cards at time of need.)

An EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

WEre you but half so wise as y' are severe,
Our youthfull Poet shou'd not need to fear:
To his green Years your Censures you would suit
Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.
The Sex that best does pleasure understand,
VVill always chuse to err on t'other hand.
They check not him that's awkard in delight,
But clap the young Rogues Cheek, and set him right.
Thus heart'nd well & flesh'd upon his prey,
The Youth may prove a Man another day.
Your *Ben* and *Fletcher* in their first young flight,
Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write.

But

But hopp'd about, and ſhort Excurſions made
From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid,
And each were guilty of ſome *ſlighted Maid.*
Shakeſpear's own Muſe her *Pericles* firſt bore,
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore:*
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good Play,
All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Chriſtmas-day.*
A ſlender Poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his Brothers do.
Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome Pox is curſt,
But no Man can be *Falſtaff* fat at firſt.
Then damn not, but indulge his ſtew'd Eſſays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with Praiſe.
That he may get more bulk before he dies,
He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.
Perhaps if now your Grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

An

An Epilogue for the King's House.

VVritten by Mr. *Dryden.*

WE act by fits & ſtarts, like drowning Men,
But juſt peep up, & then dop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked, change their Sence,
For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore.
Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents
Of the three laſt ungiving Parliaments.
So wretched, that if *Pharaoh* cou'd Divine,
He might have ſpar'd his Dream of 7 lean Kine,
And chang'd his Viſion for the Muſes Nine.
The *Comet*, that they ſay portends a Dearth,
Was but a Vapour drawn from *Play-houſe* Earth.
Pent there ſince our laſt Fire, and *Lilly* ſays,
Foreſhews our change of State, and thin *Third-days.*
'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
For then the Printer's Preſs would ſuffer more.

Their

Their Pampleteers each Day their Venom ſpit,
They thrive by Treaſon, and we ſtarve by Wit.
Looking above. Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the *Hatfield* Maid?
Or which is duller yet, and more wou'd ſpite us,
Democritus his Wars with *Heraclitus*.
Such are the Authors who have run us down,
And exercis'd you Criticks of the Town.
Yet theſe are Pearls to your *Lampooning* Rhimes,
Y' abuſe your ſelves more dully than the Times.
Scandal the Glory of the *Engliſh* Nation,
Is worn to Raggs, and ſcribbl'd out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs Thruſts, as if, like Fencers wiſe,
They had agreed their Play before their Prize:
Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows,
'Tis juſt like Children when they box with Pillows.
Then put an end to Civil VVars for ſhame,
Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,
Throw down his Pen, and give her as he can,
The ſatisfaction of a Gentleman.

Prologue to the Princeſs of *CLEVES.*

VVritten by Mr. *Dryden.*

LAdies! (I hope there's none behind to hear,)
I long to whiſper ſomething in your Ear:
A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex,
There's Treaſon in the Play againſt our Sex.
A Man that's falſe to Love, that vows and cheats,
And kiſſes every living thing he meets!
A Rogue in Mode, I dare not ſpeak too broad,
One that does ſomething to the very Bawd.
Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beaſt,
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the reſt;
None of 'em ſtick at mark: They all deceive,
Some *Jew* has chang'd the Text, I half believe,
There *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve.*
To hide their faults they rap out Oaths and tear:
Now tho' we lye, we're too well bred to ſwear.
So we compound for half the Sin we owe,
But men are dipt for Soul and Body too. ['em,
And when found out excuſe themſelves, Fox cant
With Latin ſtuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum.*

I'm

I'm not Book Learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I suspect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.
I'm sure I never heard that Schritch-owl hollow'd
In my poor Ears, but Separation follow'd.
How can such perjur'd Villains e're be saved;
Achitophel's not half so false to *David*.
With Vows and soft Expressions to allure;
They stand like Foremen of a Shop, demure,
No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
And for the next new Face ride out a padding.
Yet, by their favour when they have bin kissing,
We can perceive the ready Mony missing:
Well! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en wink,
Something we find, and something they will sink.
But since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,
To trump their Diamonds, & they trump our Hearts.

Epilogue to the Princess of *CLEVES*.

VVritten by Mr. *Dryden*.

A Qualm of Conscience brings me back agen
To make amends to you bespatter'd Men!

We Women love like Cats, that hide their Joys,
By growling, ſqualing, and a hideous noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young Sparks, but without lying,
Never was Man worſe thought on for high-flying;
The prodigal of Love gives each her part,
And ſquandring ſhows, at leaſt, a noble Heart.
I've heard of Men, who in ſome lewd Lampoon,
Have hir'd a Friend, to make their Valour known.
That Accuſation ſtraight, this queſtion brings,
What is the Man that does ſuch naughty things?
The Spaniel Lover, like a ſneaking Fop,
Lies at our Feet. He's ſcarce worth taking up;
'Tis true, ſuch Hero's in a Play go far,
But Chamber practice is not like the Bar.
When Men ſuch vile, ſuch faint Petitions make,
We fear to give, becauſe they fear to take;
Since Modeſty's the Vertue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd.
When Men uſurp it from the Female Nation,
'Tis but a Work of Supererogation.—
We ſhow'd a Princeſs in the Play. 'Tis true,
Who gave her *Cæſar* more than all is due.

Told

Told her own Faults, but I shou'd much abhor,
To choose a Husband for my Confessor.
You see what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fool,
For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.
Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd,
Had she confess'd as much to him she lov'd.
True *Presbyterian*-Wives, the *means* wou'd try,
But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

Spoken, To the *Queen* in *Trinity-College New-Court* in *Cambridge*.

Written by Mr. DUKE.

THou equal Partner of the Royal Bed,
That mak'st a Crown sit soft on *Charles*'s [Head;
In whom with Greatness, Virtue taken her Seat:
Meekness with Power, and Piety with State;
Whose Goodness might even Factious Crouds re-
Win the Seditious and the Savage tame; [claim,
Tyrants themselves to gentlest Mercy bring,
And only Useless is on such a King;

See, mighty Princeſs, ſee how every Breſt,
With Joy and Wonder, is at once poſſeſt:
Such was the Joy, which the firſt Mortals knew,
When Gods deſcended to the Peoples view,
Such devout Wonder did it then afford,
To ſee thoſe Pow'rs they had unſeen ador'd,
But they were Feign'd: Nor if they had been true,
Could ſhed more Bleſſings on the Earth than you:
Our Courts enlarg'd, their former bounds diſdain,
To make Reception for ſo great a Train;
Here may your Sacred Breaſt rejoyce to ſee,
Your own Age ſtrive with Ancient Piety,
Soon now, ſince Bleſt by your Auſpicious Eyes,
To full Perfection ſhall our Fabrick riſe.
Leſs powerfull Charms than yours of old could call,
The willing Stones into the *Theban* Wall,
And ours which now its riſe to you ſhall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great Name ſhall grow.

FLO-

FLORIANA,

A Paſtoral upon the Death of her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Southampton*.

By Mr. *DUKE*.

Damon.

TEll me my *Thyrſis*, tell thy *Damon*, why
Do's my lov'd Swain in this ſad Poſture lie?
What mean theſe ſtreams ſtill falling from thine [Eyes,
Faſt as thoſe ſighs from thy ſwoln Boſom riſe?
Has the fierce Wolf broke thro' the fenced ground?
Have thy Lambs ſtray'd? or has *Dorinda* frown'd?

Thyrſis. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he [may;
Have thy Lambs ſtray'd: let 'em for ever ſtray:
Dorinda frown'd? No, She is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but juſt now ſhe ſmil'd;
Alas! ſhe ſmil'd; for to the lovely Maid
None had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd:

Tell me then Shepherd, tell me, canſt thou find
As long as thou art true, and ſhe is kind,
A Grief ſo great, as may prevail above
Even *Damon*'s Friendſhip, or *Dorinda*'s Love?

Damon. Sure there is none. *Thyrſ.* But, *Damon* [there may be:
What if the Charming *Floriana* die?

Damon. Far be the Omen! *Thyrſ.* But ſuppoſe it [true.

Damon. Then ſhould I grieve my *Thyrſis*, more [than you.
She is—*Thyrſ.* Alas! She was, but is no more;
Now, *Damon*, now, let thy ſwoln Eyes run o'er:
Here to this Turf by thy ſad *Thyrſis* grow,
And when my ſtreams of Grief too ſhallow flow,
Let in thy Tide to raiſe the Torrent high,
Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.

Damon. Then that to this wiſht height the [Flould might ſwell,
Friend, I will tell thee. *Th.* Friend, I thee will tell,
How young, how good, how beautifull ſhe fell.

Oh!

Oh! She was all for which fond Mothers pray,
Bleſſing their Babes when firſt they ſee the Day.
Beauty and She were one; for in her Face
Sate Sweetneſs temper'd with Majeſtick Grace;
Such pow'rfull Charms as might the proudeſt aw,
Yet ſuch attractive Goodneſs as might draw
The Humbleſt, and to both give equal Law.
How was ſhe wondred at by every Swain?
The Pride, the Light, the Goddeſs of the Plain:
On all ſhe ſhin'd, and ſpreading Glories caſt
Diffuſive of her ſelf, where-e'r ſhe paſt,
There breath'd an Air ſweet as the Winds that blow
From the bleſt Shoars where fragrant Spices grow;
Even me ſometimes ſhe with a Smile would grace,
Like the Sun ſhining on the vileſt place.
Nor did *Dorinda* bar me the Delight
Of feaſting on her Eyes my longing ſight:
But to a Being ſo ſublime, ſo pure,
Spar'd my Devotion, of my Love ſecure.
Damon. Her Beauty ſuch: but Nature did deſign
That only as an anſwerable Shrine
To the Divinity that's lodg'd within.

Her

Her Soul shin'd through, and made her form so [bright,
As Clouds are gilt by the Sun's piercing Light.
In her smooth Forehead we might read expresst
The even Calmness of her gentle Breast:
And in her sparkling Eyes as clear was writ
The active Vigour of her youthfull Wit.
Each Beauty of the Body or the Face
Was but the shadow of some inward Grace.
Gay, sprightly, chearfull, free, and unconfin'd,
As Innocence could make it, was her Mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,
Like those, who being dull, would grave appear;
Who out of guilt do Chearfulness despise,
And being fullen, hope Men think 'em wise.
How would the listning Shepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming Tongue!
She all with her own Spirit and Soul inspir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Even mighty *Pan*, whose powerfull Hand sustains,
The Sovereign Crook that mildly aws the Plains,

Of

Of all his Cares made her the tender'ſt part;
And great *Loviſa* lodg'd yet in her Heart.

Thyrſis. Who would not now a ſolemn Mourn-
[ing keep,
When *Pan* himſelf and fair *Loviſa* weep?
When thoſe bleſt Eyes by the kind Gods deſign'd
To cheriſh Nature, and delight Mankind,
All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
Than *April*-drops upon the ſpringing Flowers;
Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* ſhed,
When at her Feet the lovely Youth lay dead;
About her, all the little weeping Loves
Ungirt her *Ceſtus*, and unyoke their Doves.

Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Loviſa*
And viſit gentle *Floriana*'s Tomb; [come,
And as you walk the Melancholy Round,
Where no unhallow'd Feet prophane the ground,
With your chaſt Hands freſh Flow'rs and Odours
About her laſt obſcure and ſilent Bed; [ſhed
Still praying as you gently move your Feet,
Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumber ſweet.

Thyrſis.

Thyrſis. See where they come, a mournful lovely Train
As ever wept on fair *Arcadia*'s Plain:
Lowiſa mournful far above the reſt,
In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow dreſt:
Juſt are her Tears, when ſhe reflects how ſoon
A Beauty, ſecond only to her own,
Flouriſht, look't gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

Damon. O ſhe is gone! gone like a new born Flower,
That deck'd ſome Virgin Queens delicious Bower;
Torn from the Stalk by ſome untimely blaſt,
And 'mongſt the vileſt weeds and rubbiſh caſt:
But flow'rs return, and coming Springs diſcloſe,
The Lilly white, and more freſh the Roſe;
But no kind Seaſon back her Charms can bring,
And *Floriana* has no ſecond Spring.

Thyrſis. O ſhe is ſet! ſet like the falling Sun;
Darkneſs is round us, and glad Day is gone!
Alas! the Sun that's ſet, again will riſe,
And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies:
But Beauty, though as bright as they it ſhines,
When its ſhort Glory to the Weſt declines,
O there's

O there's no hope of the returning Light;
But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

The Tears of *Amynta*, for the Death of *Damon*.

By Mr. Dryden.

SONG.

ON a Bank, beſide a Willow,
Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,
Sad *Amynta* ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs Dawn of Morning
Till the Dew's of Night returning
Singing thus ſhe made her mone:
Hope is baniſh'd
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my Belov'd is gone!

2.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a Youth, and ſuch a Lover,
Oh ſo true, ſo kind was he!

Damon

Damon was the Pride of Nature,
Charming in his every Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting Kiſſes
Murmuring Bliſſes,
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

3.

Never ſhall we curſe the Morning,
Never bleſs the Night returning,
Sweet Embraces to reſtore:
Never ſhall we both ly dying
Nature failing, Love ſupplying
All the Joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me
To befriend me;
Love and *Damon* are no more.

THE

THE

Praiſes of *Italy* out of *Virgil's* Second *GEORGIC*.

By Mr. *Chetwood*.

Sed neque Medorum Sylvæ, &c.

BUt neither *Median* Groves, whoſe happy ſoyl
With choiceſt Fruits prevents the labourers toyl,
Nor *Ganges* ſtreams bleſſing his fertile Land
Nor *Hermus* ſelf roling on golden Sand,
Can with fair *Italy* the prize conteſt,
Leſs gay the *glorious* Kingdoms of the Eaſt, } *bleſt.*
Nor *Araby*, with all her gums and ſpice, is half ſo }
No *Hydra's* ſhe, or monſtrous Bulls do's bear,
Who with their flaming Noſtrils blaſt the Air;
Nor Dragons Teeth ſown in the wondring Field
Do ſhort-liv'd Harveſts of arm'd Brethren yield:
But *vital* Fruits ſhe brings, Wine, Oyl, and Corn,
And faireſt Cattel do her Meads adorn.

Her

Her warlike Horſe is of the nobleſt Race,
Who proudly prances o'er his native Place.
And where thy Magick ſtreams, *Clitumnus*, flow,
The flocks are white as the freſh falling Snow.
Heaven do's ſo much thoſe ſacred Victims prize
'Twill give a *Conqueſt* for a *Sacrifice*.
As in the North 'tis Winter makes the Year,
The Spring and Autumn are the Seaſons here,
Cattel breed twice, and twice the *reſtleſs* furrows bear.
But Heav'n has baniſh'd hence rough Beaſts of prey,
No hungry Lions on the Mountains ſtray,
Nor monſtrous Snakes make inſecure the fearfull Travellers way.
Nature did this; but Induſtry and Art
To the rich maſs did nobler forms impart.
Her Marble Rocks into fair Cities riſe,
Which with their pointed Turrets pierce the Skies.
Here, pleaſant ſeats by which clear ſtreams do paſs
Gaze on their ſhadows in the liquid Glaſs:
There, big with ſtory, ancient Walls do ſhow
Their reverend heads; beneath fam'd Rivers flow.

The

The Sea, which would *surround* the happy place
Do's it on both ſides with his Arms embrace:
And ſtately Galleys which the *Adria* ride,
Bring the World's Tribute with each gentle Tide.
The ſpacious Lakes with level proſpect pleaſe,
Or ſwell, an imitation of the Seas.
What ſhou'd I tell how Art cou'd undertake
To make a Haven in the *Lucrine* Lake?
The rocky Mole which bridles in the Main,
Whilſt angry Surges ſpend their Rage in vain.
As *Cæſar*'s Arms all Nations can ſubdue,
So *Cæſar*'s Works can conquer Nature too.
Her very Entrails veins of Silver hold,
And Mountains are all under arch'd with Gold;
But her chief Treaſures without which the reſt are
Are Men for labour, Generals made to reign. [vain,
She bred the *Marſian* who ne'er knew to yield,
And tough *Ligurian*, fit for either Field:
Triumphant Cottagers, whoſe frugal hand
Held both the Spade and Truncheon of command;
Decii devoted for the publick good,
Compounding for whoſe Armies with their blood:

Camillus saviour of the sinking State,
Who rescu'd *Rome* ev'n from the midst of Fate.
Marii who *Roman Eagles* bore so far,
And *Scipio's*, the two Thunder-bolts of War.
You last, Great *Cæsar*, whose green Years did more
Than Generals old in Triumphs could before.
You towards th' East your glorious course do run,
India forgets now to adore the Sun.
Hail! happy soyl, Learning and Empires Seat,
Mother of Hero's, *Saturn's* soft Retreat,
To you I Græcian Arts in Triumph bring,
And your just Praise in lasting Numbers sing.

The Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of *Horace*.

By Mr. *Stepney*.

VErses Immortal (as my Bays) I sing,
When suited to my trembling string:
When by strange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
To make one pleasant Harmony.

All

All Poets are by their blind Captain led,
(For none e'er had the ſacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd Lawrel from his aged head,)
Yet *Pindars* rolling Dythyrambique Tide,
Hath ſtill this Praiſe, that none preſume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or ſoar too high.
Still does *Steſichorus* his Tongue
Sing ſweeter than the Bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
Love from every Verſe does flow:
Still *Sappho*'s ſtrings do ſeem to move,
Inſtructing all her Sex to love.

2.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair,
More than *Hellen* did inſnare;
Others a Princes Grandeur did admire,
And wondring, melted to deſire.
Not only skilful *Teucer* knew
To direct Arrows from the bended Ewgh.
Troy more than once did fall,
Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.

Was *Stenelus* the only valiant He,
A Subject fit for lasting Poetry?
Was *Hector* that prodigious Man alone,
Who, to save others Lives, expos'd his own?
Was only he so brave to dare his Fate,
And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State?
No, others buried in Oblivion lye,
As silent as their Grave,
Because no charitable Poet gave
Their well-deserved Immortality.

3.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,
Are levell'd in the impartial Grave,
If they no Poet have.
But I will lay my Musick by,
And bid the mournful strings in silence lye;
Unless my Songs begin and end with you,
To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
No pride does with your rising Honours grow,
You meekly look on suppliant Crowds below.

Should Fortune change your happy State,
You could admire, yet envy not, the Great.
Your equal Hand holds an unbyaſs'd Scale,
Where no rich Vices, guilded Baits prevail.
You with a gen'rous Honeſty deſpiſe,
What all the meaner World ſo dearly prize.
Nor does your Virtue diſappear,
With the ſmall Circle of one ſhort-liv'd Year.
Others, like Comets, viſit and away;
Your Luſtre (great as theirs) finds no decay,
But with the conſtant Sun makes an eternal day.

4.

We barbarouſly call thoſe Bleſt,
Who are of largeſt Tenements poſſeſt,
Whilſt ſwelling Coffers break their Owners reſt.
More truly happy thoſe! who can
Govern the little Empire, Man:
Bridle their Paſſions, and direct their Will
Through all the glitt'ring paths of charming Ill.
Who ſpend their Treaſure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large Bounty of indulgent Heav'n.

Who in a fixt unalterable ſtate,
Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
And ſcorn a-like her Friendſhip and her Hate.
Who Poyſon leſs than Falſhood fear,
Loth to purchaſe Life ſo dear:
But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
And ſeal their Countries Love with their departing [breath.

HOR. Ode 15. *Lib.* 2. Imitated.

Jam pauca aratro jugera.

In ſui ſeculi luxuriam.

By Mr. *Chetwood.*

THen this unweildy Factious Town,
To ſuch prodigious Bulk is grown,
It on whole Counties ſtands, and now
Land will be wanting for the *Plow.*
Thoſe remnants too the *Boors* forſake,
Frith muſt the Nation undertake.

As

As in a *Plague* the Fields ſhall *deſart* lye,
Whilſt all men to the mighty *Peſthouſe* fly.

2.

If any Tree is to be ſeen,
'Tis Myrtle, Bays, and ever green.
Lime-trees, and Plane, for *pleaſure* made,
Which for their *Fruit* bear only *Shade*.
Such as do Female Men content,
With *uſeleſs* ſhew and *barren* ſcent.
The *Britiſh Oak* will ſhortly be as rare,
As Orange-Trees here once, or Cedar were.

3.

Not by theſe Arts, my Maſters, ſure
Your Fathers did thoſe Lands procure.
They preferr'd Uſe to empty ſhew,
No ſoftning *French* refinements knew.
Themſelves, their Houſe, their Table, plain,
Noble, and richly clad their Train.
Temp'rance did Health without Phyſicians keep,
And *Labour* crown'd hard Beds with eaſie ſleep.

4.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
Th' *Exchequer* held their greateſt ſtore.
They did adorn their Native Place
With Structures, which their Heirs deface.
They in large Palaces did dwell,
Which we to *Undertakers* ſell.
Stately Cathedrals they did found,
Whoſe Ruines now deform the Ground.
Churches and Colledges endow'd with Lands,
Whoſe *poor Remains* fear Sacrilegious Hands.

THE

THE SIXTEENTH ODE OF THE Second Book OF HORACE.

By Mr. *Otway.*

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
Who does not wish for quiet here.

For

For quiet (Friend) the Souldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, ſleepleſs Nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Since wealth and power too weak we find
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarchs roofs of ſtate
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.

Happy the man with little bleſt
Of what his Father left poſſeſt;
No baſe deſires corrupt his head,
No fears diſturb him in his bed.

What then in life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend?
From ſhore to ſhore why ſhould we run
When none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?

For baneful Care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail,

'Twill

'Twill dodge the Great man's Train behind,
Out-run the *Roe*, out-fly the VVind.

If then thy Soul rejoyce to day,
Drive far to Morrows cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd,
No perfect good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fates ſudden blow,
Another's lingring Death comes ſlow;
And what of life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to puniſh me.

Thy portion is a wealthy ſtock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horſes and Chariots for thy eaſe,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.

For me a little Cell I chuſe,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muſe,
Which ſoft content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I ſcorn.

THE

THE First Epode OF HORACE.

1.

THen you, *Mecenas*, with your Train,
Embarking on the Royal Fleet,
Expose your selves to the rough Main,
And *Cæsar*'s threatning Danger meet.
VVhilst in ignoble Ease I am left behind,
And shall I call you cruel, or too kind.

2.

Pastimes and VVine, which Verse inspire,
Are tasteless all now you are gone,
Untun'd is both my mind, and Lyre,
And in full Courts I seem alone.

The

The reliſh you to my enjoyments give,
And *life*, depriv'd of you, cou'd hardly *live*.

3.

Then ſhould I a young Seaman grow,
And take a Cutlace in my hand?
Yes, with you, to the Pole I'd go,
Or tread ſcorch'd *Afric*'s treacherous ſand.
And I perhaps could fight, or ſuch as I,
At leaſt, inſtead of better men cou'd die.

4.

You'll ſay, what are my pains to you?
I'm not for War, and Action made:
Bid me my humble Care purſue,
Seek Winter Sun, and Summer ſhade.
Whilſt both your great Example, and Commands
Require more active, and experienc'd hands.

5.

If you ſay this, you never knew,
Friendſhip, the nobleſt part of love;
What for her Fawn can the old One do
Or for her young the timorous Dove?

They're

They're more at eaſe, tho' helpleſs, being near,
And abſence, even in ſafety, cauſes fear.

6.

This Voyage, and a hundred more,
To gain your favour I wou'd take:
But don't what's ſaid on *vertues ſcore*,
For *ſervile flattery* miſtake.
No City Palace, or large Country Seat
I ſeek, nor aim ſo low as to be Great.

7.

I never lik'd thoſe reſtleſs minds,
Which by mean Arts, with mighty pain,
Climb to the *Region* of the *Wind*,
Then of Court Hurricanes complain.
Kind Heav'n aſſures me I ſhall ne'er be poor,
And *Oſ—n* be damn'd to encreaſe his ſtore.

EPILOGUE intended to have been ſpoken by the Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth *when* Caliſto *was acted at Court.*

AS *Jupiter* I made my Court in vain,
I'll now aſſume my Native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſie when it hinders love,
A glorious Burden, which the Wiſe remove.
Now as a Nymph I need not ſue nor try,
The force of any lightning but the Eye.
Beauty and Youth more than a God command;
No *Jove* could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.
'Tis here that Sovereign Pow'r admits diſpute,
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen *Catoes*, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our Bonds more eaſie make,
And graceſully what all muſt ſuffer take.
Above thoſe forms the Grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.

True

True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
And soften business with the charms of wit.
These peaceful Triumphs with your cares you thought
And from the midst of fighting Nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And sit in peace the Arbiter of War.
Peace, the loath'd Manna, which hot Brains despise
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leisure sit and see
The promises of more felicity.
Two glorious Nymphs of your one God-like line,
Whose Morning Rays like Noontide strike and shine.
Whom you to suppliant Monarchs shall dispose,
To bind your Friends and to disarm your Foes.

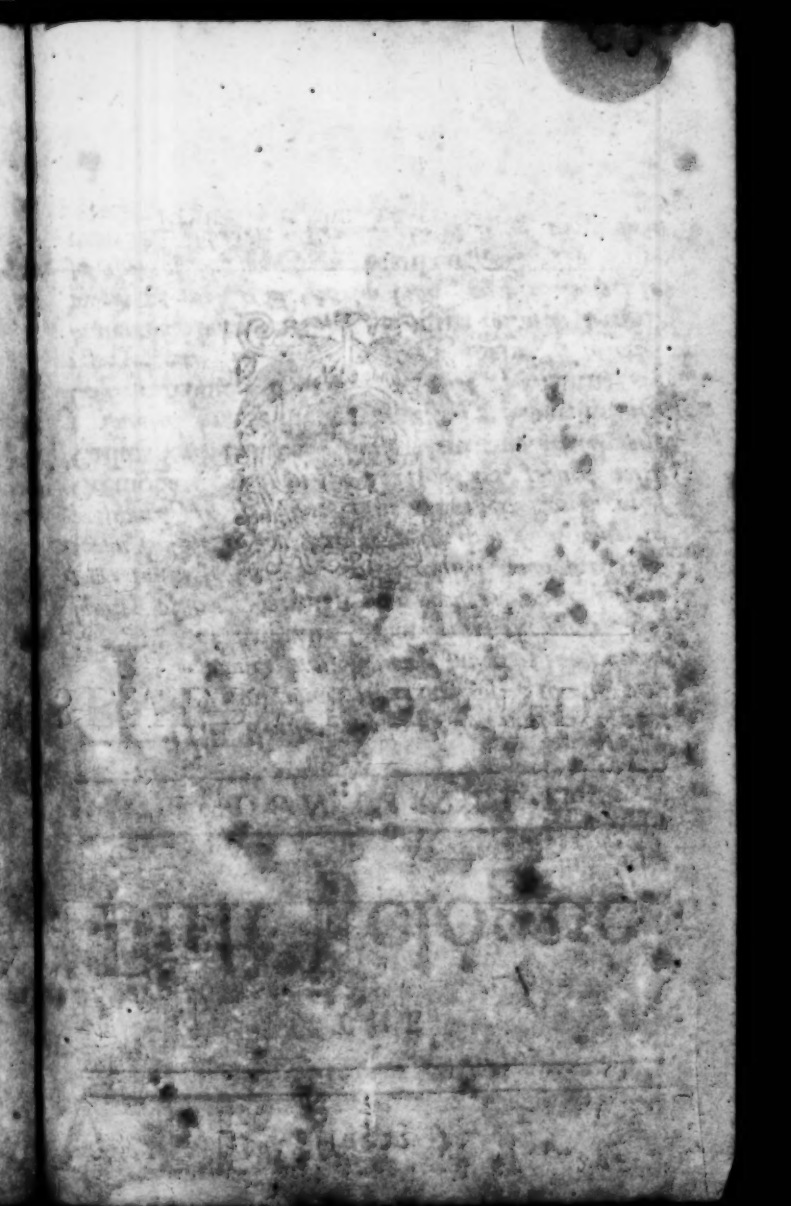
VIRGIL'S Eclogues.

TRANSLATED

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

Printed in the Year, 1692.



THE

First Eclogue.

By JOHN CARYLL, Esq;

THE *Reader may be pleased to observe, that* Virgil, *under the Name of* Tityrus, *personates himself, newly saved by the Favour of* Augustus Cæsar, *from the general Calamity of his* Mantuan *Neighbours; whose Lands were taken from them, and divided amongst the Veteran Soldiers, for having been dipt (as may be presumed) in the same Guilt with their Borderers of* Cremona; *who in the Civil Wars, joyned with* Cassius *and* Brutus. *These* Mantuans *are likewise personated by* Melibeus; *as also by* Amarillis, *the City of* Rome, *by* Galatea, *that of* Mantua *are represented. The drift of this* Eclogue, *is to celebrate the Munificence of* Augustus *towards* Virgil, *whom he makes his tutelar God, and the better to set this off, he brings in* Melibeus, *viz. By* Mantuan *Neighbours, pathetically relating their own*

deplorable Condition, and at the same time magnifying the felicity of Tityrus. *This his Exemption from the common Calamity of his Country-men,* Virgil *shadows over with the Allegory of a Slave, recovering his Liberty: And because Slaves did not commonly use to be infranchist, till Age had made them useless for Labour, to follow the Trope, he makes himself an old Man, as by the* Candidior Barba, *and the* Fortunate Senex, *sufficiently appears; though in reality,* Virgil *at that time was young, and then first made known to* Augustus, *by the recommendation of his Verses, and of his Friends,* Varus, *and* Mæcenas.

TITYRUS. MELIBEUS.

MELIBEUS.

IN peaceful Shades, which aged Oaks diffuse,
You (*Tityrus*) enjoy your rural Muse.
We leave our Home, and (once) our pleasant Fields,
The native Swain to rude Intruders yields;
While you in Songs your happy Love proclaim,
And every Grove learns *Amarillis* name.

TITY-

TITYRUS.

A God (to me he always shall be so)
O *Melibeus!* did this Grace bestow,
The choicest Lamb, which in my Flock does feed,
Shall each new Moon upon his Altar bleed:
He every Blessing on his Creatures brings;
By him the Herd does graze, by him the Herds-
(man sings.

MELIBEUS.

I envy not, but I admire your Fate,
Which thus exempts you from our wretched (State.
Look on my Goats that browze, my Kids that
(play,
Driven hence my self, these I must drive away,
And this poor Mother of a new-fall'n Pair,
(The Herds chief Hope (alas) but my Despair!)
Has left 'em in yond Brakes, beside the way,
Expos'd to every Beast and Bird of prey.
Had not some angry Planet struck me blind,
This dire Calamity I had divin'd.
'Twas oft foretold me by Heavens loudest Voice,
Rending our tallest Oaks with dismal noise:

Ravens spoke too, though in a lower tone,
And long from hollow Tree were heard to grone.
But say: What God has *Tityrus* reliev'd?

TITYRUS.

The Place call'd *Rome*, I foolishly believ'd,
Was like our *Mantua*, where, on Market-days,
We drive our well-fed Lambs, (the Shepherds praise;)
So Whelps (I knew) so Kids, their Dams express,
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But other Towns when you to her compare,
They creeping Shrubs to the tall Cypress are.

MELIBEUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to *Rome*?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at last, though slow to come:
She came not till cold Winter did begin,
And Age some Snow had sprinkled on my Chin;
Nor then, till *Galatea* I forsook,
For *Amarillis*, daign'd on me to look.
No hope for Liberty, I must confess,
No hope, nor care of Wealth, did me possess,

Whilst

Whilst I with *Galatea* did remain:
For though my Flock, her Altars did maintain,
Though often I had made my Cheese-press groan,
Largely to furnish our ungrateful Town,
Yet still with empty Hands I trotted home.

MELIBEUS.

I wonder'd *(Galatea!)* whence should come,
Thy sad Complaints to Heaven, and why so long
Ungathered on their Trees thy Apples hung?
Absent was *Tityrus!* Thee every Dale,
Mountain and Spring, thee every Tree did call!

TITYRUS.

What should I do? I could not here be free,
And only in that place could hope to see
A God propitious to my Liberty,
There I the Heavenly Youth did first behold,
Whose monthly Feast, while solemnly I hold,
My loaded Altars never shall be cold.
He heard my Prayers, go home (he cry'd) and feed
In peace your Herd, let forth your Bulls for breed.

MELIBEUS.

Happy old Man! thy Farm untoucht remains,
And large enough; though it may ask thy pains,
To clear the Stones, and Rushes cure by Drains.
Thy teeming Ewes will no strange Pastures try,
No murrain fear from tainted Company.
Thrice happy Swain! guarded from *Sirian* beams,
By sacred Springs, and long acquainted Streams.
Look on that bordering Fence, whose Osier Trees
Are fraught with Flowers, whose Flowers are fraught with Bees:
How, with their drowsie tone, the whistling Air
(Your sleep to tempt) a Consort does prepare!
At farther distance, but with stronger Lungs,
The Wood-men joyns with these his rustick Songs:
Stock-Doves, and murmuring Turtles tune their Throat,
Those in a hoarser, these a softer Note.

TITYRUS.

Therefore the Land and Sea shall Dwellers change,
Fish on dry Ground, Stags shall on Water range;

The

The *Parthians* shall commute their bounds with (*Evans*,
Those shall on *Soan*, these drink on *Tygris* Banks,
Ere I his God-like Image from my Heart,
Suffer with black ingratitude to part.

MELIBEUS.

But we must rome to Parts remote, unknown,
Under the Torrid, and the Frigid Zone:
These frozen *Scythia*, and parcht *Affrick* those,
Cretan Oaxis others must inclose:
Some 'mongst the utmost *Britains* are confin'd,
Doom'd to an Isle, from all the World disjoyn'd.
Ah! must I never more my Country see,
But in strange Lands an endless Exile be?
Is my eternal Banishment decreed, (Reed?
From my poor Cottage, rear'd with Turf and
Must impious Soldiers all these Grounds possess,
My Fields of standing Corn, my fertile Leyes?
Did I for these *Barbarians* plow and sow?
What dire effects from civil Discord flow!

Graft

Graft Pears (O *Melibœus!*) plant the Vine!
The Fruit ſhall others be, the Labour thine.
Farewell my Goats! a happy Herd, when mine!
No more ſhall I, in the refreſhing Shade
Of verdant Grotto's, by kind Nature made,
Behold your climbing on the Mountain top,
The flowry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop.
I part with every Joy, parting from you;
Then farewel all the World! Verſes and Pipe,
(adieu!

TITYRUS.

At leaſt this Night with me forget your care;
Cheſnuts, and well-preſt Cheeſe ſhall be your Fare;
For now the Mountain a long Shade extends,
And curling Smoak from Village tops aſcends.

THE

THE SECOND ECLOGUE.

Engliſhed by Mr. Tate.

A Hopeleſs Flame did *Corydon* deſtroy,
The lov'd *Alexis* was his Maſter's Joy.
No reſpite from his Grief the Shepherd knew,
But daily walk'd where ſhady Beeches grew:
Where ſtretcht on Earth, alone he thus complains,
And in theſe accents tells the Groves his pains.
Cruel *Alexis*! haſt thou no remorſe?
Muſt I expire, and have my Songs no force?
'Tis now high Noon, when Herds to Coverts run,
The very Lizzards hide, that love the Sun.
The Reapers home to dinner now repair, (Fare.
While buſie *Theſtylis* provides both Sawce and
Yet in the raging Heat I ſearch for thee,
Heat only known to Locuſts and to me.
Oh was it not much better to ſuſtain,
The angry days of *Amarillis* Reign?

Or

Or ſtill be ſubject to *Menalchas* ſway,
Tho' he more black than Night, and thou more fair than Day.
O lovely Boy, preſume not on thy Form,
The faireſt Flow'rs are ſubject to a Storm:
Thou both diſdainſt my Perſon and my Flame,
Without ſo much as asking who I am!
How rich in Heifers, all as white as Snow,
Or Cream, with which they make my Dairies flow,
A thouſand Ewes within my Paſtures breed,
And all the Year upon New-Milk I feed.
Beſides, the fam'd Amphious Songs I ſing,
That into *Theban* Walls the Stones did bring,
Nor am I ſo deform'd; for t'other day,
When all the dreadful Storm was blown away,
As on the Clifts, above the Sea I ſtood,
I view'd my Image in the Sea-green Flood;
And if I look as handſome all the Year,
To vie with *Daphnis* ſelf, I wou'd not fear.
Ah wou'dſt thou once in Cottages delight,
And love, like me, to wound the Stag in flight!

Where

Where wholsome Mallows grow our Kids to drive,
And in our Songs with *Pan* himself to strive!
From *Pan* the Reeds first use the Shepherd knew,
'Tis *Pan* preserves the Sheep and Shepherd too.
Disdain not then the tuneful Reed to ply,
Nor scorn the Pastime of a Deity.
What task would not *Amyntas* undergo,
For half the Noble Skill I offer you?
A Pipe with Quills of various size I have,
The Legacy *Damætas* dying gave;
And said, possess thou this, by right 'tis thine;
Amyntas then stood by, and did repine:
Besides two Kids that I from danger bore,
With streak of lovely White enamel'd o'er;
Who drein the bagging Udder twice a day,
And both at home for thy acceptance stay.
Oft *Thestylis* for them has pin'd, and she
Shall have them, since thou scorn'st my Gifts and me.
Come to my Arms, thou lovely Boy, and take
The richest Presents that the Spring can make.

See how the Nymphs with Lillies wait on thee;
Fair *Nais*, ſcarce thy ſelf ſo fair as ſhe.
With Poppies, Daffadils and Violets joyn'd,
A Garland for thy ſofter Brow has twin'd.
My ſelf with downy Peaches will appear,
And Cheſnuts, *Amarillis* dainty Chear:
I'll crop my Laurel, and my Myrtle Tree,
Together bound, becauſe their ſweets agree.
Unbred thou art, and homely *Corydon*,
Nor will *Alexis* with thy Gifts be won:
Nor canſt thou hope, if gifts his Mind cou'd ſway,
That rich *Iolas* wou'd to thee give way.
Ah me! while I fond wretch indulge my Dreams,
Winds blaſt my Flow'rs, and Boars bemire my (Streams.
Whom fly'ſt thou? Gods themſelves have had
In Woods, and *Paris*, equal to a God. (aboad,
Let *Pallas* in the Towns ſhe built, reſide,
To me a Grove's worth all the World beſide:
Lyons chaſe Wolves, thoſe Wolves a Kid in prime,
That very Kid ſeeks Heaths of flow'ring time,

While

While *Corydon* purſues with equal flame;
Alexis, thee; each has his ſeveral Game.
See how the Ox unyoakt brings home the Plow,
The Shades increaſing as the Sun goes low.
Bleſt Fields reliev'd by Nights approach ſo ſoon,
Love has no Night! 'tis always raging Noon!
Ah *Corydon!* what frenzy fills thy breſt?
Thy Vineyard lies half prun'd and half undreſt.
Luxurious ſprouts ſhut out their ripening Ray,
The Branches ſhorn, not yet remov'd away,
Recal thy Senſes, and to work with ſpeed,
Of many Utenſils thou ſtand'ſt in need.
Fall to thy Labour, quit the peeviſh Boy;
Time, or ſome new deſire ſhall this deſtroy.

THE

THE SECOND ECLOGUE.

Englished by Mr. Creech.

The Shepherd Corydon *wooes* Alexis, *but finding he could not prevail, he resolves to follow his Affairs, and forget his Passion.*

ALEXIS.

YOung *Corydon* (hard Fate) an humble Swain
Alexis lov'd, the joy of all the Plain;
He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again;
Yet every day through Groves he walkt alone,
And vainly told the Hills and Woods his Moan:
Cruel *Alexis!* can't my Verses move!
Hast thou not pitty? must I die for Love?
Just now the Flocks pursue the shades and cool,
And every Lizzard creeps into his hole:
Brown *Thestylis* the weary Reapers seeks,
And brings their Meat, their Onions & their Leeks:

And

And whilſt I trace thy ſteps, in every Tree
And every Buſh, poor Inſects ſigh with me:
And had it not been better to have born
The peeviſh *Amaryllis's* Frown and Scorn,
Or elſe *Menalcas*, than this deep deſpair?
Though He was black, and Thou art lovely fair!
Ah charming Beauty! 'tis a fading Grace,
Truſt not too much, ſweet Youth, to that fair Face:
Things are not always us'd that pleaſe the ſight,
We gather Black-berries when we ſcorn the white.
Thou doſt deſpiſe me, Thou doſt ſcorn my flame,
Yet doſt not know me, nor how rich I am:
A thouſand tender Lambs, a thouſand Kine,
A thouſand Goats I feed, and all are mine:
My Dairy's full, and my large Herd affords,
Summer and Winter, Cream, and Milk, and Curds.
I pipe as well, as when through *Theban* Plains,
Amphion fed his Flocks, or charm'd the Swains;
Nor is my Face ſo mean, I lately ſtood,
And view'd my Figure in the quiet Flood,
And think my ſelf, though it were judg'd by you,
As fair as *Daphni's*, if that Glaſs be true.

Oh that with me, the humble Plains would pleaſe
The quiet Fields, and lowly Cottages!
Oh that with me you'd live, and hunt the Hare,
Or drive the Kids, or ſpread the fowling Snare!
Then you and I would ſing like *Pan* in ſhady Groves;
Pan taught us Pipes, and *Pan* our Art approves:
Pan both the Sheep, and harmleſs Shepherd loves.
Nor muſt you think the Pipe too mean for you,
To learn to pipe, what won't *Amyntas* do?
I have a Pipe, well ſeaſon'd, brown, and try'd;
Which good *Dametas* left me when he dy'd:
He ſaid, here, take it for a Legacy,
Thou art my Second, it belongs to thee,
He ſaid, and dull *Amyntas* envy'd me:
Beſides, I found two wanton Kids at play
In yonder Vale, and thoſe I brought away,
Young ſportive Creatures, and of ſpotted hue,
Which ſuckle twice a day, I keep for you:
Theſe *Theſtylis* hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain,
But now they're hers, ſince you my gifts diſdain:

Come

Come, lovely Boy, the Nymphs their Baskets fill,
With Poppy, Violet, and Daffadil,
The Rose, and thousand other fragrant Flowers,
To please thy Senses in thy softest hours;
These *Nais* gathers to delight my Boy,
Come dear *Alexis*, be no longer coy.
I'll seek for Chesnuts too in every Grove,
Such as my *Amaryllis* us'd to love.
The glossie Plums, and juicy Pears I'll bring,
Delightful All, and many a pretty thing:
The Lawrel and the neighbouring Myrtle Tree,
Confus'dly planted 'cause they both agree
(thee.
And prove more sweet, shall send their boughs to
Ah *Corydon!* Thou art a foolish Swain,
And coy *Alexis*, doth thy Gifts disdain;
Or if Gifts could prevail, if Gifts could wooe,
Iolas can present him more than you.
What doth the mad Man mean? He idlely brings
Storms on his Flowers, and Boars into his Springs.
Ah! whom dost thou avoid? whom fly? the Gods
And charming *Paris* too, have liv'd in Woods:

Let *Pallas*, she, whose Art first rais'd a Town,
Live there, let us delight in Woods alone:
The Boar, the Wolf, the Wolf the Kid pursues,
The Kid her Thyme, as fast as t'other do's,
Alexis, *Corydon*, and him alone,
Each hath his Game, and each pursues his own:
Look how the weary'd Ox brings home the Plow,
The Sun declines, and Shades are doubled now:
And yet my Passion nor my Cares remove,
Love burns me still, what flame so fierce as Love!
Ah *Corydon!* what fury's this of thine!
On yonder Elm, there hangs thy half prun'd Vine:
Come, rather mind thy useful work, prepare
Thy harvest Baskets, and make those thy care,
Come, mind thy Plow, and thou shalt quickly find
Another, if *Alexis* proves unkind.

THE THRID ECLOGUE. Or *PALEMON.*

Engliſhed by Mr. Creech.

Menalcas *and* Dametas *upbraid each other with their faults; by and by they challenge one another, and pipe for a Wager;* Palemon *coming that way by chance, is choſen Judge; he hears them pipe, but cannot determine the Controverſie.*

MENALCAS.

TEll me *Dametas*, tell whoſe Sheep theſe are?

DAMETAS.

Egon's, for *Egon* gave 'em to my care.

MENALCAS.

Whilſt he *Neæra* courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I ſhall prove the happier Swain.
Poor Sheep! whilſt he his hopeleſs Love purſues,
Here twice an hour, his Servant milks his Ewes:

The Flock is drain'd, the Lambkins ſwigg the Teat,
But find no moiſture, and then idly bleat.

DAMETAS.

No more of that, *Menalcas*, I could tell,
And you know what, for I remember well;
I know when, where, and what the Fool deſign'd,
And what had hapned, but the Nymphs were kind.

MENALCAS.

(Clown,
'Twas then perhaps, when ſome obſerv'd the
Spoil *Mico*'s Vines, and cut his Olives down.

DAMETAS.

Or rather when, where thoſe old Beeches grow,
You broke young *Daphni*'s Arrows and his Bow,
You ſaw them given to the lovely Boy,
Ill-natur'd you, and envy'd at his Joy,
But hopes of ſweet revenge thy Life ſupply'd,
And hadſt thou not done miſchief thou hadſt dy'd:

MENALCAS.

What will not Maſter Shepherds dare to do,
When their baſe ſlaves pretend ſo much as you?
Did not I ſee, not I, you pilfering Sot,
When you lay cloſe, and ſnapt rich *Damon*'s Goat?

His

His Spoch-Dog barkt, I cry'd, the Robber, ſee,
Guard well your Flock, you skulkt behind a Tree.

DAMETAS.

I tell Thee Shepherd 'twas before my own,
We two pip'd for him, and I fairly won:
This he would own, and gave me cauſe to boaſt,
Tho' he refus'd to pay the Goat he loſt.

MENALCAS.

You pipe with him! thou never hadſt a Pipe,
Well joyn'd with Wax, and fitted to the Lip,
But under Hedges to the long-ear'd Rout,
We'rt wont, dull Fool, to toot a ſchreeching Note:

DAMETAS.

And ſhall we have a Trial of our Skill?
I'll lay this Heifer, 'twill be worth your while,
Two Calves ſhe ſuckles, and yet twice a day
She fills two Pails; Now ſpeak, what dare you lay?

MENALCAS.

I cannot ſtake down any of my Flock,
My Fold is little, and but ſmall my Stock:
Beſides, my Father's covetouſly croſs,
My Stepdame curſt, and they will find the loſs:

For both ſtrict Eyes o'er all my actions keep,
One counts my Kids, and both twice count my
(Sheep:
But yet I'll lay what you muſt grant as good;
(Since you will loſe) two Cups of Beechen wood,
Alcimedon made them, 'tis a work Divine,
And round the brim ripe Grapes and Ivy twine;
So curiouſly he hits the various ſhapes,
And with pale Ivy cloaths the bluſhing Grapes;
It doth my Eyes, and all my Friends delight,
I'm ſure your Mouth muſt water at the ſight:
Within two Figures neatly carv'd appear,
Conon, and He, who was't? that made the Sphear,
And ſhow'd the various Seaſons of the year,
What time to ſheer our Sheep, what time to plow,
'Twas never us'd, I kept it clean till now.

DAMETAS.

Alcimedon too made me two Beechen Pots,
And round the Handles wrought ſmooth Ivy-
(knots;
Orpheus within, and following wood, around,
With bended Tops, ſeem liſtning to the ſound.

I never us'd them, never brought them forth;
But to my Heifer, these are little worth.

MENALCAS.

I'll pay thee off, I'm ready, come, let's try,
And he shall be our Judge, that next comes by;
See, 'tis *Palemon*; come, I'll ne'er give o'er,
Till thou shalt never dare to challenge more.

DAMETAS.

Begin, I'll not refuse the skilful'st Swain,
I scorn to turn my back for any Man;
I know my self; but pray judicious Friend,
('Tis no small matter) carefully attend.

PALEMON.

Since we have chosen a convenient place,
Since Woods are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields (with Grass;
The Trees with Fruit, the Year seems fine and gay,
Dametas first, then next *Menalcas* play,
By turns, for Verse the Muses love by turns.

DAMETAS.

My Muse begin with *Jove*, all's full of *Jove*,
The God loves me, and doth my Verses love.

ME-

MENALCAS.

And *Phœbus* mine: on *Phœbus* I'll beſtow,
The bluſhing Hyacinth, and Lawrel bough.

DAMETAS.

Sly *Galatea* drives me o'er the Green,
And Apples throws, then hides, yet would be ſeen.

MENALCAS.

But my *Amyntas* doth his Paſſion tell,
Our Dogs ſcarce know my *Delia* half ſo well.

DAMETAS.

I'll have a Gift for *Phillis* e'er be long,
I know were Stock-doves build, I'll take their young.

MENALCAS.

I pluckt my Boy fine Pears, I ſent him ten,
'Twas all I had, but ſoon I'll ſend again.

DAMETAS.

What things my Nymph did ſpeak; what tales of Love!
Winds bear their Muſick to the Gods above.

MENALCAS.

What boot's it Boy, you not contemn my flame?
Since whilſt I hold the Net, you hunt the Game.

DAME-

DAMETAS.

My Birth-day comes, ſend *Phillis* quickly home,
But at my Shearing-time, *Iolas* come.

MENALCAS.

And I love *Phillis*, for her Charms excel,
She ſigh'd, farewel, dear Youth, a long farewel.

DAMETAS.

Wolves ruin Flocks, Wind Trees, when newly (blown,
Storms Corn, and me my *Amirylli's* Frown.

MENALCAS.

Dew ſwells the Corn, Kids browze the tender (Tree,
The Goats love ſallow; fair *Amyntas* me.

DAMETAS.

Mine *Pollio* loves, though 'tis a ruſtick Song,
Muſe feeds a Steer, for him that reads thee long.

MENALCAS.

Nay *Pollio* writes, and at the King's command,
Muſe feed the Bulls that puſh, and ſpurn the Sand.

DAMETAS.

Let *Pollio* have what e'er thy wiſh provokes,
Myrth from his Thorns, and Honey from his Oaks.

ME-

MENALCAS.

He that loves *Bavius* Songs, may fancy thine,
The ſame may couple Wolves, and ſhear his Swine.

DAMETAS.

Ye Boys that pluck the Beauties of the Spring,
Fly, fly, a Snake lies hid, and ſhoots a Sting.

MENALCAS.

Beware the Stream, drive not the Sheep too nigh,
The Bank may fail, the Rain is hardly dry.

DAMETAS.

Kids from the River drive, and ſling your Hook;
Anon I'll waſh them in the ſhallow Brook.

MENALCAS.

Drive to the Shades, when Milk is drain'd by heat,
In vain the Milk-maid ſtroaks an empty Teat.

DAMETAS.

How lean my Bull is in my fruitful Field!
Love has the Herd, and Love the Herdſman kill'd.

MENALCAS.

Sure theſe feel none of Loves devouring flames,
Meer skin & bone, & yet they drain their Dams:
Ah me! what Sorcereſs has bewitch'd my Lambs!

DA-

DAMETAS.

Tell me where Heaven is just three Inches broad,
And I'll believe Thee Prophet, or a God:

MENALCAS.

Tell me where Names of Kings in rising Flowers
Are writ, and grow, and *Phillis* shall be yours.

PALEMON.

I cannot judge which Youth does most excel,
For you deserve the Steer, and he as well.
Rest equal happy both; and all that prove
A bitter, or else fear a pleasing Love:
But my work calls, let's break the Meeting off,
Boys shut your streams, the Fields have drunk (enough.

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE. POLLIO.

Englished by Mr. Dryden.

The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Salonius, *the Son of* Pollio, *born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of* Salonæ, *a City in* Dalmatia. *Many of the Verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who propheſie of our Saviour's Birth.*

SIcilian Muſe begin a loftier ſtrain! (the Plain,
Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that ſhade
Delight not all, if thither I repair,
My Song ſhall make 'em worth a Conſul's care.
The laſt great Age foretold by ſacred Rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd Courſe, *Saturnian* times
Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun
From their firſt Orb, in radiant Circles run.

The

The baſe degenerate Iron-off-ſpring ends;
A golden Progeny from Heav'n deſcends;
O chaſt *Lucina* ſpeed the Mothers pains,
And haſte the glorious Birth; thy own *Apollo* reigns!
The lovely Boy, with his auſpicious Face,
Shall *Pollio*'s Conſulſhip and Triumph grace;
Majeſtick Months ſet out with him to their appointed Race.
The Father baniſh'd Virtue ſhall reſtore,
And Crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no more.
The Son ſhall lead the life of Gods, and be
By Gods and Heroes ſeen, and Gods and Heroes ſee.
The jarring Nations he in peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind.
Unbidden Earth ſhall wreathing Ivy bring,
And fragrant Herbs (the promiſes of Spring)
As her firſt Off'rings to her Infant King.
The Goats with ſtrutting Duggs ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And lowing Herds, ſecure from Lyons feed.

His

His Cradle ſhall with riſing Flow'rs be crown'd;
The Serpents Brood ſhall die: the ſacred Ground
Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuſe to bear,
Each common Buſh ſhall *Syrian* Roſes wear.
But when Heroick Verſe his Youth ſhall raiſe,
And from it to Hereditary Praiſe;
Unlabour'd Harveſts ſhall the Fields adorn,
And cluſter'd Grapes ſhall bluſh on every Thorn.
The knotted Oaks ſhall ſhow'rs of Honey weep,
And through the matted Graſs the liquid Gold
(ſhall creep.
Yet, of old Fraud ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The Merchant ſtill ſhall plough the deep for gain:
Great Cities ſhall with Walls be compaſs'd round;
And ſharpen'd Shares ſhall vex the fruitful ground.
Another *Typhis* ſhall new Seas explore,
Another *Argos* on th' *Iberian* Shore
Shall land the choſen Chiefs:
Another *Helen* other Wars create, (Fate:
And great *Achilles* ſhall be ſent to urge the *Trojan*
But when to ripen'd Man-hood he ſhall grow,
The greedy Sailer ſhall the Seas forego;

No Keel ſhall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;
For every Soil ſhall every Product bear.
The labouring Hind his Oxen ſhall disjoyn, (Vine:
No Plow ſhall hurt the *Glebe*, no Pruning-hook the
Nor Wooll ſhall in diſſembled colours ſhine.
But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his pompous Fleece ſhall proudly ſweat:
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb ſhall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy Web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the ſacred Clue, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Mature in years, to awful Honours move,
O of Cœleſtial Stem! O foſter Son of *Jove!*
See, labouring Nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The nodding frame of Heav'n, & Earth, and Main;
See to their Baſe reſtor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air,
And joyful Ages from behind, ſtand crowding to (appear.
To ſing thy Praiſe, wou'd Heav'n my breath prolong
Infuſing Spirits worthy ſuch a Song;
Not *Thracian Orpheus* ſhould tranſcend my Layes,
Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bayes:

Though each his Heav'nly Parent ſhou'd inſpire;
The Muſe inſtruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the
(Lyre.
Shou'd *Pan* contend with me, & thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges ſhould their God condemn.
Begin, auſpicious Boy, to caſt about
Thy Infant Eyes, and with a ſmile, thy Mother
(ſingle out;
Thy Mother well deſerves that ſhort delight,
The nauſeous Qualms of ten long Months and
(Travail to requite.
Then ſmile; the frowning Infants Doom is read,
No God ſhall crown the Board, nor Goddeſs bleſs
(the Bed.

THE FIFTH ECLOGUE.

DAPHNIS.

Engliſhed by Mr. Duke.

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

Mopſus, ſince chance does us together bring,
And you ſo well can pipe, and I can ſing,
Why ſit we not beneath this ſecret Shade,
By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your Age commands Reſpect, and I obey,
Whether you in this lonely Copſe will ſtay,
Where weſtern Winds the bending Branches ſhake,
And in their play the Shades uncertain make:

Or whether to that silent Cave you go,
The better choice! see how the wild Vines grow,
Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,
And in the Cave their purple clusters shed!

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with *Phœbus* too?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin, whether the mournful flame
Of dying *Phillis*, whether *Alcon*'s fame,
Or *Codrus*'s Brawls thy willing Muse provoke;
Begin, young *Tityrus* will tend the Flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad Song repeat,
That on the Beech's Bark I lately writ,
And set to sweetest Notes; yes, I'll begin,
And after that, bid you *Amyntas* sing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the most humble Shrub that grows,
Yields to the beautious Blushes of the Rose,

Or bending Oſiers to the Olive-Tree;
So much, I judge, *Amyntas* yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this Diſcourſe, here put an end,
This is the Cave, ſit and my Verſe attend.

MOPSUS.

When the ſad fate of *Daphnis* reach'd their Ears,
The pitying Nymphs diſſolv'd in pious Tears.
Witneſs, you Hazels, for you heard their Cries;
Witneſs, you Floods, ſwoln with their weeping Eyes.
The mournful Mother (on his body caſt)
The ſad remains of her cold Son embrac'd,
And of th' unequal Tyranny they us'd,
The cruel Gods and cruel Stars accus'd.
Then did no Swain mind how his Flock did thrive,
Nor thirſty Herds to the cool River drive;
The generous Horſe turn'd from freſh Streams his head,
And on the ſweeteſt Graſs refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death, even fierceſt Lions mourn'd,
And Hills & Woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian Tygers fierceneſs broke,
And brought 'em willing to the Sacred Yoke:

Daphnis to *Bacchus* Worſhip did ordain
The Revels of his conſecrated Train;
The Reeling Prieſts with Vines and Ivy crown'd,
And their long Spears with cluſtered branches (bound.

As Vines the Elm, as Grapes the Vine adorn,
As Bulls the Herd, as Fields the ripen'd Corn;
Such Grace, ſuch Ornament wert thou to all
That glori'd to be thine: ſince thy ſad Fall,
No more *Apollo* his glad preſence yields,
And *Pales* ſelf forſakes her hated Fields.
Oft where the fineſt Barley we did ſow,
Barren Wild-Oates, and hurtful Darnel grow;
And where ſoft Violets did the Vales adorn,
The Thiſtle riſes and the prickly Thorn.
Come Shepherds ſtrow with Flow'rs the hallow'd (ground,

The ſacred Fountains with thick Boughs ſurround;
Daphnis theſe Rites requires: to *Daphni*'s praiſe
Shepherds a Tomb with this Inſcription raiſe,

Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I Daphnis *lie;*
Fair was the Flock I fed, but much more fair was I.

ME-

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my raviſh'd Ears
Are the ſweet numbers of thy mournful Verſe;
As to tir'd Swains ſoft ſlumbers on the Graſs,
As freſheſt Springs that through green Meadows paſs
To one that's parch'd with thirſt and ſummers heat,
In thee thy Maſter does his equal meet:
Whether your Voice you try, or tune your Reed,
Bleſt Swain, 'tis you alone can him ſucceed!
Yet, as I can, I in return will ſing:
I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars will bring,
I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars, with you,
Will raiſe; for *Daphnis* lov'd *Menalcas* too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more deſire?
For neither can there be a ſubject higher,
Nor, if the praiſe of *Stimichon* be true,
Can it be better ſung than 'tis by you?

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now wondring at the glorious ſhow,
Through Heavens bright Pavement does triumphant go,
And ſees the moving Clouds, and the fixt Stars below:
Therefore new Joys make glad the Woods, the Plains,
Pan and the Dryades, and the chearful Swains.
The Wolf no Ambuſh for the Flock does lay,
No cheating Nets the harmleſs Deer betray,
Daphnis a general Peace commands, and Nature does obey.
Hark! the glad Mountains raiſe to Heaven their Voice!
Hark! the hard Rocks in myſtick tunes rejoyce!
Hark! through the Thickets wondrous Songs reſound.
A God! A God! *Menalcas*, he is crown'd!
O be propitious! O be good to thine!
See! here four hallow'd Altars we deſign,

To *Daphnis* two, to *Phœbus* two we raiſe,
To pay the yearly Tribute of our Praiſe:
Sacred to Thee they each returning year
Two bowls of Milk and two of Oyl ſhall bear:
Feaſts I'll ordain, and to thy deathleſs praiſe
Thy Votaries exalted Thoughts to raiſe,
Rich *Chian* Wines ſhall in full Goblets flow,
And give a taſte of *Nectar* here below.
Dametas ſhall with *Lictian Ægon* joyn,
To celebrate with Songs the Rites divine.
Alphiſibæus with a reeling Gate,
Shall the wild Satyr's dancing imitate.
When to the Nymphs we Vows and Offerings pay,
When we with ſolemn Rites our Fields ſurvey,
Theſe Honours ever ſhall be Thine; The Bore
Shall in the Fields and Hills delight no more;
No more in Streams the Fiſh, in Flow'rs the Bee,
Ere *Daphnis* we forget our Songs to Thee:
Off'rings to thee the Shepherds every year,
Shall as to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres* bear.

To

To Thee as to thoſe Gods ſhall Vows be made,
And Vengeance wait on thoſe, by whom they are (not paid.

MOPSUS.

What Preſent worth thy Verſe, can *Mopſus* find?
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the Southern Wind
So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind;
Not ſounding ſhores beat by the murmuring tide,
Nor Rivers that through ſtony Valleys glide.

MENALCAS.

Firſt you this Pipe ſhall take: and 'tis the ſame
That play'd poor *Corydons* unhappy Flame: *Ecl.* 2.
The ſame that taught me *Melibæus*'s Sheep. *Ecl.* 3.

MOPSUS.

You then ſhall for my ſake this Sheephook keep,
Adorn'd with Braſs, which I have oft deni'd
To young *Antigenes* in his Beauties pride.
And who wou'd think he then in vain could ſue?
Yet him I could deny, and freely give it you.

THE

THE SIXTH ECLOGUE.

SILENUS.

Engliſhed by the Earl of Roſcomon.

My Aim being only to have Virgil *underſtood by ſuch who do not underſtand* Latine, *and cannot (probably) be acquainted with ſome Names and Paſſages of this* Eclogue, *I have directed them by Figures to the* Poſtſcript, *where they will find the beſt account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.*

I Firſt of *Romans* ſtoop'd to Rural ſtrains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell among [1] *Sicilian* Swains,
When my [2] *Thalia* rais'd her bolder Voice,
And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler Thoughts infuſe,
And with this Whiſper check th' aſpiring Muſe.

A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flocks ſhould feed,
And chuſe a Subject ſuited to his Reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares
To write thy Praiſes, *Varus*, and thy Wars)
My Paſt'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,
And though I once preſum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes
Can look on this, and ſuch a Trifle prize)
Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains ſhall ſing,
And every Grove and every Eccho ring.
Phœbus delights in *Varus* Fav'rite Name,
And none who under that Protection came,
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unſecure of Fame.

Proceed my Muſe.
Young *Chromis* and *Mnaſylus*, chanc'd to ſtray,
Where (ſleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay,
Whoſe conſtant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,
And always boyl in each extended Vein;
His truſty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Uſe;

Drop'd

Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
In haſte they ſeiz'd him, and in haſte they bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitleſs hope of his Inſtructive Song:
But while with conſcious fear they doubtful ſtood,
Ægle, the faireſt [6] *Nais* of the Flood,
With a [7] Virmilion Dye his Temples ſtain'd.
Waking, he ſmil'd, and muſt I then be chain'd?
Looſe me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd Verſe no longer I'll delay,
(She ſhall be ſatisfi'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful Voice aloud,
The knotty Oaks their liſtning branches bow'd;
And Savage Beaſts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd;

For lo! he ſung the Worlds ſtupendious Birth,
How ſcatter'd ſeeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
And purer Fire, through univerſal Night,
And empty ſpace did fruitfully unite,

From

From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular ſucceſſive Order ſprings.

By what degrees this Earths compacted Sphere
Was hardned, Woods & Rocks and Towns to bear;
How ſinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,
While from above adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born Sun ſurpriz'd the dazled ſight;
How Vapors turn'd to Clouds obſcure the Sky,
And Clouds diſſolv'd the thirſty Ground ſupply;
How the firſt Foreſt rais'd its ſhady head,
Till when, few wandring Beaſts on unknown (Mountains fed.

Then *Pyrrha*'s ſtony Race roſe from the Ground,
Old *Saturn* reign'd with Golden plenty crown'd,
And bold *Prometheus* (whoſe untam'd deſire
Rival'd the Sun with his own heavenly Fire)
Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vulture's endleſs Prey,
Severely pays for animating Clay. (tell?
He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods could
Into whoſe Arms the lovely *Hylas* fell;

Al-

Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* loſt,
Hylas in vain reſounds through all the Coaſt.

He with compaſſion told *Paſiphae*'s fault,
Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty (thought?
The [10] Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick Cries
And imitated Lowings fill'd the Skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild Conceit)
Did never burn with ſuch unnatural heat. (ſtray,
Ah! wretched Queen! while you on Mountains
He on ſoft Flowers his ſnowy ſide does lay;
Or ſeeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love:
Surround my Nymphs, ſhe crys, ſurround the Grove;
Perhaps ſome footſteps printed in the Clay,
Will to my Love direct our wandring way;
Perhaps, while thus in ſearch of him I rome,
My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He ſung how *Atalanta* was betray'd
By thoſe *Heſperian* Baits her Lover laid,

And

And the ſad Siſters who to Trees were turn'd,
While with the Worl'd th' ambitious Brother (burn'd
All he deſcrib'd was preſent to their Eyes,
And as he rais'd his Verſe, the Poplars ſeem'd to riſe.

He taught which Muſe did by *Apollo*'s will
Guide wandring [11] *Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill:
(Which place the God for ſolemn Meetings choſe)
With deep reſpect the learn'd Senate roſe,
And [12] *Linus* thus (deputed by the reſt)
The Hero's welcome, and their thanks expreſs'd:
This Harp of old to *Heſiod* did belong,
To this, the Muſes Gift, joyn thy harmonious Song;
Charm'd by theſe ſtrings Trees ſtarting from the (Ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful ſound,
Thus conſecrated thy [13] *Grynæan* Grove
Shall have no equal in *Apollo*'s Love.

Why ſhould I ſpeak of the [14] *Megarian* Maid,
For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd?

And

And [15] her, who round with barking Monſters (arm'd,
The wandring *Greeks* (ah frighted men) alarm'd;
[16] Whoſe only hope on ſhatter'd Ships depends,
While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd ſhape,
And dire revenge of *Philomela*'s Rape,
Who to thoſe Woods directs her mournful courſe,
Where ſhe had ſuffer'd by inceſtuous force,
While loth to leave the Palace too well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it ſtill her (own.

Whatever near [17] *Eurotas*'s happy ſtream
With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo*'s Theam,
Silenus ſings; the neighbouring Rocks reply,
And ſend his Myſtick numbers through the Sky,
Till Night began to ſpread her gloomy Veil,
And call'd the counted Sheep from every Dale;
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd, (reſign'd.
And to prevailing ſhades the murmuring World

POSTSCRIPT.

1. *Sicilian*——*Virgil* in his *Eclogue*, imitates *Theocritus* a *Sicilian* Poet.

2. *Thalia*——The name of the Rural Muse.

3. *Varus*——A great Favourite of *Augustus*, the same that was kill'd in *Germany*, and lost the Roman Legions.

4. *Chromis* and *Mnasylus*——Some Interpreters think these were young Satyrs, others will have them Shepherds: I rather take them for Satyrs, because of their names, which are never used for Shepherds, or any where (that I remember) but here.

5. *They bound*——*Proteus*, *Pan*, and *Silenus* would never tell what was desired, till they were bound.

6. *Nais*——The Latin word for a water-Nymph.

7. *Vermilion Dye*——The colour that *Pan* and *Silenus* lov'd best.

8. *Rival'd the Sun*——*Minerva* delighted with the Art and Industry of *Pometheus* (who had made an Image of Clay so perfect, that it wanted nothing but Life,) carried him up to Heaven, where he lighted a Wand at the Chariot of the Sun, with which fire he animated his Image. *Ov. a. M.*

9. *Hylas*——Favourite of *Hercules*, who was drown'd in a Well, which made the Poets ſay that a Nymph had ſtole him away: I uſe the word *reſounds* (in the Preſent Tence) becauſe *Strabo* (who lived at the ſame time as *Virgil*) ſeems to intimate, that the *Pruſians* continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his name with loud cries.

10. *The Maids of* Argos———Daughters of *Prætis*, King of *Argos*, who preſumed ſo much upon their Beauty, that they preferr'd it to *Juno*'s, who in revenge, ſtruck them with ſuch Madneſs, that they thought themſelves Cows. They were at laſt cured by *Melampodes* with Hellebore, and for that reaſon, Black Hellebore is called Melampodion.

11. *Gallus*———an excellent Poet and great Friend of *Virgil*, he was afterwards Prætor of *Ægypt*, and being accuſed of ſome Conſpiracy, or rather called upon for ſome Moneys, of which he could give no good account, he killed himſelf. It is the ſame *Gallus* you read of in the laſt Eclogue: And *Suidas* ſays, that *Virgil* means him by *Ariſtæum*, in the divine Concluſion of his Georgicks.

12. *Linus*, Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*.

13. *The Grynean Grove*—— Conſecrated to *Apollo*; by this he means ſome Poem writ upon that Subject by *Gallus*.

14. *The* Megarian *Maid*—— *Sylla*, Daughter of *Nisus* King of *Megara*, who falling in Love with *Minos*, betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treaſon, rejected her.

15. *Her who round*—— another *Sylla*, daughter of *Phorcis*, whoſe lower Parts were turned into Dogs by *Circe*; and ſhe, in diſpair, flung her ſelf into the Sea.

16. *Whoſe only Hope*—— *Ulyſſes*'s Ships were not loſt, though *Scylla* devoured ſeveral of his Men.

17. *Eurotas*—— a River in *Greece* whoſe Banks were ſhaded with Laurels; *Apollo* retired thither to lament the Death of his dear *Hyacinthus* whom he had accidentally killed.

THE

THE SEVENTH ECLOGUE.

Engliſhed by Mr. Adams.

This Eclogue is wholly Paſtoral, and conſiſts of the Contention of two Shepherds, Thyrſis *and* Coridon, *to the hearing of which,* Melibæus *was invited by* Daphnis, *and thus relates it.*

MELIBÆUS.

WHile *Daphnis* ſate beneath a whiſp'ring (ſhade,
Thyrſis and *Coridon* together fed (Wooll
Their mingling Flocks; his Sheep with ſofteſt
Where cloath'd, his Goats of ſweeteſt Milk were (full.
Both in the beauteous ſpring of blooming Youth,
The worthy Pride of bleſt *Arcadia* both;
Each with like Art, his tuneful Voice cou'd raiſe,
Each anſwer readily in Rural Lays;

Hither the father of my Flock had ſtray'd,
While Shelters I for my young Myrtles made;
Here I fair *Daphnis* ſaw; when me he ſpy'd,
Come hither quickly, gentle Youth! he cry'd.
Your Goat and Kids are ſafe, O ſeek not thoſe,
But if you've leiſure in this Shade repoſe:
Hither to water, the full Heifers tend, (ſcend,
When length'ning Shadows from the Hills de-
Mincius with Reeds here interweaves his bounds,
And from that ſacred Oak, a buſie ſwarm reſounds.
What ſhould I do? nor was *Alcippe* there,
Nor *Phillis*, who might of my Lambs take care;
Yet to my buſineſs, I their ſports prefer,
For the two Swains with great Ambition ſtrove,
Who beſt could tune his Reed, or beſt could ſing (his Love;
Alternate Verſe their ready Muſes choſe;
In verſe alternate each quick fancy flows;
Theſe ſang young *Coridon*, young *Thyrſis* thoſe.

CORIDON.

Ye much lov'd Muſes! ſuch a Verſe beſtow,
As does from *Codrus*, my lov'd *Codrus* flow,

Or

Or if all can't obtain the Gift Divine,
My Pipe I'll conſecrate on yonder Pine.

THYRSIS.

Y' *Arcadian* Swains with Ivy Wreaths adorn
Your Youth, that *Codrus* may with ſpite be torn;
Or, if he praiſe too much, apply ſome charm,
Leſt his ill Tongue your future Poet harm.

CORIDON.

Theſe branches of a Stag, this Wild-Boars Head,
By little *Mycon*'s, on thy Altar laid:
If this continue, *Delia!* thou ſhalt ſtand
Of ſmootheſt Marble by the skilful'ſt hand.

THYRSIS.

This Milk, theſe Cakes, *Priapus*, every year
Expect, a little Garden is thy care,
Thou'rt a Marble now, but if more Land I hold,
If my Flock thrive, thou ſhalt be made of Gold.

CORIDON.

O *Galatea!* ſweet as *Hyblas* Thyme; (Prime.
White as, more white, than Swans are in their
Come, when the Herds ſhall to their Stalls repair,
O come, if e'er thy *Coridon*'s thy care.

THYRSIS.

O may I harſh as bittereſt Herbs appear,
Rough as wild Myrtle, vile as Sea-Weeds are;
If years ſeem longer than this tedious day,
Haſte home my Glutton Herd, haſte haſte away.

CORIDON.

Ye Moſſie Springs! ye Paſtures! ſofter far
Than thoughtleſs hours of ſweeteſt ſlumbers are,
Ye Shades! protect my Flock, the Heats are near;
On the glad Vines the ſwelling Buds appear.

THYRSIS.

Here on my Hearth a conſtant flame does play,
And the fat Vapour paints the Roof each day;
Here we as much regard the cold North-wind
As Streams their banks, or Wolves do number (mind.

CORIDON.

Look how the Trees rejoyce in comely Pride,
While their ripe Fruit lies ſcatter'd on each ſide;
All nature ſmiles, but if *Alexis* ſtay,
From our ſad Hills the Rivers weep away.

THYR-

THYRSIS.

The dying Graſs, with ſickly Air does fade,
No Field's unparcht, no Vines our Hills do ſhade;
But if my *Phillis* come all ſprouts again,
And bounteous *Jove* deſcends in kindly Rain.

CORIDON.

Bacchus the Vine, the Lawrel *Phœbus* loves,
Fair *Venus* cheriſhes the Myrtle Groves, (Tree,
Phillis the Hazels loves, while *Phillis* loves that
Myrtles and Lawrels of leſs fame ſhall be.

THYRSIS.

The lofty Aſh is Glory of the Woods,
The Pine of Gardens, Poplar of the Floods;
If oft thy Swain fair *Lycidas* thou ſee,
To thee the Aſh ſhall yield, the Pine to thee.

MELIBÆUS.

Theſe I remember well
While vanquiſht *Thyrſis* did contend in vain,
Thence *Coridon*, young *Coridon*, does reign
The beſt the ſweeteſt on our wondring Plain.

THE

THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

Engliſhed by Mr. Stafford.

SAd *Damon's* and *Alpheſibœus* Muſe
I ſing: to hear whoſe Notes the Herds refuſe
Their needful food, the ſalvage Lynxes gaze,
And ſtopping Streams their preſſing waters raiſe.
I ſing ſad *Damon's* and *Alpheſibœus* Layes;
And Thou (whatever part is bleſt with thee,
The rough *Timavus*, or *Illyrian* Sea)
Smile on my Verſe: is there in fate an hour
To ſwell my numbers with my Emperour?
There is, and to the World there ſhall be known
A Verſe, that *Sophocles* might daign to own.
Amidſt the Laurels on thy Front Divine
Permit my humble Ivy wreath to twine:
Thine was my earlieſt Muſe, my lateſt ſhall be

Night

Night ſcarce was paſt, the Morn was yet ſo new,
And well pleas'd Herds yet roul'd upon the dew;
When *Damon* ſtretch'd beneath an Olive Lay,
And ſung, Riſe *Lucifer*, and bring the Day:
Riſe, riſe, while *Niſa*'s falſhood I deplore,
And call thoſe Gods to whom ſhe vainly ſwore,
To hear my ſad expiring Muſe and Me. (mony.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-

On *Mænalus* ſtand ever-echoing Groves,
Still truſted with the harmleſs Shepherds loves:
Here *Pan* reſides, who firſt made Reeds and Verſe
(agree.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-
(mony.

Mopſus is *Niſa*'s choice; how juſt are Lovers fears?
Now Mares with Griffins joyn, and following years
Shall ſee the Hound and Deer drink at a Spring.
O worthy Bridegroom light thy Torch, and fling
Thy Nuts, ſee modeſt *Heſper* quits the Sky. (mony.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-

O happy Nymph, bleſt in a wondrous choice,
For *Mopſus* you contemn'd my Verſe and Voice:
For him my Beard was ſhaggy in your Eye;
For him, you laugh'd at every Deity.
To *Menalus* my Pipes & Muſe tune all your harmony.

When firſt I ſaw thee young and charming too,
'Twas in the Fences, where our Apples grew.
My thirteenth year was downy on my chin,
And hardly could my hands the loweſt branches win;
How did I gaze? how did I gazing die?
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

I knew thee Love, on Mountains thou wert bred,
And *Thracian* Rocks thy infant fury fed:
Hard ſoul'd, and not of humane Progeny.
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

Love taught the cruel Mother to imbrue
Her hands in blood: 'twas Love her Children ſlew:

Was

Was ſhe more cruel, or more impious he?
An impious Child was Love, a cruel Mother ſhe.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

Now let the Lamb and Wolf no more be foes,
Let Oaks bear Peaches, and the Pine the Roſe;
From Reeds and Thiſtles, Balm and Amber ſpring,
And Owls and Daws provoke the Swan to ſing:
Let *Tityrus* in Woods with *Orpheus* vie,
And ſoft *Arion* on the Waves defie; harmony.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your

Let all be *Chaos* now, farewel ye Woods:
From yon high Cliff, I'll plung into the Floods.
O *Niſa* take this diſmal Legacy; mony.
Now ceaſe my Pipes and Muſe, ceaſe all your har-

Thus He, *Alpheſibæus* Song rehearſe:
Ye ſacred Nine above my Rural Verſe;
Bring Water, Altars bind with myſtick Bands,
Burn Gums and Vervain, and lift high the Wands;

We'll

We'll mutter ſacred Magick till it warms
My icy Swain; 'tis Verſe we want; my charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

By charms compell'd the trembling Moon deſcends,
And *Circe* chang'd, by Charms, *Ulyſſe*'s friends;
By Charms the Serpent burſt: ye powr'ful Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Behold his Image with three Fillets bound,
Which thrice I drag the ſacred Altars round.
Unequal numbers pleaſe the Gods: my Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Three knots of treble colour'd Silk we tye;
Haſte *Amaryllis*, knit 'em inſtantly:
And ſay, theſe, *Venus*, are thy Chains; my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Juſt as before this Fire the Wax and Clay
One melts, one hardens, let him waſte away.
Strew Corn and Salt, & burn thoſe leaves of Bay.

I burn theſe Leaves, but he burns me: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Let *Daphnis* rage as when the bellowing Kind,
Mad with deſire, run round the Woods to find
Their Mates; when tir'd, their trembling Limbs (they lay
Near ſome cool Stream, nor mind the ſetting day:
Thus let him rage, unpitied too: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Theſe Garments once were my perfidious Swains,
Which to the Earth I caſt: ah dear remains!
Ye owe my *Daphnis* to his Nymph: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Mæris himſelf theſe Herbs from *Pontus* brought,
Pontus for every noble Poyſon ſought;
Aided by theſe, he now a Wolf becomes,
Now draws the buried ſtalking from their Tombs.
The Corn from field to field tranſports: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Caſt o'er your Head the Aſhes in the Brook,
Caſt backwark o'er your Head, nor turn your look.
I ſtrive, but Gods and Art he ſlights: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Behold new flames from the dead Aſhes riſe,
Bleſt be the Omen, bleſt the Prodigies,
For *Hylax* barks, ſhall we believe our Eyes?
Or do we Lovers dream? ceaſe, ceaſe, my Charms,
My *Daphnis* comes, he comes, he flies into my Arms.

The ſame ECLOGUE,

By Mr. Chetwood.

I *Damon* and *Alphens* Love's recite,
The Shepherd's envy, and the Fields delight:
Whom as they ſtrove, the liſtening Heifers ſtood,
Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food;

They

They charm'd the rage of hungry Wolves, and led
The wandering Rivers from their wonted Bed.
I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,
The Shepher'ds Envy, and the Fields delight.

And you Great Prince, whoſe Empire unconfin'd,
As Earth, and Seas, yet narrower than your Mind,
Whether you with victorious Troops paſs o'er
Timavus Rocks, or coaſt th' *Illyrian* ſhore;
Shall I beginning with theſe Rural lays,
Ever my Muſe to ſuch perfection raiſe,
As without raſhneſs to attempt your praſe?
And thro' the ſubject World your Deeds rehearſe,
Deeds worthy of the Majeſty of Verſe!
My firſt Fruits now I to your Altar bring
You, with a riper Muſe, I laſt will ſing.
Mean while among your Lawrel Wreaths allow
This Ivy Branch to ſhade your Conquering Brow.

Scarce had the Sun diſpell'd the ſhades of Night,
Whilſt dewy browze the Cattel does invite;

When in a mournful posture, pale, and wan
The luckless *Damon* thus his plaints began.

Thus drowsie Star of Morning, come away,
Come and lead forth the sacred Lamp of day;
Whilst I by *Nisa* baffl'd and betray'd,
Dying to Heaven, accuse the perjur'd Maid.
But Prayers are all lost Breath; the Powers above
Give Dispensations for false Oaths in Love.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

'Tis a most blessed place, that *Arcady!*
And Shepherds bless'd, who in those Coverts lie!
Musick and Love is all their business there,
Pan doth himself part in those Consorts bear:
The vocal Pines with clasping Arms conspire,
To cool the Sun's, and fan their amorous Fire.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Mopsus

Mopſus does *Niſa* a cheap Conqueſt gain,
Preſented, woo'd, betroth'd to me in vain.
What hour ſecure, what reſpite to his Mind
In this falſe World can a poor Lover find?
Let Griffins, Mares, and Eagles Turtles wooe,
And tender Fawns the ravening Dogs purſue:
Theſe may indeed ſubject of wonder prove,
But nothing to this Prodigy of Love.
Mopſus buy Torches: *Hymen* you muſt joyn;
Beſpeak our *Bride-cake*, *Heſperus* all is thine.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

A worthy Match, and juſt reward of Pride!
Whilſt you both *Damon*, and his Pipe deride!
Too long my Beard, nor ſmooth enough my Face:
And with my Perſon, you my Flocks diſgrace.
There are *revenging Gods*, proud Nymphs, there are,
And injur'd Love is Heav'ns peculiar care.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Early I walk'd one Morn with careleſs thought
Your Mother you into our Garden brought,
And ruddy wildings round the Hedges ſought;
The faireſt Fruit, and glittering all with Dew,
(The Boughs were high, but yet) I reach'd for you:
I came, I ſaw, I gaz'd my heart away, (aſtray.
Me, and my Flocks, & all my Life that minute lead
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Now Love I know you, for my ſelf, too late:
But Shepherds take ye warning by my Fate.
Truſt not this flattering Voice, or ſmiling Face,
A *Canibal*, or born in rocky *Thrace*,
Not one of us, nor like the *Britiſh* Race,
She Wolves gave ſuck to the *pernicious Boy*,
The *Shepherds he*, *they* do the *Flocks* deſtroy.
Begin with me my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Miſchief is all his Sport; at his Commands,
In her Sons Blood *Medea* bath'd her hands;

A ſad unnatural Mother ſhe, 'tis true,
But *Love*, that Cruelty ſhe learn'd of *you*.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Nature which with this dotage hath begun,
Now into all extravagance will run:
The Tamarisk bright Amber ſhall diſtil,
And the courſe Alder bear ſoft Daffadil.
Shortly the Screech-*Owl*, with her boading Throat,
The *Swans* ſhall *Rival* in their *dying* note,
S..... and *O*..... the Bays ſhall claim,
And equal *Dr*.....'s and *Roſ*.....'s Fame.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

May the Work ſink with me! farewel ye Groves,
Haunts of my Youth, and Conſcious of my Loves:
Down from the Precipice my ſelf I'll caſt,
Accept this preſent *Niſa*— 'tis my laſt.
Then ceaſe, my Flute, for ever ceaſe thy ſtrains,
Bid a ſad ſilence through th' *Arcadian* Plains,

THE NINTH ECLOGUE.

By *Mr.* Dryden.

When Virgil *by the Favour of* Auguſtus *had recover'd his Patrimony near* Mantua, *and went in hope to take poſſeſſion, he was in danger to be ſlain by* Arius *the* Centurion, *to whom thoſe Lands were aſſign'd by the Emperour in Reward of his Service againſt* Brutus *and* Caſſius. *This* Eclogue *therefore is fill'd with complaints of his hard Uſage; and the Perſons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of* Virgil, *and his Friend.*

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

HO, *Moeris!* whither on thy way ſo faſt?
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O *Lycidas* at laſt
The time is come, I never thought to ſee,
(Strange revolution for my Farm and me)

When

When the grim Captain in ſurly tone
Cries out, Pack up ye Raſcals and be gone.
Kick'd out, we ſet the beſt face on't we cou'd,
And theſe two Kids, to' appeaſe his angry Mood
I bear, of which the Devil give him good.

LYCIDAS.

Good Gods, I heard a quite contrary Tale;
That from the ſloaping Mountain to the Vale,
And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas ſav'd his Fortune with a Song.

MOERIS.

Such was the News, indeed, but Songs and Rhimes
Prevail, as much in theſe hard Iron times,
As would a plume of trembling Fowl, that riſe
Againſt an Eagle ſouſing from the Skies.
And had not *Phœbus* warn'd me by the croak
Of an old Raven from a hallow Oak,
To ſhun debate, *Menalcas* had been ſlain,
And *Moeris* not ſurviv'd him to complain.

LYCIDAS.

NowHeaven defend! could barbarous rage prevail
So far, the ſacred Muſes to aſſail?

Who then ſhou'd ſing the Nymphs, or who rehearſe
The Waters gliding in a ſmoother Verſe!
Or *Amaryllis* praiſe that heavenly lay,
That ſhorten'd as we went, our tedious way;
O *Tityrus*, tend my Herd and ſee them fed
To Morning Paſtures Evening Waters led:
And ware the *Lybian* Ridgils butting Head.

MOERIS.

Or what unfiniſh'd He to *Varus* read;
Thy name, O *Varus* (if the kinder pow'rs (Tow'rs,
Preſerve our Plains, and ſhield the *Mantuan*
Obnoxious by *Cremonas* neighb'ring Crime,)
The Wings of Swans, and ſtronger pinion'd (Rhyme,
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above
Th' immortal Gift of gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, ſing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:
So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags diſtend,
And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend;

Mean

Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:
At leaſt the Shepherds ſeem to like my lays,
But I diſcern their flattery from their praiſe:
I nor to *Cinna*'s Ears, nor *Varus* dare aſpire;
But gabble like a Gooſe, amidſt the Swan-like (quire.

MOERIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
Nor are they Verſes of a Vulgar kind.
Come *Galatea*, come, the Seas forſake,
What pleaſures can the Tides with their hoarſe (murmurs make?
See on the Shore inhabits purple ſpring;
Where Nightingales their Love-ſick ditty ſing;
See Meads with purling Sreams, with Flow'rs (the Ground
The Grottoes cool, with ſhady Poplars crown'd,
And creeping Vines to Arbours weav'd around.
Come then and leave the Waves tumultuous roar,
Let the wild ſurges vainly beat the ſhore.

LY-

LYCIDAS.

Or that ſweet Song I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry Night;
The tune I ſtill retain, but not the words.

MOERIS.

Why, *Daphnis*, doſt thou ſearch in old Records,
To know the ſeaſons when the Stars ariſe?
See *Cæſars* Lamp is lighted in the Skies:
The Star, whoſe Rays the bluſhing Grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly ripening Ears of Corn.
Under this influence, graft the tender Shoot;
Thy Childrens Children ſhall enjoy the Fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for Cares and Time
Change all things, and untune my Soul to rhime:
I cou'd have once ſung down a Summers Sun,
But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
My Voice grows hoarſe; I feel the Notes decay,
As if the Wolves had ſeen me firſt to day.
But theſe, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint Excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the Waves roul ſilent to the ſhore.
Huſh't Winds the topmoſt Branches ſcarcely bend
As if thy tuneful Song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can diſcern *Bianor*'s Tomb; (Bow'r
Here, where the Labourers hands have form'd a
Of wreathing Trees, in ſinging waſte an hour.
Reſt here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
We've day before us, yet to reach the Town:
Or if ere night the gathering Clouds we fear,
A Song will help the beating ſtorm to bear.
And that thou maiſt not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll eaſe thy Shoulders of thy load.

MOERIS.

Ceaſe to entreat me, let us mind our way;
Another Song requires another day.
When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoyce,
And find a friend at Court, I'll find a Voice.

THE

THE TENTH ECLOGUE.

GALLUS.

Engliſhed by Mr. Stafford.

SIcilian Nymph, aſſiſt my mournful ſtrains;
The laſt I ſing in Rural Notes to Swains:
Grant then a Verſe ſo tender and ſo true,
As even *Lycoris* may with pity view:
Who can deny a Verſe to Grief and *Gallus* due?
So, when thy Waters paſs beneath the Tide,
Secure from briny mixture may they glide.
Begin my *Gallus* Love and hapleſs Vows;
While, on the tender Twigs, the Cattel browſe:
Nothing is deaf; Woods liſten, while they ſing,
And echoing Groves reſound and Mountains ring.

Ye

Ye *Naiades*, what held you from his aid,
When to unpiti'd flames he was betray'd?
Nor *Aganippe* tempted you away,
Nor was *Parnassus* guilty of your stay:
The Bays, whose honours he so long had kept,
The lofty Bays and humble Herbage wept.
When stretcht beneath a Rock, he sigh'd alone,
The Mountain pines and *Menalus* did groan,
And cold *Lycæus* wept from every stone.
His Flock surrounded him: nor think thy fame
Impair'd (great Poet) by a Shepherd's name;
Ere thou and I our Sheep to Pastures led,
His Flocks the Goddess lov'd *Adonis* fed.
The Shepherds came; the sluggish Neat-herd (Swains,
And Swine-herds reeking from their Mast and (Grains.
All askt from whence this frenzy? *Phœbus* came
To see his Poet, *Phœbus* askt the same:

And

And is (he cry'd) that cruel Nymph thy care,
Who, flying thee, can for thy Rival dare
The Frosts, and Snow, and all the frightful forms
(of War.
Sylvanus came, thy fortune to deplore;
A Wreath of Lillies on his Head he wore.
Pan came, and wondring we beheld him too,
His Skin all dy'd of a Vermilion hue:
He cry'd, what mad designs dost thou pursue?
Nor satisfy'd with Dew the Grass appears,
With browze the Kids nor cruel Love with Tears.
When thus (and sorrow melted in his Eyes)
Gallus to his *Arcadian* friends replies:
Ye gentle Swains, sing to the Rocks my moan,
(For you *Arcadian* Swains shou'd sing alone:)
How calm a rest my wearied Ghost wou'd have,
If you adorn'd my Love and mourn'd my Grave?
O that your birth and business had been mine,
To feed a Flock, or press the swelling Vine!
Had *Phillis*, or had *Galatea* been
My Love, or any Maid upon the Green,

(What if her Face the Nut-brown Livery wear,
Are Violets not ſweet, becauſe not fair?)
Secure in that unenvied ſtate, among
The Poplars, I my careleſs Limbs had flung;
Phillis had made me Wreaths, and *Galatea* ſung.
Behold, fair Nymph, what bliſs the Country yields
The flowry Meads, the purling Streams, the laughing Fields.
Next all the Pleaſures of the Foreſt ſee,
Where I could melt away my years with Thee.
But furious Love denies me ſoft repoſe,
And hurls me on the pointed Spears of Foes.
While thou (but ah! that I ſhould find it ſo,
Without thy *Gallus* for thy Guide, doſt go
Through all the *German* Colds, and *Alpine* Snow.
Yet, flying me, no hardſhip maiſt thou meet;
Nor Snow nor Ice offend thoſe tender Feet.
But let me run to Deſarts, and rehearſe
On my *Sicilian* Reeds *Euphorion*'s Verſe;
Ev'n in the Dens of Monſters let me lie,
Thoſe I can tame, but not your cruelty.

On

On ſmootheſt rinds of Trees, I'll carve my woe;
And as the rinds encreaſe, the love ſhall grow.
Then, mixt with Nymphs, on *Menalus* reſort,
I'll make the Boar my danger and my ſport.
When, from the Vales the jolly cry reſounds,
What rain or cold ſhall keep me from my Hounds?
Methinks my Ears the ſprightly conſort fills;
I ſeem to bound thrô' Woods and mount o'er Hills.
My Arm of a *Cydonian* Javelin ſeiz'd,
As if by this my madneſs cou'd be eas'd;
Or, by our mortal woes, the cruel God appeas'd.
My frenzy changes now; and Nymphs and Verſe (I hate,
And Woods; for ah, what toil can ſtubborn (Love abate!
Shou'd we to drink the frozen *Hebrus* go,
And ſhiver in the cold *Sythonian* Snow,
Or to the ſwarthy *Ethiopes* Clime remove,
Parcht all below, and burning all above,
Ev'n there wou'd Love o'ercome; then, let us (yield to Love.

Let

Let this ſad Lay ſuffice, by ſorrow breath'd,
While bending Twigs I into Baskets wreath'd:
My Rural Numbers, in their homely guiſe,
Gallus, becauſe they came from me, will prize:
Gallus, whoſe growing Love my Breaſt does rend,
As ſhooting Trees the burſting Bark diſtend.
Now riſe, for Night and Dew the Fields invade;
And *Juniper* is an unwholeſome ſhade:
Blaſts kill the Corn by night, and Flow'rs with (Mildew fade.
Bright *Heſper* twinkles from afar; away
My Kid, for you have had a feaſt to day

THE LAST ECLOGUE,

Translated, or rather Imitated, in the Year 1666.

ONe labour more, O *Arethusa*, yield
Before I leave the Shepherds and the Field:
Some Verses to my *Gallus* ere we part,
Such as may one day break *Licoris* Heart,
As she did his, who can refuse a Song,
To one that lov'd so well, and dy'd so young!
So may'st thou thy belov'd *Alpheus* please,
When thou creep'st under the *Sicanian* Seas.
Begin and sing *Gallus*, unhappy fires,
Whilst yonder Goat to yonder branch aspires
Out of his reach. We sing not to the deaf;
An answer comes from every trembling Leaf.
What Woods, what Forests had intic'd your stay?
Ye *Nyades*, why came ye not away?

When

When *Gallus* dy'd by an unworthy Flame,
Parnaſſus knew, and lov'd too well his Name
To ſtop your courſe; nor could your haſty flight
Be ſtay'd by *Pindus*, which was his delight.
Him the freſh Lawrels, him the lowly Heath
Bewail'd with dewy Tears; his parting Breath
Made lofty *Mænalus* hang his piny Head;
Lycæan Marbles wept when he was dead.
Under a lovely Tree he lay and pin'd,
His Flock about him feeding on the Wind,
As he on love; ſuch kind and gentle Sheep,
Even fair *Adonis* would be proud to keep.
There came the Shepherds, there the weary Hinds,
Thither *Menalcas* parcht with Froſt and Winds.
All ask him whence, for whom this fatal Love,
Apollo came his Arts and Herbs to prove?
Why *Gallus?* why ſo fond, he ſays, thy flame,
Thy care, *Licoris*, is another's game;
For him ſhe ſighs and raves, him ſhe purſues
Thorough the mid-day heats and morning-dews;
Over the ſnowy Cliffs and frozen Streams,
Through noiſy Camps. Up *Gallus*, leave thy dreams.

She has left thee. Still lay the dropping Swain
Hanging his mournful head, *Phœbus* in vain
Offers his Herbs, imploys his Counsel here;
'Tis all refus'd, or answer'd with a tear. (Trees
What shakes the Branches! what makes all the
Begin to bow their heads, the Goats their Knees?
Oh! 'tis *Sylvanus*, with his mossie Beard
And leafy Crown, attended by a Herd
Of Wood-born Satyrs; see! he shakes his Spear,
A green young Oak, the tallest of the year.
Pan, the *Arcadian* God, forsook the Plains,
Mov'd with the story of his *Gallus* pains.
We saw him come with Oaten-pipes in hand,
Painted with Berries-juice; we saw him stand
And gaze upon his Shepherds bathing Eyes;
And what, no end, no end of grief he cries!
Love little minds all thy consuming care,
Or restless thoughts, they are his daily fare.
Nor cruel Love with tears, nor Grass with show'rs,
Nor Goats with tender sprouts, nor Bees with flow'rs
Are ever satisfy'd. Thus spoke the God,
And toucht the Shepherd with his Hazle-Rod:

He,

He, ſorrow ſlain, ſeem'd to revive, and ſaid,
But yet *Arcadians* is my grief allay'd,
To think that in theſe Woods, and Hills, & Plains,
When I am ſilent in the Grave, your Swains
Shall ſing my Loves, *Arcadian* Swains inſpir'd
By *Phœbus*; Oh! how gently ſhall theſe tir'd
And fainting Limbs repoſe in endleſs ſleep,
Whilſt your ſweet Notes my love immortal keep!
Would it had pleas'd the Gods, I had been born
Juſt one of you, and taught to wind a Horn,
Or weild a Hook, or prune a branching Vine,
And known no other Love, but, *Phillis*, thine;
Or thine, *Amyntas*; what though both are brown,
So are the Nuts and Berries on the Down,
Amongſt the Vines, the Willows and the Springs,
Phillis makes Garlands, and *Amyntas* ſings.
No cruel abſence calls my Love away,
Further than bleeting Sheep can go aſtray,
Here my *Licoris*, here are ſhady Groves,
Here Fountains cool, and Meadows ſoft, our loves
And lives may here together wear and end:
O the true Joys of ſuch a Fate and Friend!

I now am hurried by the ſevere Commands,
Into remoteſt Parts, among the Bands
Of armed Troops; there by my Foes purſu'd;
Here by my Friends; but ſtill by love ſubdu'd.
Thou far from home, and me, art wandring o'er
The *Alpine* Snows, the farthest Weſtern ſhore,
The frozen *Rhine*. When are we like to meet?
Ah, gently, gently, leaſt thy tender Feet
Be cut with Ice. Cover thy lovely Arms;
The Northern cold relents not at their Charms:
Away I'll go into ſome ſhady Bowers,
And ſing the Songs I made in happier hours,
And charm my woes. How can I better chuſe,
Then amongſt wildeſt Woods my ſelf to loſe,
And carve our Loves upon the tender Trees;
There they will thrive? See how my love agrees,
With the young Plants: look how they grow (together,
In ſpight of Abſence, and in ſpight of Weather.
Mean while, I'll climb that Rock, and ramble o'er
Yon wooddy Hill; I'll chaſe the grizly Boar,

I'll

I'll find *Diana*'s and her Nymphs reſort;
No Froſts, no Storms, ſhall ſlack my eager Sport.
Methinks I'm wandring all about the Rocks
And hollow ſounding Woods: look how my Locks
Are torn with Boughs and Thorns; my Shafts are (gone,
My Legs are tir'd, and all my Sport is done.
Alas! this is no cure for my Diſeaſe;
Nor can our toils that angry God appeaſe. (more,
Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can pleaſe me
Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar:
No ſport, no labour, can divert my grief:
Without *Licoris* there is no relief.
Though I ſhould drink up *Heber*'s Icy Streams,
Or *Scythian* Snows, yet ſtill her fiery Beams
Would ſcorch me up. Whatever we can prove,
Love conquers all, and we muſt yield to Love.

FINIS.

I'll find *Diana's* and her Nymphs resort;
No Frosts, no Storms, shall slack my eager Sport.
Methinks I'm wandring all about the Rocks
And hollow sounding Woods: look how my Locks
Are torn with Boughs and Thorns; my Shafts are (gone,
My Legs are tir'd, and all my Sport is done.
Alas! this is no cure for my Disease;
Nor can our toils that angry God appease. (more,
Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can please me
Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chased Boat:
No sport, no labour, can divert my grief:
Without *Licoris* there is no relief.
Though I should drink up *Heber's* Icy Stresms,
Or *Scythian* Snows, yet still her fiery Beams
Would scorch me up. Whatever we can prove,
Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.

FINIS.

SYLVÆ:

OR, THE

Second Part

OF

POETICAL Miſcellanies.

——*Non deficit alter*
Aureus; & ſimili frondeſcit virga metallo. Virg.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges-Head*
in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleetſtreet*, 1685.

PREFACE.

FOr this last half Year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of Translation; the cold Prose fits of it, (which are always the most tedious with me) were spent in the History of the League; the hot, (which succeeded them) in this Volume of Verse Miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to my self a kind of ease in the change of the Paroxism; never suspecting but that the humour wou'd have wasted it self in two or three Pastorals of Theocritus, and as many Odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them, than my ordinary productions, I encourag'd my self to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and im-

mediately fix'd upon ſome parts of them which had moſt affected me in the reading. Theſe were my natural Impulſes for the undertaking: But there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occaſion of it. It was my Lord Roſcomon's *Eſſay on tranſlated Verſe, which made me uneaſie till I try'd whether or no I was capable of following his Rules, and of reducing the ſpeculation into practice. For many a fair Precept in Poetry, is like a ſeeming Demonſtration in the Mathematicks; very ſpecious in the Diagram, but failing in the Mechanick Operation. I think I have generally obſerv'd his inſtructions; I am ſure my reaſon is ſufficiently convinc'd both of their truth and uſefulneſs; which, in other words, is to confeſs no leſs a vanity than to pretend that I have at leaſt in ſome places made Examples to his Rules. Yet withall, I muſt acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my Commiſſion; for I have both added and omitted, and even ſometimes very boldly made ſuch expoſitions of my Authors, as no* Dutch *Commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in ſuch particular paſſages, I have thought*

thought that I discover'd some beauty yet undiscover'd by those Pedants, which none but a Poet cou'd have found. Where I have taken away some of their Expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek *or* Latin, *wou'd not appear so shining in the* English: *And where I have enlarg'd them, I desire the false Criticks wou'd not always think that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduc'd from him: or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an* Englishman, *they are such, as he wou'd probably have written.*

For, after all, a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming at possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of Drawing after the Life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the Out-lines true, the Features like, the Proportions exact, the Colouring it self perhaps tolerable, and

another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the Spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without some indignation, look on an ill Copy of an excellent Original: Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, *and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my Life to imitate, so abus'd, as I may say to their Faces by a botching Interpreter. What* English *Readers unacquainted with* Greek *or* Latin *will believe me or any other Man, when we commend those Authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their Fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our* Ogleby's *have Translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull Translation, than his Carcass would be to his living Body. There are many who understand* Greek *and* Latin, *and yet are ignorant of their Mother Tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the* English *are known to few; 'tis impossible ever for a good Wit, to understand and practice them without the help of a liberal Education, long Reading, and digesting of those few good Authors*

thors we have amongſt us, the knowledge of Men and Manners, the freedom of habitudes and converſation with the beſt company of both Sexes; and in ſhort, without wearing off the ruſt which he contracted, while he was laying in a ſtock of Learning. Thus difficult it is to underſtand the purity of Engliſh, *and critically to diſcern not only good Writers from bad, and a proper ſtile from a corrupt, but alſo to diſtinguiſh that which is pure in a good Author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all theſe requiſites, or the greateſt part of them, moſt of our ingenious young Men, take up ſome cry'd up* Engliſh *Poet for their Model, adore him, and imitate him as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is Boyiſh and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his Subject, or his Expreſſions unworthy of his Thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears neceſſary that a Man ſhou'd be a nice Critick in his Mother Tongue, before he attempts to Tranſlate a foreign Language. Neither is it ſufficient that he be able to Judge of Words and Stile; but he muſt be a Maſter of*

them too: He must perfectly understand his Authors Tongue, and absolutely command his own: So that to be a thorow Translatour, he must be a thorow Poet. Neither is it enough to give his Authors sence, in good English, in Poetical expressions, and in Musical numbers: For, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few Translatours have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the Character of an Author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you wou'd interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the Style and Versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different: Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have Translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several Talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of Numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the Originals, I shou'd never be able to Judge by the Copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble Painter,

ter, that he drew many graceful Pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, becauſe he always ſtudied himſelf more than thoſe who ſate to him. In ſuch Tranſlatours I can eaſily diſtinguiſh the hand which perform'd the Work, but I cannot diſtinguiſh their Poet from another. Suppoſe two Authors are equally ſweet, yet there is a great diſtinction to be made in ſweetneſs, as in that of Sugar, and that of Honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you, (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my Tranſlations out of four ſeveral Poets in this Volume; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius and Horace. In each of theſe, before I undertook them, I conſider'd, the Genius and diſtinguiſhing Character of my Author. I look'd on Virgil, as a ſuccinct and grave Majeſtick Writer; one who weigh'd not only every thought, but every Word and Syllable. Who was ſtill aiming to crowd his ſence into as narrow a compaſs as poſsibly he cou'd; for which reaſon he is ſo very Figurative, that he requires, (I may almoſt ſay) a Grammar apart to conſtrue him. His Verſe is every where ſounding the very

ry thing in your Ears, whoſe ſence it bears: Yet the Numbers are perpetually varied, to increaſe the delight of the Reader; ſo that the ſame ſounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid *and* Claudian, *though they Write in Styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one ſort of Muſick in their Verſes. All the verſification, and little variety of* Claudian, *is included within the compaſs of four or five Lines, and then he begins again in the ſame tenour; perpetually cloſing his ſence at the end of a Verſe, and that Verſe commonly which they call golden, or two Subſtantives and two Adjectives with a Verb betwixt them to keep the peace.* Ovid *with all his ſweetneſs, has as little variety of Numbers and ſound as he: He is always as it were upon the Hand-gallop, and his Verſe runs upon Carpet ground. He avoids like the other all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one Vowel when it comes before another, in the following word: So that minding only ſmoothneſs, he wants both Variety and Majeſty. But to return to* Virgil, *though he is ſmooth where ſmoothneſs is requir'd, yet he is ſo far from affecting it, that*

that he ſeems rather to diſdain it. Frequently makes uſe of Synalæpha's, and concludes his ſence in the middle of his Verſe. He is every where above conceipts of Epigrammatick Wit, and groſs Hyperboles: He maintains Majeſty in the midſt of plaineſs; he ſhines, but glares not; and is ſtately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. *I drew my definition of Poetical Wit from my particular conſideration of him: For propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleaſure follows of neceſsity, as the effect does the cauſe; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of* Virgil, *I particularly regarded, as a great part of his Character; but muſt confeſs to my ſhame, that I have not been able to Tranſlate any part of him ſo well, as to make him appear wholly like himſelf. For where the Original is cloſe, no Verſion can reach it in the ſame compaſs.* Hannibal Caro's *in the* Italian, *is the neareſt, the moſt Poetical, and the moſt Sonorous of any Tranſlation of the* Æneids; *yet, though he takes the advantage of blank Verſe, he commonly allows*

two

two Lines for one of Virgil, *and does not always hit his ſence.* Taſſo *tells us in his Letters, that* Sperone Speroni, *a great* Italian *Wit, who was his Contemporary, obſerv'd of* Virgil *and* Tully; *that the* Latin *Oratour, endeavour'd to imitate the Copiouſneſs of* Homer *the* Greek *Poet; and that the* Latine *Poet, made it his buſineſs to reach the conciſeneſs of* Demoſthenes *the* Greek *Oratour.* Virgil *therefore being ſo very ſparing of his words, and leaving ſo much to be imagin'd by the Reader, can never be tranſlated as he ought, in any modern Tongue: To make him Copious is to alter his Character; and to Tranſlate him Line for Line is impoſſible; becauſe the* Latin *is naturally a more ſuccinct Language, than either the* Italian, Spaniſh, French, *or even than the* Engliſh, *(which by reaſon of its Monoſyllables is far the moſt compendious of them)* Virgil *is much the cloſeſt of any* Roman *Poet, and the* Latin *Hexameter, has more Feet than the* Engliſh *Heroick.*

Beſides all this, an Author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a Tranſlatour has not; he is confin'd by the ſence of the Inven-

tor

tor to thoſe expreſsions, which are the neareſt to it: So that Virgil ſtudying brevity, and having the command of his own Language, cou'd bring thoſe words into a narrow compaſs, which a Tranſlatour cannot render without Circumlocutions. In ſhort they who have call'd him the torture of Grammarians, might alſo have call'd him the plague of Tranſlatours; for he ſeems to have ſtudied not to be Tranſlated. I own that endeavouring to turn his Niſus and Euryalus as cloſe as I was able; I have perform'd that Epiſode too literally; that giving more ſcope to Mezentius and Lauſus, that Verſion which has more of the Majeſty of Virgil, has leſs of his conciſeneſs; and all that I can promiſe for my ſelf, is only that I have done both, better than Ogleby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So, that methinks I come like a Malefactor, to make a Speech upon the Gallows, and to warn all other Poets, by my ſad example, from the Sacrilege of Tranſlating Virgil. Yet, by conſidering him ſo carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made ſome faint reſemblance of him; and had I taken more time, might poſsibly have ſucceeded better;

ter; but never ſo well, as to have ſatisfied my ſelf.

He who excells all other Poets in his own Language, were it poſsible to do him right, muſt appear above them in our Tongue, which, as my Lord Roſcomon *juſtly obſerves approaches neareſt to the* Roman *in its Majeſty: Neareſt indeed, but with a vaſt interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in* Virgils *words, and in them principally conſiſts that beauty, which gives ſo unexpreſsible a pleaſure to him who beſt underſtands their force; this Diction of his, I muſt once again ſay, is never to be Copied, and ſince it cannot, he will appear but lame in the beſt Tranſlation. The turns of his Verſe, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our Language, and the haſtineſs of my performance wou'd allow. I may ſeem ſometimes to have varied from his ſence; but I think the greateſt variations may be fairly deduc'd from him; and where I leave his Commentators, it may be I underſtand him better: At leaſt I Writ without conſulting them in many places. But two particular*

ticular Lines in Mezentius *and* Lauſus, *I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe; they are indeed remotely ally'd to* Virgils *ſence; but they are too like the trifling tenderneſs of* Ovid; *and were Printed before I had conſider'd them enough to alter them: The firſt of them I have forgotten, and cannot eaſily retrieve, becauſe the Copy is at the Preſs: The ſecond is this;*

---When *Lauſus* dy'd, I was already ſlain.

This appears pretty enough at firſt ſight, but I am convinc'd for many reaſons, that the expreſsion is too bold, that Virgil *wou'd not have ſaid it, though* Ovid *wou'd. The Reader may pardon it, if he pleaſe, for the freeneſs of the confeſsion; and inſtead of that, and the former, admit theſe two Lines which are more according to the Author,*

Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that deſign;
As I had us'd my Fortune, uſe thou thine.

Having

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, *I have in the next place to conſider the genius of* Lucretius, *whom I have Tranſlated more happily in thoſe parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the beſt age of* Roman *Poetry, he was at leaſt of that which preceded it; and he himſelf refin'd it to that degree of perfection, both in the Language and the thoughts, that he left an eaſie task to* Virgil; *who as he ſucceeded him in time, ſo he Copy'd his excellencies: for the method of the* Georgicks *is plainly deriv'd from him.* Lucretius *had choſen a Subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorn'd it with Poetical deſcriptions, and Precepts of Morality, in the beginning and ending of his Books. Which you ſee* Virgil *has imitated with great ſucceſs, in thoſe four Books, which in my Opinion are more perfect in their kind, than even his Divine* Æneids. *The turn of his Verſe he has likewiſe follow'd, in thoſe places which* Lucretius *has moſt labour'd, and ſome of his very Lines he has tranſplanted into his own Works, without much variation. If I am not miſtaken, the diſtinguiſhing Character of*

of Lucretius; (*I mean of his Soul and Genius*) *is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his Opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command not only over his vulgar Reader, but even his Patron* Memmius. *For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the Rod over him; and using a Magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of* Malmsbury. *This is that perpetual Dictatorship, which is exercis'd by* Lucretius; *who though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal* bonâ fide *with his Reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe he differs from our* Hobbs, *who cou'd not but be convinc'd, or at least doubt of some eternal Truths which he has oppos'd. But for* Lucretius, *he seems to disdain all manner of Replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before hand with his Antagonists; Urging for them, whatever he imagin'd they cou'd say, and leaving them as he supposes, without an objection for the future. All this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were*

assur'd of the Triumph, before he enter'd into the Lists. From this sublime and daring Genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be Masculine, full of Argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his Expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his Verse, where the barrenness of his Subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his Fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he cou'd have been every where as Poetical, as he is in his Descriptions, and in the Moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct in his Systeme of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius *a Materialist, and teaching him to defie an invisible power: In short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations which I had of that Author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I lay'd by my natural Diffidence and Scepticism for a while, to take up that Dogmatical way of his, which as I said, is so much his Character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his Opinions concern-*

cerning the mortality of the Soul, they are ſo abſurd, that I cannot if I wou'd believe them. I think a future ſtate demonſtrable even by natural Arguments; at leaſt to take away rewards and puniſhments, is only a pleaſing proſpect to a Man, who reſolves before hand not to live morally. But on the other ſide, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden unſupportable to a vertuous Man, even though a Heathen. We naturally aim at happineſs, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the ſhortneſs of our preſent Being, eſpecially when we conſider that vertue is generally unhappy in this World, and vice fortunate. So that 'tis hope of Futurity alone, that makes this Life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who wou'd not commit all the exceſſes to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with ſecurity while he is alive, and be uncapable of puniſhment after he is dead! if he be cunning and ſecret enough to avoid the Laws, there is no band of morality to reſtrain him: For Fame and Reputation are weak ties; many men have not the leaſt ſence of them: Powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conduce to their intereſt,

and that not always when a paſsion is predominant; and no Man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may ſafely tranſgreſs them. Theſe are my thoughts abſtractedly, and without entring into the Notions of our Chriſtian Faith, which is the proper buſineſs of Divines.

But there are other Arguments in this Poem (which I have turn'd into Engliſh,*) not belonging to the Mortality of the Soul, which are ſtrong enough to a reaſonable Man, to make him leſs in love with Life, and conſequently in leſs apprehenſions of Death. Such as are the natural Satiety, proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the ſame things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him uncapable of corporeal pleaſures; the decay of underſtanding and memory, which render him contemptible and uſeleſs to others; theſe and many other reaſons ſo pathetically urg'd, ſo beautifully expreſs'd, ſo adorn'd with examples, and ſo admirably rais'd by the* Proſopopeia *of Nature, who is brought in ſpeaking to her Children, with ſo much authority and vigour, deſerve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unſucceſ-*

ceſsful, or unworthy of my Author. At leaſt I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleas'd with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me, and that I am not diſſatisfied upon the review, of any thing I have done in this Author.

'Tis true, there is ſomething, and that of ſome moment, to be objected againſt my Engliſhing *the Nature of Love, from the Fourth Book of* Lucretius: *And I can leſs eaſily anſwer why I Tranſlated it, than why I thus Tranſlated it. The Objection ariſes from the Obſcenity of the Subject; which is aggravated by the too lively, and alluring delicacy of the Verſes. In the firſt place, without the leaſt Formality of an excuſe, I own it pleas'd me: and let my Enemies make the worſt they can of this Confeſsion; I am not yet ſo ſecure from that paſsion, but that I want my Authors Antidotes againſt it. He has given the trueſt and moſt Philoſophical account both of the Diſeaſe and Remedy, which I ever found in any Author: For which reaſons I Tranſlated him. But it will be ask'd why I turn'd him into this luſcious* Engliſh, *(for I will not give it a worſe word:) inſtead of an anſwer, I wou'd*

ask again of my Supercilious Adversaries, whether I am not bound when I Translate an Author, to do him all the right I can, and to Translate him to the best advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am satisfi'd was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wrong'd him; and that freeness of thought and words, being thus cashier'd in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. *If nothing of this kind be to be read, Physicians must not study Nature, Anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I cou'd say of particular passages in Books, which to avoid prophaness I do not name: But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my Authors were to instruct as well as please. Tis most certain that barefac'd Bawdery is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable: If I shou'd say otherwise, I shou'd have two great authorities against me: The one is the Essay on Poetry, which I publickly valued before I knew the Author of it, and with the commendation of which, my Lord* Roscomon *so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse: The other is no less than our admir'd*

mir'd Cowley; *who ſays the ſame thing in other words: For in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it;*

Much leſs can that have any place
At which a Virgin hides her Face:
Such droſs the fire muſt purge away; 'tis juſt
The Author bluſh, there where the Reader muſt.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley *goes farther than the Eſſay; for he aſſerts plainly that obſcenity has no place in Wit; the other only ſays, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill ſort of Wit, which has nothing more to ſupport it than bare-fac'd Ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in it ſelf, and fulſome to the Reader. But neither of theſe will reach my caſe: For in the firſt place, I am only the Tranſlatour, not the Inventor; ſo that the heavieſt part of the cenſure falls upon* Lucretius, *before it reaches me: in the next place, neither he nor I have us'd the groſſeſt words; but the cleanlieſt Metaphors we cou'd find, to palliate the broadneſs of the meaning; and to conclude, have carried the Poetical part no farther, than the Philoſophical exacted. There is one miſtake of mine which I*

will not lay to the Printers charge, who has enough to answer for in false pointings: 'tis in the word Viper: *I wou'd have the Verse run thus,*

The Scorpion, Love, must on the wound be bruis'd.

There are a sort of blundering half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a Verbal slip; though Horace *wou'd instruct them better in true Criticism:* Non ego paucis offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parùm cavit natura. *True judgment in Poetry, like that in Painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the Faults, concludes for the Poet against the little Judge; 'tis a sign that malice is hard driven, when 'tis forc'd to lay hold on a Word or Syllable; to arraign a Man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill natur'd Generation of Scriblers, there is always Justice enough left in Mankind, to protect good Writers: And they too are oblig'd, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each others cause, against false Criticks, who are the common Enemies. This last consideration puts me in mind of what*

what I owe to the Ingenious and Learned Tranſlatour of Lucretius; I have not here deſign'd to rob him of any part of that commendation, which he has ſo juſtly acquir'd by the whole Author, whoſe Fragments only fall to my Portion. What I have now perform'd, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago: The ways of our Tranſlation are very different; he follows him more cloſely than I have done; which became an Interpreter of the whole Poem. I take more liberty, becauſe it beſt ſuited with my deſign, which was to make him as pleaſing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he us'd my method in ſo long a work, and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my buſineſs to Tranſlate the whole. The preference then is juſtly his; and I joyn with Mr. Evelyn in the confeſſion of it, with this additional advantage to him; that his Reputation is already eſtabliſh'd in this Poet, mine is to make its Fortune in the World. If I have been any where obſcure, in following our common Author, or if Lucretius himſelf is to be condemnd, I refer my ſelf to his excellent Annotations, which I have often read, and always with ſome new pleaſure.

My Preface begins already to ſwell upon me, and looks

looks as if I were afraid of my Reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him; and yet I have Horace *and* Theocritus *upon my hands; but the* Greek *Gentleman shall quickly be dispatch'd, because I have more business with the* Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus *from all other Poets, both* Greek *and* Latin, *and which raises him even above* Virgil *in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions; and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a Pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shows his Art and Learning by disguising both. His Shepherds never rise above their Country Education in their complaints of Love: There is the same difference betwixt him and* Virgil, *as there is betwixt* Tasso's Aminta, *and the Pastor* Fido *of* Guarini. Virgils *Shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of* Epicurus *and of* Plato; *and* Guarini's *seem to have been bred in Courts. But* Theocritus *and* Tasso, *have taken theirs from Cottages and Plains. It was said of* Tasso, *in relation to his similitudes,* Mai esce del Bosco: *That he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the Country: The same may be said, of our* Theocritus;

tus; *he is ſofter than* Ovid, *he touches the paſſions more delicately; and performs all this out of his own* Fond, *without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a ſupply. Even his Dorick Dialect has an incomparable ſweetneſs in its Clowniſhneſs, like a fair Shepherdeſs in her Country Ruſſet, talking in a* Yorkſhire *Tone. This was impoſſible for* Virgil *to imitate; becauſe the ſeverity of the* Roman *Language denied him that advantage.* Spencer *has endeavour'd it in his Shepherds Calendar; but neither will it ſucceed in* Engliſh, *for which reaſon I forbore to attempt it, For* Theocritus *writ to* Sicilians, *who ſpoke that Dialect; and I direct this part of my Tranſlations to our Ladies, who neither underſtand, nor will take pleaſure in ſuch homely expreſſions. I proceed to* Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be conſider'd in his three different Talents, as he was a Critick, a Satyriſt, and a Writer of Odes. His Morals are uniform, and run through all of them; For let his Dutch *Commentatours ſay what they will, his Philoſophy was Epicurean; and he made uſe of Gods and providence, only to ſerve a turn in Poetry. But ſince neither his Criticiſms (which are*

the

the most instructive of any that are written in this Art) nor his Satyrs (which are incomparably beyond Juvenals, *if to laugh and rally, is to be preferr'd to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my present undertaking, I confine my self wholly to his Odes: These are also of several sorts; some of them are Panegyrical, others Moral, the rest Jovial, or (if I may so call them)* Bacchanalian. *As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate* Pindar, *yet in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his Subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that* Theban *Poet is his Master. But* Horace *is of the more bounded Fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of Verse, or Stanza in every Ode. That which will distinguish his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and the numerousness of his Verse; there is nothing so delicately turn'd in all the Roman Language. There appears in every part of his Diction, or, (to speak* English) *in all his Expressions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are chosen with as much exactness as* Virgils; *but there seems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a secret Happiness attends his Choice,*

which

which in Petronius *is call'd* Curioſa Felicitas, *and which I ſuppoſe he had from the* Feliciter audere *of* Horace *himſelf. But the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of all his Character, ſeems to me, to be his Briskneſs, his Jollity, and his good Humour: And thoſe I have chiefly endeavour'd to Coppy; his other Excellencies, I confeſs are above my Imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to tranſlate in Pindarique Verſe: 'tis that which is inſcribd to the preſent Earl of* Rocheſter, *to whom I have particular Obligations, which this ſmall Teſtimony of my Gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his Darling in the* Latine, *and I have taken ſome pains to make it my Maſter-Piece in* Engliſh: *For which reaſon, I took this kind of Verſe, which allows more Latitude than any other.* Every one knows it was introduc'd into our Language, *in this Age, by the happy Genius of Mr.* Cowley. *The ſeeming eaſineſs of it, has made it ſpread; but it has not been conſiderd enough, to be ſo well cultivated. It languiſhes in almoſt every hand but his, and ſome very few, (whom to keep the reſt in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfection as was poſſible*

ble in ſo ſhort a time. But if I may be allowd to ſpeak my Mind modeſtly, and without Injury to his ſacred Aſhes, ſomewhat of the Purity of Engliſh, *ſomewhat of more equal Thoughts, ſomewhat of ſweetneſs in the Numbers, in one Word, ſomewhat of a finer turn and more Lyrical Verſe is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which conſiſts in the Warmth and Vigor of Fancy, the maſterly Figures, and the copiouſneſs of Imagination, he has excelld all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind it ſelf be capable of more Perfection, though rather in the Ornamental parts of it, than the Eſſential, what Rules of Morality or reſpect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deſerve to be Models in all they write.* Miltons *Paradice Loſt is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongſt his Elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along ſometimes, for above an Hundred lines together? cannot I admire the height of his Invention, and the ſtrength of his expreſsion, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harſhneſs of their ſound? 'Tis as much commendation as a Man can bear, to own him excel-*

lent;

lent; all beyond it is Idolatry. Since Pindar *was the Prince of* Lyrick *Poets; let me have leave to ſay, that in imitating him, our numbers ſhou'd for the moſt part be Lyrical: For variety, or rather where the Majeſty of the thought requires it, they may be ſtretch'd to the* Engliſh *Heroick of five Feet, and to the* French *Alexandrine of Six. But the ear muſt preſide, and direct the Judgment to the choice of numbers: Without the nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarick Verſe can never be compleat; the cadency of one line muſt be a rule to that of the next; and the ſound of the former muſt ſlide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extream into another. It muſt be done like the ſhadowings of a Picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I ſhall be glad if I have ſo explain'd my ſelf as to be underſtood, but if I have not,* quod nequeo dicere & ſentio tantùm, *muſt be my excuſe. There remains much more to be ſaid on this ſubject; but to avoid envy, I will be ſilent. What I have ſaid is the general Opinion of the beſt Judges, and in a manner has been forc'd from me, by ſeeing a noble ſort of Poetry ſo happily reſtor'd by one Man, and ſo groſly copied, by almoſt all the reſt: A muſical eare, and a great genius, if another*

Mr.

Mr. Cowley *cou'd ariſe, in another age may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,*

-----Fungar vice cotis acutum (di-
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipſâ ſecan.

I hope it will not be expected from me, that I ſhou'd ſay any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Miſcellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without ſuſpicion of partiality: Others I am ſure need it not; and the reſt I have not perus'd. To conclude, I am ſenſible that I have written this too haſtily and too looſly; I fear I have been tedious, and which is worſe, it comes out from the firſt draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuſe; for it may be reaſonably urg'd, why did he not write with more leiſure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my caſe) why did he attempt to write on ſo nice a ſubject? The objection is unanſwerable, but in part of recompence, let me aſſure the Reader, that in haſty productions, he is ſure to meet with an Authors preſent ſence, which cooler thoughts wou'd poſsibly have diſguis'd. There is undoubtedly more of ſpirit, though not of judgment in theſe uncorrect Eſſays, and conſequently though my hazard be the greater, yet the Readers pleaſure is not the leſs.

John Dryden.

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Æneas *having buried his Father* Anchises *in* Sicily; *and setting sail from thence in search of* Italy, *is driven by a Storm on the same Coasts from whence he departed: After a years wandring, he is hospipitably receiv'd by his friend* Aceſtes, *King of that part of the Island, who was born of Trojan Parentage: He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his Father with divine honours; and accordingly institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who should conquer in them. One of these Games was a Foot Race; in which* Nysus *and* Euryalus *were engag'd amongst other* Trojans *and* Sicilians.

FRom thence his way the *Trojan* Hero bent,
Into a graſſy Plain with Mountains pent,
Whoſe Brows were ſhaded with ſurrounding wood;
Full in the midſt of this fair Valley, ſtood
A native Theater, which riſing ſlow,
By juſt degrees, o're look'd the ground below:
A numerous Train attend in ſolemn ſtate:
High on the new rais'd Turfe their Leader ſate.
Here thoſe, who in the rapid Race delight,
Deſire of honour, and the Prize invite:
The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* mingled ſtand,
With *Niſus* and *Eurjalus*, the formoſt of the Band.
Eurjalus with youth and beauty crown'd,
Niſus for friendſhip to the Boy renown'd.
Diores next of *Priam*'s Regal Race,
Then *Salius*, joyn'd with *Patron*, took his place:
But from *Epirus* one deriv'd his birth,
The other ow'd it to *Arcadian* Earth.

Then

Then two *Sicilian* Youths; the name of this
Was *Helimus*, of that was *Panopes*:
Two jolly Huntſmen in the Foreſt bred,
And owning old *Aceſtes* for their Head.
With many others of obſcurer name,
Whom Time has not deliver'd o're to Fame:
To theſe *Æneas* in the midſt aroſe,
And pleaſingly did thus his mind expoſe.
Not one of you ſhall unrewarded go;
On each I will two *Cretan* Spears beſtow,
Pointed with poliſh'd Steel; a Battle-ax too,
With Silver ſtudded; theſe in common ſhare,
The formoſt three ſhall Olive Garlands wear:
The Victor, who ſhall firſt the Race obtain,
Shall for his Prize a well breath'd Courſer gain,
Adorn'd with Trappings; to the next in fame,
The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame,

With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well ſupply'd
Hung on a golden Belt, and with a Jewel ty'd:
The third this *Grecian* Helmet muſt content.
He ſaid: to their appointed Baſe they went.
With beating hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And ſtarting all at once, the Station leave.
Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds they flew,
And ſeiz'd the diſtant Goal with eager veiw:
Shot from the Crowd, ſwift *Niſus* all o'r paſt,
Not ſtormes, nor thunder equal half his haſte:
The next, but tho the next, yet far disjoyn'd,
Came *Salius*, then, a diſtant ſpace behind
Eurÿalus the third.
Next *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
Step after Step, and almoſt ſide by ſide;
His ſhoulders preſſing, and in longer ſpace,
Had won, or left at leaſt a doubtful Race.

Now

Now ſpent, the Goal they almoſt reach at laſt,
When eager *Niſus*, hapleſs in his haſte,
Slipt firſt, and ſlipping, fell upon the plain,
Moiſt with the bloud of Oxen lately ſlain;
The careleſs Victor had not mark'd his way,
But treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up, and on the graſſy floor,
He fell beſmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Nor mindleſs then *Euryalus* of thee,
Nor of the ſacred bonds of amity,
He ſtrove th' immediate Rival to oppoſe,
And caught the foot of *Salius* as he roſe;
So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain:
Euryalus ſprings out the prize to gain,
And cuts the Crowd; applauding peals attend
The Conqu'ror to the Goal, who conquer'd thro his friend.

Next *Helimus*, and then *Diores* came,
By two misfortunes, now the third in fame.
But *Salius* enters, and exclaiming loud
For Juſtice, deafens and diſturbs the Crowd:
Urges his cauſe may in the Court be heard,
And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favour for *Euryalus* appears,
His blooming beauty and his graceful tears
Had brib'd the Judges to protect his claim;
Beſides *Diores* does as loud exclaim,
Who vainly reaches at the laſt Reward,
If the firſt Palm on *Salius* be conferr'd.
Then thus the Prince; let no diſputes ariſe;
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.
But give me leave, her Errours to amend,
At leaſt to pity a deſerving friend.
Thus having ſaid,

A Lions Hide, amazing to behold,
Pond'rous with briſtles, and with paws of gold,
He gave the Youth, which *Niſus* greiv'd to veiw:
If ſuch rewards to vanquiſh'd men are due,
Said he, and falling is to riſe by you,
What prize may *Niſus* from your bounty claim,
Who merited the firſt rewards and fame!
In falling both did equal fortune try,
Wou'd fortune make me fall as happily.
With this he pointed to his face, and ſhow'd
His hands and body all beſmear'd with blood:
Th' indulgent Father of the people ſmil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd a maſſie Shield
Of wond'rous art by *Didymaon* wrought,
Long ſince from *Neptunes* bars in triumph brought;
With this, the graceful Youth he gratifi'd;
Then the remaining preſents did divide.

Connection of the remaining part of the *Episode*, translated out of the *9th.* Book of *Virgils Æneids*, with the foregoing part of the Story.

The War being now broken out betwixt the Trojans *and* Latines; *and* Æneas *being overmatch'd in numbers by his Enemies, who were ayded by King* Turnus, *he fortifies his Camp, and leaves in it his young Son* Ascanius, *under the direction of his chief Counsellours and Captains; while he goes in person, to beg Succours from King* Evander *and the* Tuscans. Turnus *takes advantage of his absence, and assaults his Camp: The* Trojans *in it' are reduc'd to great extremities; which gives the Poet the occasion of continuing this admirable* Episode, *wherein he describes the friendship, the generosity, the adventures, and the death of* Nisus *and* Euryalus.

The

THe *Trojan* Camp the common danger ſhar'd;
By turns they watch'd the Walls; and
kept the Nightly Guard:
To Warlike *Niſus* fell the Gate by Lot,
(Whom *Hyrtacus* on Huntreſs *Ida* got:
And ſent to Sea *Æneas* to attend,)
Well cou'd he dart the Spear, and ſhafts unerring
ſend.
Beſide him ſtood *Euryalus*, his ever Faithful friend.
No Youth in all the *Trojan* Hoſt was ſeen
More beautiful in arms, or of a Nobler meen;
Scarce was the Down upon his Chin begun;
One was their Friendſhip, their deſire was one:
With minds united in the Field they warr'd,
And now were both by Choice upon the Guard.
Then *Niſus* thus:
Or do the Gods this Warlike warmth inſpire,
Or makes Each Man a God of his deſire?

A Noble Ardour boils within my Breaſt,
Eager of Action, Enemy of Reſt;
That urges me to Fight, or undertake
Some Deed that may my Fame immortal make.
Thou ſeeſt the Foe ſecure: How faintly ſhine
Their ſcatter'd Fires, the moſt in Sleep ſupine;
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe, and drunk with Victory:
The few awake the fuming Flaggon Ply;
All huſh'd around: Now hear what I revolve,
Within my mind, and what my labouring thoughts reſolve.
Our abſent Lord both Camp and Council mourn;
By Meſſage both wou'd haſten his return:
The gifts propos'd if they conſer on thee,
(For Fame is recompence enough to me)
Methinks beneath yon Hill, I have eſpy'd
A way that ſafely will my Paſſage guide.

Eurialus

Euryalus ſtood Liſtning while he ſpoke,
With Love of praiſe, and Noble envy ſtrook;
Then to his ardent Friend, expos'd his mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind!
Am I unworthy, *Niſus*, to be joyn'd,
Think'ſt thou my Share of honour I will yield,
Or ſend thee unaſſiſted to the Field?
Not ſo my Father taught my Childhood Armes,
Born in a Siege, and bred amongſt Alarms:
Nor is my Youth unworthy of my Friend,
Or of the Heav'n-born *Heroe* I attend.
The thing call'd Life with eaſe I can disclaim;
And think it overſold to purchaſe Fame.
To whom his Friend;
I cou'd not think, alas, thy Tender years
Wou'd miniſter new matter to my Fears:
Nor is it juſt thou ſhoudſt thy Wiſh obtain;
So *Jove* in Triumph bring me back again;

To

To thoſe dear eyes; or if a God there be
To pious Friends, propitious more than he.
But if ſome one, as many ſure there are,
Of adverſe accidents in doubtful War,
If one ſhou'd reach my Head there let it fall,
And ſpare thy life, I wou'd not periſh all:
Thy Youth is worthy of a longer Date;
Do thou remain to mourn thy Lovers fate;
To bear my mangled body from the Foe,
Or buy it back, and Fun'ral rites beſtow.
Or if hard Fortune ſhall my Corps deny
Thoſe dues, with empty Marble to ſupply.
O let not me the Widows tears renew,
Let not a Mothers curſe my name purſue;
Thy pious Mother, who in Love to thee,
Left the Fair Coaſt of fruitful *Sicily*;
Her Age committing to the Seas and Wind,
When every weary *Matron* ſtaid behind.

To

To this *Euryalus*, thou pleadſt in vain,
And but delayſt the cauſe thou canſt not gain:
No more, 'tis loſs of time: with that he wakes
The nodding Watch; each to his Office takes!
The Guard reliev'd, in Company they went
To find the Council at the Royal Tent.
Now every living thing lay void of care,
And Sleep, the common gift of Nature, ſhare:
Mean time the *Trojan* Peers in Council ſate
And call'd their Chief Commanders, to debate
The weighty buſineſs of th'-indanger'd State.
What next was to be done, who to be ſent
T' inform *Æneas* of the Foes intent.
In midſt of all the quiet Camp they held
Nocturnal Council; each ſuſtains a Shield
Which his o're labour'd Arm can hardly rear;
And leans upon a long projected Spear.

Now

Now *Niſus* and his Friend approach the Guard,
And beg admittance, eager to be heard,
Th' affair important; not to be deferr'd.
Aſcanius bids them be conducted in;
Then thus, commanded, *Niſus* does begin.
Ye *Trojan* Fathers lend attentive Ears;
Nor judge our undertaking by our years.
The Foes ſecurely drench'd in Sleep and wine
Their Watch neglect; their Fires but thinly ſhine.
And where the Smoak in thickning Vapours flies
Cov'ring the plain, and Clouding all the Skies,
Betwixt the ſpaces we have mark'd a way,
Cloſe by the Gate and Coaſting by the Sea;
This Paſſage undiſturb'd, and uneſpy'd
Our Steps will ſafely to *Æneas* guide,
Expect each hour to ſee him back again
Loaded with ſpoils of Foes, in Battle ſlain:

Snatch

Snatch we the Lucky Minute while we may,
Nor can we be miſtaken in the way:
For Hunting in the Vale, we oft have ſeen
The riſing Turrets with the ſtream between:
And know its winding Courſe, with every foord.
He paus'd, and Old *Alethes* took the Word.
Our Country Gods in whom our truſt we place,
Will yet from ruin ſave the *Trojan* race;
While we behold ſuch ſpringing worth appear,
In youth ſo brave, and breaſts ſo void of fear.
(With this he took the hand of either Boy,
Embrac'd them cloſely both, and wept for joy:)
Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
What recompence for ſuch deſert, decree!
The greateſt ſure and beſt you can receive,
The Gods, your vertue and your fame will give:
The Reſt, our grateful General will beſtow;
And young *Aſcanius*, till his Manhood, owe.

And

And I whoſe welfare in my Father lies,
(*Aſcanius* adds,) by all the Deities
By our great Country, and our houſehold Gods,
By Hoary *Veſta's* rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both, on you my Fortune ſtands,
That and my Faith I plight into your hands,
Make me but happy in his ſafe return,
(For I No other loſs but only his can mourn,)
Niſus your gift ſhall two large Goblets be,
Of Silver wrought with curious Imag'ry,
And high emboſt: which when old *Priam* reign'd
My conquering *Sire*, at ſack'd *Arisba* gain'd.
And more two Tripods caſt in antique mould,
With two great Tallents of the fineſt Gold.
Beſides a Boul which *Tyrian* Art did grave;
The Preſent that *Sidonian Dido* gave.
But if in Conquer'd *Italy* we reign,
When Spoils by Lot the Victors ſhall obtain,

Thou

Thou saw'st the Courser by proud *Turnus* prest;
That, and his golden Arms, and sanguine Crest,
And Sheild, from lot exempted, thou shalt share;
With these, twelve captive Dam'sels young and fair:
Male Slaves as many; well appointed all
With Vests and Arms, shall to thy portion fall:
And last a fruitful Field to thee shall rest,
The large demenes the *Latian* King possest.
But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee O wondrous Youth: be ever mine,
Take full possession, all my Soul is thine:
My lifes Companion, and my bosom Friend;
One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend.
My peace shall be committed to thy care,
And to thy Conduct my concerns in war.
Then thus the bold *Euryalus* reply'd;
What ever fortune, good or bad, betide,

The ſame ſhall be my Age, as now my Youth;
No time ſhall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your bounty let me gain;
(And this not granted, all rewards are vain:)
Of *Priams* Royal Race my Mother came,
And ſure the beſt that ever bore the name:
Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* cou'd hold
From me departing; but o're ſpent and old,
My fate ſhe follow'd; ignorant of this
What ever danger: Neither parting kiſs,
Nor pious Bleſſing taken, her I leave:
And in this only Act of all my life deceive.
By this your hand and conſcious Night I ſwear,
My youth ſo ſad a farewel cou'd not bear.
Be you her Patron fill my vacant place;
(Permit me to preſume ſo great a grace;)
Support her Age forſaken and diſtreſt;
That hope alone will fortifie my breaſt,

Againſt

Againſt the worſt of fortunes and of fears:
He ſaid; th' Aſſiſtants ſhed preſaging tears.
But above all, *Aſcanius* mov'd to ſee
That image of paternal piety.
Then thus reply'd.——
So great beginnings in ſo green an Age
Exact that Faith, which firmly I engage;
Thy Mother all the priviledge ſhall claim
Creuſa had; and only want the name.
Whate'r event thy enterpriſe ſhall have,
'Tis Merit to have born a Son ſo brave.
By this my Head, a ſacred Oath, I ſwear,
(My *F*ather us'd it) what returning, here
Crown'd with ſucceſs, I for thy ſelf prepare,
Thy Parent and thy *F*amily ſhall ſhare:
He ſaid; and weeping while he ſpoke the word,
*F*rom his broad Belt he drew a ſhining Sword,

Magnificent with Gold; *Lycaon* made,
And in an Iv'ry ſcabbard ſheath'd the Blade.
This was his Gift: while *Mnestheus* did provide
For *Niſus* Arms; a griſley Lions Hide; (per try'd.
And true *Alethes* chang'd with him his helm of tem-
Thus arm'd they went: the noble *Trojans* wait
Their going forth, and follow to the Gate.
With Pray'rs and Vows above the reſt appears
Aſcanius, manly far above his years.
And Meſſages committed to their care;
Which all in Winds were loſt, and empty air.
The Trenches firſt they paſs'd; then took their way,
Where their proud foes in pitch'd Pavilions lay.
To many fatal e'r themſelves were ſlain:
The careleſs Hoſt diſperſt upon the Plain
They found, who drunk with Wine ſupinely ſnore:
Unharneſs'd Chariots ſtand upon the ſhore;

Midſt

Midſt wheels, and reins, and arms, the Goblet by,
A Medley of Debauch and War they lie:
Obſerving *Niſus* ſhew'd his friend the ſight;
Then thus: behold a Conqueſt without fight.
Occaſion calls the Sword to be prepar'd:
Our way lies there, ſtand thou upon the guard;
And look behind, while I ſecurely go
To cut an ample paſſage through the *Foe*.
Softly he ſpoke; then ſtalking took his way,
With his drawn Sword, where haughty *Rhamnes* lay,
His head rais'd high, on Tapeſtry beneath,
And heaving from his breaſt, he puff'd his breath.
A King, and Prophet by King *Turnus* lov'd,
But fate by Preſcience cannot be remov'd.
Three ſleeping Slaves he ſoon ſubdues: then ſpyes
Where *Rhemus*, with his proud Retinue, lies:
His Armour Bearer firſt, and next he kills
His Charioteer, entrench'd betwixt the wheels,

And his lov'd Horſes; laſt invades their Lord,
*F*ull on his Neck he aims the fatal Sword:
The Gaſping head flies off: a purple floud,
*F*lows from the Trunk, that wallows in the bloud;
Which by the ſpurning heels, diſpers'd around
The bed, beſprinkles and bedews the ground.
Then *Lamyrus* with *Lamus* and the young
Serranus, who with gaming did prolong
The night: oppreſt with wine and ſlumber lay
The beauteous Youth, and dreamt of lucky Play;
More lucky had it been protracted till the day.
The famiſh'd Lion thus with hunger bold,
O're leaps the fences of the nightly fold,
The peaceful *F*lock devours, and tears, and draws;
Wrapt up in ſilent fear, they lie and pant beneath his paws.
Nor with leſs rage *Euryalus* imploys
The vengeful Sword, nor fewer foes deſtroyes;

But

But on th' ignoble Crowd his fury flew;
Which *Fadus*, *Hebesus*, and *Rhætus* slew,
With *Aparis*; in sleep the rest did fall;
But *Rhætus* waking, and observing all:
Behind a mighty Jar he slunk for fear;
The sharp edg'd Iron found and reach'd him there:
Full as he rose he plung'd it in his side;
The cruel Sword return'd in crimson dy'd.
The wound a blended stream of wine and blood
Forrs out; the purple Soul comes floating in the
floud.
Now where *Messapus* quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and just alive;
The warlike Horses ty'd in order fed;
Nisus the discipline observ'd, and sed,
Our eagerness of blood may both betray:
Behold the doubtful glimmering of the day,

Foe to theſe nightly thefts: No more my, friend,
Here let our glutted execution End;
A Lane through ſlaughter'd Bodies we have made:
The bold *Euryalus*, though loath, obey'd:
Rich Arms and Arras which they ſcatter'd find,
And Plate, a precious load they leave behind.
Yet fond of Gaudy ſpoils, the Boy wou'd ſtay
To make the proud Capariſons his prey,
Which deck'd a Neigh'bring ſteed.——
Nor did his eyes leſs longingly behold
The Girdle ſtudded o're with Nails of Gold,
Which *Rhamnes* wore: This preſent long ago
On *Remulus* did *Cædicus* beſtow,
And abſent joyn'd in hoſpitable Tyes.
He dying to his Heir bequeath'd the prize:
Till by the conquering *Rutuli* oppreſt
He fell, and they the glorious gift poſſeſt.

Theſe

Theſe gaudy ſpoils *Eurialus* now bears;
And vainly on his brawny Shoulders wears:
Meſſapus Helm, he found amongſt the dead,
Garniſh'd with plumes, and fitted to his head.
They leave the Camp and take the ſafeſt road;
Mean time a Squadron of their foes abroad,
Three hundred Horſe with Bucklers arm'd, they ſpy'd,
Whom *Volſcens* by the Kings command did guide:
To *Turnus* theſe were from the City ſent,
And to perform their Meſſage ſought his Tent.
Approaching near their utmoſt lines they draw;
When bending tow'rds the left, their Captain ſaw
The faithful pair; for through the doubtful ſhade
His glitt'ring Helm *Euryalus* betray'd;
On which the Moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought (cry'd *Volſcens* from the crowd)
Theſe Men go there, then rais'd his voice aloud:

Stand

Stand, ſtand! why thus in Arms? And whether bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand ſent?
Silent they make away; and haſt their flight
To Neighb'ring Woods; and truſt themſelves to night.
The ſpeedy horſemen ſpur their Steeds to get
'Twixt them and home; and every path beſet,
And all the windings of the well known Wood;
Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it ſtood,
With fern all horrid, and perplexing thorn,
Where tracks of Bears had ſcarce a paſſage worn.
The darkneſs of the ſhades; his heavy prey,
And fear, miſled the younger from his way:
But *Niſus* hit the turns with happier haſt,
Who now, unknowing, had the danger paſt,
And *Alban* Lakes from *Alba's* name ſo call'd;
Where King *Latinus* then his Oxen Stall'd.

Till

Till turning at the length he ſtood his ground,
And vainly caſt his longing eyes around
For his loſt friend!
Ah! wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind,
Where ſhall I hope th' unhappy Youth to find!
Or what way take! again he ventures back,
And treads the Mazes of his former track,
Thro the wild wood: at laſt he hears the Noiſe
Of trampling Horſes, and the riders voice.
The Sound approach'd, and ſuddainly he view'd
His Foes incloſing, and his friend purſu'd,
Fore laid, and taken, while he ſtrove in vain
The Covert of the Neighb'ring Wood to gain.
What ſhou'd he next attempt, what arms employ
With fruitleſs force to free the Captive Boy?
Or tempt unequal numbers with the Sword;
And die by him whom living he ador'd?

Re-

Reſolv'd on death his dreadful Spear he ſhook,
And caſting to the Moon a mournful look,
Fair Queen, ſaid he, who doſt in woods delight,
Grace of the Stars, and Goddeſs of the Night;
Be preſent, and direct my Dart aright.
If e're my pious Father for my ſake,
Did on thy Altars grateful offerings make,
Or I increas'd them with ſucceſsful toils;
And hung thy Sacred Roof with ſavage Spoils,
Through the brown ſhadows guide my flying Spear
To reach this Troop: Then poyzing from his ear
The quiv'ring Weapon with full force he threw;
Through the divided ſhades the deadly Javelin flew;
On *Sulmo's* back it ſplits; the double dart,
Drove deeper onward, and transfixt his heart.
He ſtaggers round, his eye-balls rowl in death;
And with ſhort Sobbs, he gaſps away his breath.

All

All ſtand amaz'd; a ſecond Javelin flies
From his ſtretch'd arm, and hiſſes through the Skies:
The Lance through *Tagus* Temples forc'd its way;
And in his brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce *Volſcens* foams with rage; and gazing round,
Deſcry'd no Author of the Fatal wound,
Nor where to fix revenge: But thou he cries,
Shalt pay for both; and at the Priſ'ner flies,
With his drawn Swotd: Then, ſtruck with deep
deſpair,
That fatal ſight the Lover cou'd not bear;
But from his Covert ruſht in open view;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew;
Me, me, employ your Sword on me alone:
The crime confeſs'd; the fact was all my own.
He neither cou'd nor durſt, the guiltleſs Youth,
Ye Moon and Stars bear witneſs to the Truth;

His only fault, if that be to offend,
Was too much loving his unhappy friend.
Too late alas, he ſpeaks;
The Sword, which unrelenting fury guides
Driv'n with full force had pierc'd his tender ſides;
Down fell the beauteous Youth, the gaping wound
Guſh'd out a Crimſon ſtream and ſtain'd the ground:
His nodding neck reclines on his white breaſt,
Like a fair Flow'r, in furrow'd Fields oppreſt,
By the keen Share: or Poppy on the plain,
Whoſe heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Diſdain, deſpair, and deadly vengeance vow'd,
Drove *Niſus* headlong on the Hoſtile Crow'd;
Volſcens he ſeeks, at him alone he bends;
Born back, and puſh'd by his ſurrounding friends,
He ſtill preſs'd on; and kept him ſtill in ſight;
Then whirld aloft his Sword with all his might;

Th' unerring Weapon flew; and wing'd with death,
Enter'd his gaping Mouth, and ſtop'd his breath.
Dying he ſlew: and ſtagg'ring on the plain,
Sought for the Body of his Lover ſlain:
Then quietly on his dear Breaſt he fell;
Content in death to be reveng'd ſo well.
O happy pair! for if my verſe can give
Eternity; your fame ſhall ever live:
Fix'd as the Capitols Foundations lies,
And ſpread where e're the *Roman* Eagle flies.

The entire *Episode* of *Mezentius* and *Lausus*, translated out of the 10th. Book of *Virgils Æneids*.

Connection of the *Episode*, with the foregoing Story.

Mezentius *was King of* Etruria, *or* Tuscany; *from whence he was expell'd by his Subjects, for his Tyrannical government, and cruelty; and a new King Elected. Being thus banish'd he applies himself to King* Turnus, *in whose Court he, and his Son* Lausus *take Sanctuary.* Turnus *for the Love of* Lavinia *making War with* Æneas, Mezentius *ingages in the cause of his Benefactor, and performs many great actions, particularly in revenging himself on his late Subjects, who now assisted* Æneas *out of hatred to him.* Mezentius *is every where describ'd by* Virgil *as an Atheist; his Son* Lausus *is made the Pattern of filial Piety and Vertue: And the death of those two is the subject of this Noble* Episode.

What

THus equal deaths are dealt, and equal chances;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors and vanquish'd in the various field;
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yeild:
The Gods from Heav'n, survey the doubtful strife,
And mourn the Miseries of humane life.
Above the rest two Goddesses appear
Concern'd for each: Here *Venus*, *Juno* there.
Amidst the Crowd, infernal *Até* shakes
Her Scourge aloft, and hissing Crest of Snakes.
Once more *Mezentius*, with a proud disdain,
Brandish'd his Spear, and rush'd into the Plain:
Where, tow'ring in the midmost ranks, he stood,
Like vast *Orion* stalking o'r the flood:
When with his brawny Breast, he cuts the waves;
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.

Or like a Mountain Aſh, whoſe roots are ſpread,
Deep fix'd in earth; in clouds he hides his head.
Thus arm'd, he took the field:—
The *Trojan* Prince beheld him from a far;
With joyful eyes, and undertook the war.
Collected in himſelf, and like a Rock
Poiz'd on his baſe; *Mezentius* ſtood the ſhock
Of his great Foe: then meaſuring with his eyes
The ſpace his ſpear cou'd reach, aloud he cryes:
My own right hand and Sword aſſiſt my ſtroke;
(Thoſe only Gods *Mezentius* will invoke.)
His Armour, from the *Trojan* Pyrate torn,
Shall by my *Lauſus* be in triumph worn.
He ſaid; and ſtraight with all his force he threw
The maſſie Spear; which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the celeſtial Shield; that ſtop'd the courſe:
But glanceing thence, the yet unbroken force,

Took

Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
The Side and Bowels, fam'd *Anthores* fixt.
Anthores had from *Argos* travell'd far,
Alcides friend, and brother of the War,
Till, tir'd with toyls, fair *Italy* he choſe;
And in *Evander's* Palace, ſought repoſe:
Now falling by anothers wound, his eyes
He caſts to Heaven; on *Argos* thinks, and dies.
The pious *Trojan* then his javelin ſent;
The Sheild gave way, thro' trebble plates it went
Of ſolid braſs, of linnen trebbly rowld,
And three Bull Hides, which round the Buckler fold:
All theſe it paſt with unreſiſted courſe,
Tranſpeirc'd his thigh, and ſpent its dying force.
The gaping wound guſh'd out a crimſon floud:
The *Trojan* glad with ſight of hoſtile bloud,

His Fauchion drew, to cloſſer fight addreſt,
And with new force his fainting foe oppreſt.
His Fathers danger *Lauſus* veiw'd with grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, O wond'rous Youth, 'tis here, I muſt
To thy immortal memory be juſt,
And ſing an act, ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity ſhall ſcarce believe it true.
Pain'd with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The Father ſought to ſave himſelf by flight;
Incumber'd, ſlow he drag'd the Spear along,
Which peirc'd his thigh, and in his Buckler hung.
The pious Youth reſolv'd to undergo
The lifted ſword, ſprings out to face his Foe,
Protects his Father, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing thro' the field,
To ſee the Son the vanquiſh'd Father ſheild;

All

All fir'd with Noble Emulation, ſtrive;
And with a ſtorm of darts, to diſtance drive
The *Trojan* chief, who held at bay, from far,
On his Vulcanian Orb ſuſtain'd the War.
As when thick Hail comes ratling in the wind,
The Ploughman, Paſſenger, and lab'ring Hind
For ſhelter to the Neighb'ring Covert fly,
Or hous'd, or ſafe in Hollow Caverns lie,
But that o'reblown, when heav'n above 'em ſmiles,
Return to Travel, and renew their toils:
Æneas thus o'rewhelm'd; on every ſide
The Storm of darts undaunted did abide;
And thus to *Lauſus* loud, with friendly threatning cri'd.
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain death? and rage
In raſh attempts beyond thy tender age?
Betray'd by pious Love? nor thus forborn
The Youth deſiſts, but with inſulting ſcorn:

Pro-

Provokes the ling'ring Prince, whose patience tir'd
Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Shears;
And lifted high, the conquering Sword appears,
Which full descending with a fearful sway,
Thro' Sheild & Cuirasse forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair bosome lay.
The springing streams thro' the thin Armour strove
And drencht the golden Coat his careful Mother wove:
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a Mansion to depart.
But when, with bloud and paleness all bespread,
The pious Prince beheld young *Lausus* dead,
He griev'd, he wept: the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought.
Then stretch'd his hand to raise him up; and said;
Poor harmless youth, what praises can be paid

To

To love ſo great; to ſuch tranſcendent ſtore
Of early worth, and ſure preſage of more!
Accept what e're *Æneas* can afford:
Untouch'd thy Arms; untaken be thy Sword;
And all that pleas'd thee living, ſtill remain
Inviolate; and ſacred to the ſlain.
Thy body on thy Parents I beſtow,
To pleaſe thy Ghoſt; at leaſt if ſhadows know
Or have a taſt of humane things below.
There to thy fellow Ghoſts, with glory tell,
'Twas by the great *Æneas* hand I fell.
With this he bids his diſtant Friends draw near,
Provokes their Duty, and prevents their fear;
Himſelf aſſiſts to raiſe him from the ground,
His Locks deform'd with Blood, that well'd from out his wound.
Mean time the Father, now no Father, ſtood,
And waſh'd his wounds by *Tybers* yellow floud,

Oppreſt with anguiſh, panting, and o're ſpent,
His fainting Limbs againſt a tree he leant:
A bough his brazen Helmet did ſuſtain,
His heavier arms lay ſcatter'd on the plain:
Of Youth a choſen Troop around him ſtand,
His head hung down, and reſted on his hand;
His grizly Beard his penſive boſom ſought,
And all on *Lauſus*, ran his reſtleſs thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
Much he enquir'd, and many a meſſage ſent:
To warn him from the *Field*; alas in vain
Behold his mournful followers bear him ſlain
On their broad ſhields; ſtill guſh'd the gaping wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries; far off divin'd
The dire event with a forebodeing mind.

With

With duſt he ſprinkled firſt his Hoary head,
Then both his lifted Arms to Heav'n he ſpread;
Laſt, the dear Corps embracing, thus he ſed.
What joys, alas, cou'd this frail being give!
That I have been ſo covetous to live,
To ſee my Son, and ſuch a Son, reſign
His life a ranſome for preſerving mine!!
And am I then preſerv'd, and art thou loſt,
How much too dear has that redemption coſt.
'Tis now my bitter baniſhment I feel,
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing vertues did defame;
My blackneſs blotted thy unblemiſh'd Name.
Chas'd from a Throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul miſdeeds, were puniſhments too mild
I ow'd my people theſe; and from their hate
With leſs injuſtice cou'd have born my fate.

And

And yet live, and yet ſupport the ſight
Of hateful men, and of more hated Light!
But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting Limbs, that ſtagger'd with his wound.
Yet with a mind reſolv'd, and unapal'd
With pains or perils, for his Courſer call'd.
Well-mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himſelf did dreſs
With daily care; and mounted with ſucceſs,
His Ayd in Arms; his Ornament in peace.
Soothing his Courage with a gentle ſtroke,
The Horſe ſeem'd ſenſible, while thus he ſpoke.
O *Rhœbus* we have liv'd too long for me;
(If long and Life were terms that cou'd agree!)
This day, thou either ſhalt bring back the head,
And bloody Trophies of the *Trojan* dead;
This day, thou either ſhalt revenge my woe
For Murther'd *Lauſus* on his cruell Foe,

Or

Or if inexorable Fate deny
Our Conqueſt, with thy Conquer'd Maſter die.
For after ſuch a Lord, I reſt ſecure,
Thou wilt no Foreign reins, or *Trojan* load endure.
He ſaid; and ſtraight th' officious Courſer kneels
To take his wonted weight: His hands he fills
With pointed Javelins; on his head he lac'd
His glittering Helm, which terribly was grac'd
With creſted Horſehair, nodding from afar,
Then ſpurr'd his thundring Steed, amidſt the War.
Love, anguiſh, wrath, and grief to madneſs wrought,
Deſpair, and ſecret ſhame, and conſcious thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppreſt;
Rowl'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breaſt.
Then loud he call'd *Æneas*, thrice by Name;
The loud repeated voice to glad *Æneas* came.

Great

Great *Jove* ſaid he; and the far ſhooting God,
Inſpire thy mind, to make thy challenge good.
He ſaid no more; but haſten'd to appear,
And threatn'd with his long protended ſpear.
To whom *Mezentius* thus; thy vaunts are vain,
My *Lauſus* lyes extended on the plain;
He's loſt; thy conqueſt is already won:
This was my only way to be undone.
Nor fate I fear, but all the Gods defie!
Forbear thy threats; my buſineſs is to die:
But firſt receive this parting Legacie.
He ſaid; and ſtraight a whirling dart he ſent;
Another after, and another went.
Round in a ſpacious Ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield.
Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Æneas* wheel'd:

Turn'd

Turn'd as he turn'd, the Golden Orb withſtood
The ſtrokes, and bore about an Iron wood.
Impatient of delay; and weary grown
Still to defend, and to defend alone;
To wrench the Darts that in his *Buckler* light,
Urg'd and o're labour'd in unequal fight,
At laſt reſolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the Temples of the warlike Horſe:
Betwixt the Temples paſs'd th' unerring ſpear,
And piercing ſtood transfixt from ear to ear.
Seiz'd with the ſuddain pain, ſurpriz'd with fright,
The Courſer bounds aloft and ſtands upright:
He beats his Hoofs a while in aire; then preſt
With anguiſh, Floundering falls the gen'rous beaſt
And his caſt rider, with his weight oppreſt.
From either Hoſt the mingled ſhouts and cries
Of *Trojans* and *Rutilians* rend the Skies.

Æneas

Æneas haſt'ning wav'd his fatal Sword,
High o're his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce diſdain
Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty ſtrain?
Strugling, and wildly ſtaring on the Skies,
With ſcarce recover'd breath, he thus replies:
Why theſe inſulting threats, this waſte of breath,
To Souls undaunted, and ſecure of Death.
'Tis no diſhonour for the brave to die;
Nor came I hear with hope of Victory;
But, with a glorious Fate, to end my pain;
When *Lauſus* fell, I was already ſlain:
Nor ask I life,
My dying Son contracted no ſuch band:
Nor wou'd I take it from his Mud'rers hand.
For this, this only favour let me ſue,
(If pity to a conquer'd foe be due)

Refuſe

Refuſe not that: But let my body have
The laſt retreat of humane kind; a Grave.
Too well I know my injur'd peoples hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate;
This refuge for my poor remains provide;
And lay my much lov'd *Lauſus* by my ſide;
He ſaid; and to the Sword his throat apply'd.
The Crimſon ſtream diſtain'd his Arms around;
And the diſdainful Soul came ruſhing through the wound.

The

THE SPEECH OF VENUS TO VULCAN:

Wherein she perswades him to make Arms for her Son Æneas, *then engag'd in a War against the* Latines, *and King* Turnus: *Translated out of the Eighth Book of* Virgils Æneids.

NOw Night with Sable wings the World o're spread;
But *Venus*, not in vain, surpriz'd with dread

Of

Of *Latian* arms, before the tempeſt breaks,
Her Husbands timely ſuccour thus beſpeaks,
Couch'd in his golden Bed: ——
(And, that her pleaſing Speech his mind may move,
Inſpires it with diviner charms of Love:)
While adverſe Fate conſpir'd with *Grecian* Pow'rs,
To level with the ground the *Trojan* Tow'rs,
I begg'd no ayd th' unhappy to reſtore,
Nor did thy ſuccour, nor thy art implore;
Nor ſought, their ſinking Empire to ſuſtain,
To urge the labour of my Lord in vain.
Tho' much I ow'd to *Priams* Houſe, and more,
The dangers of *Æneas* did deplore:
But now, by *Joves* command, and Fates decree,
His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*,
With humble ſuit I ask thy needful art,
O ſtill propitious Pow'r, O Soveraign of my heart,

A Mother ſtands a ſuppliant for a Son:
By ſilver footed *Thetis* thou wert won
For fierce *Achilles*, and the roſie Morn
Mov'd thee with Armes her *Memnon* to adorn;
Are theſe my tears, leſs pow'rful on thy mind?
Behold what warlike Nations are combin'd,
With fire and ſword *My* people to deſtroy,
And twice to triumph over *Me* and *Troy*.
She ſaid; and ſtraight her arms of ſnowy hue,
About her unreſolving Husband threw;
Her ſoft embraces ſoon infuſe deſire,
His bones and marrow ſuddain warmth inſpire;
And all the Godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the rowling thunder flies,
Or ſtreaks of lightning flaſh along the skyes.
The Goddeſs pleas'd with her ſucceſsful wiles,
And, conſcious of her conqu'ring Beauty, ſmiles.

Then

Then thus the good old God, (ſooth'd with her charms,
Panting, and half diſſolving in her arms:)
Why ſeek you reaſons for a Cauſe ſo juſt,
Or your own beauty or my love diſtruſt?
Long ſince had you requir'd my helpful hand,
You might the Artiſt, and his Art command
To arm your *Trojans*: nor did *Jove* or Fate,
Confine their Empire to ſo ſhort a date:
And if you now deſire new Wars to wage,
My care, my skill, my labour I ingage,
Whatever melting Metals can conſpire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
I freely promiſe; all your doubts remove,
And think no task is difficult to love.
He ſaid; and eager to enjoy her charms,
He ſnatch'd the lovely Goddeſs to his arms;
Till all infus'd in joy he lay poſſeſt
Of full deſire, and ſunk to pleaſing reſt.

LUCRETIUS

The beginning of the First Book.

DElight of Humane kind, and Gods above;
Parent of *Rome*; Propitious Queen of Love;
Whose vital pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
And breeds what e'r is born beneath the rowling Skies:
For every kind, by thy prolifique might,
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the light:
Thee, Goddess thee, the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dress,
For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast;
And Heav'n it self with more serene, and purer light is bless.

For

For when the riſing Spring adorns the Mead,
And a new Scene of Nature ſtands diſplay'd,
When teeming Budds, and chearful greens appear,
And Weſtern gales unlock the lazy year,
The joyous Birds thy welcome firſt expreſs,
Whoſe native Songs thy genial fire confeſs:
Then ſalvage Beaſts bound o're their ſlighted food,
Strook with thy darts, and tempt the raging floud:
All Nature is thy Gift; Earth, Air, and Sea:
Of all that breaths, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O're barren Mountains, o're the flow'ry Plain,
The leavy Foreſt, and the liquid Main
Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundleſs reign.
Through all the living Regions doſt thou move,
And ſcatter'ſt, where thou goeſt, the kindly ſeeds
of Love:

Since then the race of every living thing,
Obeys thy pow'r; ſince nothing new can ſpring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear'
Or beautiful, or loveſome can appear,
Be thou my ayd: My tuneful Song inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy Province Nature, I ſurvey,
And ſing to *Memmius* an immortal lay
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy wond'rous pow'r diſplay.
To *Memmius*, under thy ſweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces doſt adorn,
The rather, then aſſiſt my Muſe and me,
Infuſing Verſes worthy him and thee.
Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſtning world in univerſal peace.

To thee, Mankind their ſoft repoſe muſt owe,
For thou alone that bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal buſineſs of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's care:
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleaſing pains of thy eternal Love:
And panting on thy breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famiſh'd eyes:
Sucks in with open lips, thy balmy breath,
By turns reſtor'd to life, and plung'd in pleaſing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of Love,
When wiſhing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that auſpicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary World reſtore.

LUCRETIUS

The beginning of the Second Book.

Suave Mari magno, &c.

'TIs pleasant, safely to behold from shore
The rowling Ship; and hear the Tempest roar:
Not that anothers pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving Legions mingled in the War:
But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide,
To Vertues heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the *Magazins* of Learning fortifi'd:
From thence to look below on humane kind,
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind:
To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For Wit and Pow'r; their lost endeavours bend
T'out-

T'outſhine each other, waſte their time and health,
In ſearch of honour, and purſuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a miſt of Life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noiſie ſtrife,
He ſpends his little Span: And overfeeds
His cramm'd deſires, with more than nature needs:
For Nature wiſely ſtints our appetite,
And craves no more than undiſturb'd delight;
Which minds unmix'd with cares, and fears, obtain;
A Soul ſerene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural deſires,
That wanting all, and ſetting pain aſide,
With bare privation, ſence is ſatisfi'd.
If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,
To light the coſtly Suppers and the Balls;
If the proud Palace ſhines not with the ſtate
Of burniſh'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate,

If

If well tun'd Harps, nor the more pleaſing ſound
Of Voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound,
Yet on the graſs beneath a poplar ſhade
By the cool ſtream, our careleſs limbs are lay'd,
With cheaper pleaſures innocently bleſt,
When the warm Spring with gawdy flow'rs is dreſt.
Nor will the rageing Feavours fire abate,
With Golden Canopies and Beds of State:
But the poor Patient will as ſoon be ſound,
On the hard mattreſs, or the Mother ground.
Then ſince our Bodies are not eas'd the more
By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortunes wealthy ſtore,
Tis plain, theſe uſeleſs toyes of every kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring mind:
Unleſs we cou'd ſuppoſe the dreadful ſight
Of marſhall'd Legions moving to the fight
Cou'd with their ſound, and terrible array
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away;

But

But, since the suppoſition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with ſounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midſt of Pomp purſue the Prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the preſence bold,
Without reſpect to Purple, or to Gold;
Why ſhou'd not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe;
Whoſe worth but in our want of reaſon lies?
For life is all in wandring errours led;
And juſt as Children are ſurpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, ſo riper years
Ev'n in broad day light are poſſeſt with fears:
And ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain,
As theſe which inthe breaſts of Children reign.
Theſe bugbears of the mind, this inward Hell,
No rayes of outward ſunſhine can diſpel;
But nature and right reaſon, muſt diſplay (to day.
Their beames abroad, and bring the darkſome ſoul

Tran-

TRANSLATION
OF THE
Latter Part of the Third Book
OF
LUCRETIUS;
Againſt the Fear of Death.

WHat has this Bugbear death to frighten Man,
If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can?
For, as before our Birth we felt no pain
When Punique arms infeſted Land and Main,
When Heav'n and Earth were in confuſion hurl'd
For the debated Empire of the World,
Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who ſhou'd ſway:

So,

So, when our mortal frame ſhall be disjoyn'd,
The lifeleſs Lump, uncoupled from the mind,
From ſenſe of grief and pain we ſhall be free;
We ſhall not feel, becauſe we ſhall not *Be*.
Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were loſt,
VVe ſhou'd not move, we only ſhou'd be toſt.
Nay, ev'n ſuppoſe when we have ſuffer'd Fate,
The Soul cou'd feel in her divided ſtate,
VVhat's that to us, for we are only we
VVhile Souls and bodies in one frame agree?
Nay, tho' our Atoms ſhou'd revolve by chance,
And matter leape into the former dance;
Tho' time our Life and motion cou'd reſtore,
And make our Bodies what they were before,
VVhat gain to us wou'd all this buſtle bring,
The new made man wou'd be another thing;
VVhen once an interrupting pauſe is made,
That individual Being is decay'd.

We

We, who are dead and gone, ſhall bear no part
In all the pleaſures, nor ſhall feel the ſmart,
Which to that other Mortal ſhall accrew,
Whom of our Matter Time ſhall mould anew.
For backward if you look, on that long ſpace
Of Ages paſt, and view the changing face
Of Matter, toſt and variouſly combin'd
In ſundry ſhapes, 'tis eaſie for the mind
From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things have been
In the ſame order as they now are ſeen :
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Becauſe a pauſe of Life, a gaping ſpace
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring motions from the ſence
are fled.
For who ſo e're ſhall in misfortunes live
Muſt *Be*, when thoſe misfortunes ſhall arrive ;

And ſince the Man who *Is* not, feels not woe.
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pauſe of life has come between,
'Tis juſt the ſame as we had never been.
And therefore if a Man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mouldring limbs ſhall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of Beaſts devour his Maſs,
Know he's an unſincere, unthinking Aſs.
A ſecret Sting remains within his mind,
The fool is to his own caſt offals kind;
He boaſts no ſenſe can after death remain,
Yet makes himſelf a part of life again:
As if ſome other He could feel the pain.
If, while he live, this thought moleſt his head,
What Wolf or Vulture ſhall devour me dead,

He wasts his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man:
But thinks himself can still himself survive;
And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his grief to vent,
And o're his senseless Carcass to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By Birds and Beasts then why not so to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd;
Or on an ayery Mountains top to lie
Expos'd to cold and Heav'ns inclemency,
Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppress
With Monumental Marble on thy breast?
But to be snatch'd from all thy houshold joys
From thy Chast Wife, and thy dear prattling boys

Whose

Whoſe little arms about thy Legs are caſt
And climbing for a Kiſs prevent their Mothers haſt,
Inſpiring ſecret pleaſure thro' thy Breaſt,
All theſe ſhall be no more: thy Friends oppreſt,
Thy Care and Courage now no more ſhall free:
Ah Wretch, thou cry'ſt, ah! miſerable me,
One woful day ſweeps children, friends, and wife,
And all the brittle bleſſings of my life!
Add one thing more, and all thou ſay'ſt is true;
Thy want and wiſh of them is vaniſh'd too,
Which well conſider'd were a quick relief,
To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou ſhalt ſleep and never wake again,
And quitting life, ſhall quit thy living pain.
But we thy friends ſhall all thoſe ſorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'ſt behind,
No time ſhall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.

The worſt that can befall thee, meaſur'd right,
Is a ſound ſlumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the Wits,
Diſturb their mirth with melancholy fits,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the freſh Garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, let us make haſte to live,
Short are the joys that humane Life can give.
Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the God that never thinks, with thought;
Ideots with all that thought, to whom the worſt
Of death, is want of drink, and endleſs thirſt,
Or any fond deſire as vain as theſe.
For ev'n in ſleep, the body wrapt in eaſe,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that ſound ſleep eternal it were death,
Yet the firſt Atoms then, the ſeeds of breath

Are

Are moving near to ſenſe, we do but ſhake
And rouze that ſenſe, and ſtraight we are awake.
Then death to us, and deaths anxiety
Is leſs than nothing, if a leſs cou'd be.
For then our Atoms, which in order lay,
Are ſcatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pauſe of Life has left an empty ſpace.
And laſt, ſuppoſe Great Natures Voice ſhou'd call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
What doſt thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And ſigh and ſob, that thou ſhalt be no more?
For if thy life were pleaſant heretofore,
If all the bounteous bleſſings I cou'd give
Thou haſt enjoy'd, if thou haſt known to live,
And pleaſure not leak'd thro' thee like a Seive,

Why doſt thou not give thanks as at a plenteous feaſt
Cram'd to the throat with life, and riſe and take (thy reſt?
But if my bleſſings thou haſt thrown away,
If indigeſted joys paſs'd thro' and wou'd not ſtay,
VVhy doſt thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If Life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I wou'd all thy cares and labours end,
Lay down thy burden fool, and know thy friend.
To pleaſe thee I have empti'd all my ſtore,
I can invent, and can ſupply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppoſe thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf ſame Scene of things appears,
And wou'd be ever, coud'ſt thou ever live;
For life is ſtill but Life, there's nothing new to give.
VVhat can we plead againſt ſo juſt a Bill?
VVe ſtand convicted, and our cauſe goes ill.

But

But if a wretch, a man oppreſt by fate,
Shou'd beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She ſpeaks aloud to him with more diſdain,
Be ſtill thou Martyr fool, thou covetous of pain.
But if an old decrepit Sot lament;
VVhat thou (She cryes) who haſt outliv'd content!
Doſt thou complain, who haſt enjoy'd my ſtore?
But this is ſtill th' effect of wiſhing more!
Unſatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the preſent, liking abſent things;
From hence it comes thy vain deſires at ſtrife
VVithin themſelves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,
And ghaſtly death appear'd before thy ſight
E're thou hadſt gorg'd thy Soul, & ſences with delight.
Now leave thoſe joys unſuiting to thy age,
To a freſh Comer, and reſign the Stage.
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus ſhe chide?
No ſure; for 'tis her buſineſs to provide,

Againſt

Againſt this ever changing Frames decay,
New things to come, and old to paſs away.
One Being worn, another Being makes;
Chang'd but not loſt; for Nature gives and takes:
New Matter muſt be found for things to come,
And theſe muſt waſte like thoſe, and follow Natures doom.
All things, like thee, have time to riſe and rot;
And from each others ruin are begot;
For life is not confin'd to him or thee;
'Tis giv'n to all for uſe; to none for Property.
Conſider former Ages paſt and gone,
Whoſe Circles ended long e're thine begun,
Then tell me Fool, what part in them thou haſt?
Thus may'ſt thou judge the future by the paſt.
What horrour ſeeſt thou in that quiet ſtate,
What Bugbear dreams to fright thee after Fate?
No Ghoſt, no Gobblins, that ſtill paſſage keep,
But all is there ſerene, in that eternal ſleep.

For

For all the diſmal Tales that Poets tell,
Are verify'd on Earth, and not in Hell.
No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads th'impending Rock to cruſh him from on (high:
But fear of Chance on earth diſturbs our eaſie hours:
Or vain imagin'd wrath, of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.
No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;
Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank liver ſwell
To that prodigious Maſs for their eternal meal.
Not tho' his monſtrous bulk had cover'd o're
Nine ſpreading Acres, or nine thouſand more;
Not tho' the Globe of earth had been the Gyants (floor.
Nor in eternal torments cou'd he lie;
Nor cou'd his Corps ſufficient food ſupply.
But he's the *Tityus*, who by Love oppreſt,
Or Tyrant Paſſion preying on his breaſt,
And ever anxious thoughts is robb'd of reſt.

The *Siſiphus* is he, whom noiſe and ſtrife
Seduce from all the ſoft retreats of life,
To vex the Government, diſturb the Laws,
Drunk with the Fumes of popular applauſe,
He courts the giddy Crowd to make him great,
And ſweats & toils in vain, to mount the ſovereign (Seat.
For ſtill to aim at pow'r, and ſtill to fail,
Ever to ſtrive and never to prevail,
VVhat is it, but in reaſons true account
To heave the *S*tone againſt the riſing Mount;
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils & rowls impetuous down, and ſmoaks along (the plain.
Then ſtill to treat thy ever craving mind
With ev'ry bleſſing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
Though years and ſeaſons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be ſeen of all the ſtore,
*B*ut ſtill the VVolf within thee barks for more;

This

This is the Fables moral, which they tell
Of fifty fooliſh Virgins damn'd in Hell
To leaky Veſſels, which the Liquor ſpill;
To Veſſels of their Sex, which none cou'd ever fill.
As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e're can be.
But here on Earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty miſchiefs due:
Racks, Priſons, Poiſons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and ſuffocating Smoak,
And laſt, and moſt, if theſe were caſt behind,
Th' avenging horrour of a Conſcious mind,
Whoſe deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And ſees no end of Puniſhment and woe:
But looks for more, at the laſt gaſp of breath:
This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a death.

Mean

Mean time, when thoughts of death disturb thy head;
Consider, *Ancus* great and good is dead;
Ancus thy better far, was born to die,
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
So many Monarchs with their mighty State,
Who rul'd the World, were overrul'd by fate.
That haughty King, who Lorded o're the Main,
And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves restrain,
(In vain they foam'd, in vain thy threatned wreck,
While his proud Legions march'd upon their back:)
Him death, a greater Monarch, overcame;
Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their immortal name.
The *Roman* chief, the *Carthaginian* dread,
Scipio the Thunder Bolt of War is dead,
And like a common Slave, by fate in triumph led.

The

The Founders of invented Arts are loſt;
And Wits who made Eternity their boaſt;
Where now is *Homer* who poſſeſt the Throne?
Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.

Democritus perceiving age invade,
His Body weakn'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the ſummons with a chearful face;
Made haſt to welcom death, and met him half the race.
That ſtroke, ev'n *Epicurus* cou'd not bar,
Though he in Wit ſurpaſs'd Mankind, as far
As does the midday Sun, the midnight Star.
And thou, doſt thou diſdain to yield thy breath,
Whoſe very life is little more than death?
More than one half by Lazy ſleep poſſeſt;
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at beſt,
Day-Dreams and ſickly thoughts revolving in thy breaſt.

Eternal

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find;
But still uncertain, with thy self at strife,
Thou wander'st in the *Labyrinth* of Life.
O, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Cou'd find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breast,
Sure they wou'd change their course; nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
Uneasie both in Countrey and in Town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One restless in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load.
But straight returns; for he's as restless there;
And finds there's no relief in open Air.

Another to his *Villa* wou'd retire,
And ſpurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No ſooner enter'd at his Country door,
But he begins to ſtretch, and yawn, and ſnore;
Or ſeeks the City which he left before.
Thus every man o're works his weary will,
To ſhun himſelf, and to ſhake off his ill;
The ſhaking Fit returns and hangs upon him ſtill.
No proſpect of repoſe, nor hope of eaſe;
The Wretch is ignorant of his diſeaſe;
Which known wou'd all his fruitleſs trouble ſpare;
For he wou'd know the World not worth his care:
Then wou'd he ſearch more deeply for the cauſe;
And ſtudy Nature well, and Natures Laws:
For in this moment lies not the debate;
But on our future, fix'd, *E*ternal State;
That never changing ſtate which all muſt keep
Whom Death has doom'd to everlaſting ſleep.

Why

Why are we then ſo fond of mortal Life,
Beſet with dangers and maintain'd with ſtrife.
A Life which all our care can never ſave;
One fate attends us; and one common Grave.
Beſides we tread but a perpetual round,
We ne're ſtrike out; but beat the former ground;
And the ſame Maukiſh joyes in the ſame track are found.

For ſtill we think an abſent bleſſing beſt;
Which cloys, and is no bleſſing when poſſeſt;
A new ariſing wiſh expells it from the Breaſt.
The Feav'riſh thirſt of Life increaſes ſtill;
We call for more and more and never have our fill:
Yet know not what to morrow we ſhall try,
VVhat dregs of life in the laſt draught may lie.
Nor, by the longeſt life we can attain;
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his Eternal reign.

VVhen

VVhen once the Fates have cut the mortal Thred,
The Man as much to all intents is dead,
VVho dyes to day, and will as long be so,
As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIUS

The Fourth Book.

Concerning the Nature of Love;

Beginning at this Line,

Sic igitur, Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

THus therefore, he who feels the Fiery dart
Of ſtrong deſire transfix his amorous heart,
VVhether ſome beauteous Boys alluring face,
Or Lovelyer Maid with unreſiſted Grace,
From her each part the winged arrow ſends,
From whence he firſt was ſtruck, he thither tends;
Reſtleſs he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the ſprightly ſeed.
For fierce deſire does all his mind employ,
And ardent Love aſſures approaching joy.

ſuch

Such is the nature of that pleaſing ſmart,
Whoſe burning drops diſtil upon the heart,
The Feaver of the Soul ſhot from the fair,
And the cold Ague of ſucceeding care.
If abſent, her Idea ſtill appears;
And her ſweet name is chiming in your ears:
But ſtrive thoſe pleaſing fantomes to remove,
And ſhun th' Aerial images of Love;
That feed the flame: When one moleſts thy mind
Diſcharge thy loyns on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiſer way than to reſtrain
Within thy ſwelling nerves, that hoard of pain.
For every hour ſome deadlier ſymptom ſhows,
And by delay the gath'ring venom grows,
When kindly applications are not us'd;
The Viper Love muſt on the wound be bruis'd:
On that one object 'tis not ſafe to ſtay,
But force the tide of thought ſome other way:

The ſquander'd Spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common Glebe of Nature ſow.
Nor wants he all the bliſs, that Lovers feign,
Who takes the pleaſure, and avoids the pain;
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And leſs affect the ſickly than the ſound.
When Love its utmoſt vigour does imploy,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a reſtleſs wandring joy:
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild exceſs,
With hands or eyes, what firſt he wou'd poſſeſs:
But ſtrains at all; and faſt'ning where he ſtrains,
Too cloſely preſſes with his frantique pains:
With biteing kiſſes hurts the twining fair,
Which ſhews his joyes imperfect, unſincere:
For ſtung with inward rage, he flings around,
And ſtrives t' avenge the ſmart on that which gave
the wound.

But

But love thoſe eager bitings does reſtrain,
And mingling pleaſure mollifies the pain.
For ardent hope ſtill flatters anxious grief,
And ſends him to his Foe to ſeek relief:
Which yet the nature of the thing denies;
For Love, and Love alone of all our joyes
By full poſſeſſion does but fan the fire,
The more we ſtill enjoy, the more we ſtill deſire.
Nature for meat, and drink provides a ſpace;
And when receiv'd they fill their certain place;
Hence thirſt and hunger may be ſatisfi'd,
But this repletion is to Love deny'd:
Form, feature, colour, whatſoe're delight
Provokes the Lovers endleſs appetite,
Theſe fill no ſpace, nor can we thence remove
With lips, or hands, or all our inſtruments of love:
In our deluded graſp we nothing find,
But thin aerial ſhapes, that fleet before the mind.

As he who in a dream with drought is curſt,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirſt,
Runs to imagin'd Lakes his heat to ſteep,
And vainly ſwills and labours in his ſleep;
So Love with fantomes cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly ſeeing never ſatisfies;
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they ſtrain,
But wander o're the lovely limbs in vain:
Nor when the Youthful pair more cloſely joyn,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs (they twine
Juſt in the raging foam of full deſire,
When both preſs on, both murmur, both expire,
They gripe, they ſqueeze, their humid tongues they dart,
As each wou'd force their way to t'others heart:
In vain; they only cruze about the coaſt,
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies loſt:
As ſure they ſtrive to be, when both engage,
In that tumultuous momentany rage, So

So 'tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
Till Man diſſolves in that exceſs of joy.
Then, when the gather'd bag has burſt its way,
And ebbing tydes the ſlacken'd nervs betray,
A pauſe enſues; and Nature nods a while,
Till with recruited rage new Spirits boil;
And then the ſame vain violence returns,
With flames renew'd th' erected furnace burns.
Agen they in each other wou'd be loſt,
But ſtill by adamantine bars are croſt;
All wayes they try, ſucceſſeleſs all they prove,
To cure the ſecret ſore of lingring love.
Beſides ——
They waſte their ſtrength in the venereal ſtrife,
And to a Womans will enſlave their life;
Th' Eſtate runs out, and mortgages are made,
All Offices of friendſhip are decay'd;
Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.

Assyrian Oyntment from their temples flows,
And Diamond Buckles sparkle at their shooes.
The chearful Emerald twinkles on their hands,
With all the luxury of foreign lands:
And the blew Coat that with imbroid'ry shines,
Is drunk with sweat of their o're labour'd loyns.
Their frugal Fathers gains they mis-employ,
And turn to Point, and Pearl, and ev'ry female toy.
French fashions, costly treats are their delight;
The Park by day, and Plays and Balls by night.
In vain:——
For in the Fountain where their Sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.
First guilty Conscience does the mirrour bring,
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting,
And anxious thoughts within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long mispent, luxurious life.

Perhaps

Perhaps the fickle fair One proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind;
And leavs a ranckling jealouſie behind.
Perhaps he watches cloſs her amorous eyes,
And in the act of ogling does ſurpriſe;
And thinks he ſees upon her checks the while,
The dimpled tracks of ſome foregoing ſmile;
His raging Pulſe beats thick, and his pent Spirits boyl.
This is the product ev'n of proſp'rous Love,
Think then what pangs diſaſtrous paſſions prove!
Innumerable Ills; diſdain, deſpair,
With all the meager Family of Care:
Thus, as I ſaid, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the Diſeaſe, and late repent:
Becauſe to ſhun th' allurement is not hard,
To minds reſolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd;

But

But wond'rous difficult, when once beſet,
To ſtruggle thro' the ſtreights, and break th' involving Net.
Yet thus inſnar'd thy freedom thou may'ſt gain,
If, like a fool, thou doſt not hug thy chain;
If not to ruin obſtinately blind,
And willfully endeavouring not to find,
Her plain defects of Body and of mind.
For thus the *Bedlam* train of Lovers uſe,
T' inhaunce the value, and the faults excuſe.
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we ſee
They doat on Dowdyes, and Deformity:
Ev'n what they cannot praiſe, they will not blame,
But veil with ſome extenuating name:
The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,
And love can make a Slattern of a Slut:
If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their love,
If freckled ſhe's a party-colour'd Dove.

If

If little, then ſhe's life and ſoul all o're:
An *Amazon*, the large two handed Whore.
She ſtammers, oh what grace in liſping lies,
If ſhe ſayes nothing, to be ſure ſhe's wiſe.
If ſhrill, and with a voice to drown a Quire,
Sharp witted ſhe muſt be, and full of fire.
The lean, conſumptive Wench with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and ſlender Maid.
Th' o're grown, a goodly *Ceres* is expreſt,
A bed-fellow for *Bacchus* at the leaſt.
Flat Noſe the name of Satyr never miſſes,
And hanging blobber lips, but pout for kiſſes.
The task were endleſs all the reſt to trace:
Yet grant ſhe were a *Venus* for her face,
And ſhape, yet others equal beauty ſhare;
And time was you cou'd live without the fair:
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Then homelier women full as well can do.

Be

Beſides ſhe daubs, and ſtinks ſo much of paint,
Her own Attendants cannot bear the ſcent:
But laugh behind, and bite their lips to hold;
Mean time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining Lover ſtands before the Gates,
And there with humble adoration waites:
Crowning with flow'rs the threſhold and the floor,
And printing kiſſes on th' obdurate door:
Who if admitted in that nick of time,
If ſome unſav'ry Whiff, betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel ſtraight, if there be none,
Or makes ſome faint excuſes to be gone:
And calls himſelf a doating fool to ſerve,
Aſcribing more than Woman can deſerve.
Which well they underſtand like cunning Queans;
And hide their naſtineſs behind the Scenes.
From him they have allur'd, and wou'd retain,
But to a peircing eye, 'tis all in vain:

For

For common ſenſe brings all their cheats to view,
And the falſe light diſcovers by the true:
Which a wiſe Harlot owns, and hopes to find
A pardon for defects, that run thro' all the kind.
Nor alwayes do they feign the ſweets of Love,
When round the panting Youth their pliant limbs they move;
And cling, and heave, and moiſten ev'ry kiſs,
They often ſhare, and more than ſhare the bliſs:
From every part, ev'n to their inmoſt Soul,
They feel the trickling joyes, and run with vigour to the Goal.
Stirr'd with the ſame impetuous deſire
Birds, Beaſts, and Herds, and Mares, their Males require:
Becauſe the throbbing Nature in their veins
Provokes them to aſſwage their kindly pains:
The luſty leap th' expecting Female ſtands,
By mutual heat compell'd to mutual Bands.

They

Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by love are ty'd;
Nor ſhouting boys, nor blows their union can divide:
At either end they ſtrive the linck to looſe;
In vain, for ſtronger *Venus* holds the nooſe.
Which never wou'd thoſe wretched Lovers do,
But that the common heats of Love they know;
The pleaſure therefore muſt be ſhar'd in common too.
And when the Womans more prevailing juice
Sucks in the mans, the mixture will produce
The Mothers likeneſs; when the man prevails,
His own reſemblance in the ſeed he Seals.
But when we ſee the new begotten race
Reflect the features of each Parents face,
Then of the Fathers and the Mothers blood,
The juſtly temper'd ſeed is underſtood:
When both conſpire, with equal ardour bent,
From every limb the due proportion ſent,

When

When neither party foils, when neither foild,
This gives the blended features of the Child.
Sometimes the Boy, the Grandfires image bears;
Sometimes the more remote Progenitor ſhares;
Becauſe the genial Atomes of the ſeed
Lie long conceal'd e're they exert the breed:
And after ſundry Ages paſt, produce
The tardy likeneſs of the latent juice.
Hence Families ſuch different figures take,
And repreſent their Anceſtors in face and Hair, and make.
Becauſe of the ſame Seed, the voice, and hair,
And ſhape, and face, and other members are,
And the ſame antique mould the likeneſs does prepare.
Thus oft the Fathers likeneſs does prevail
In Females, and the Mothers in the Male.

For

For ſince the ſeed is of a double kind.
From that where we the moſt reſemblance find,
We may conclude the ſtrongeſt tincture ſent,
And that was in conception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of Pow'rs above,
Deny production to the act of Love,
Or hinder Fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren Womb the Matron ſhame;
As many think, who ſtain with Victims *B*lood
The mournful Altars, and with incenſe load:
To bleſs the ſhow'ry ſeed with future Life,
And to impregnate the well labour'd Wife.
In vain they weary Heav'n with Prayer, or fly
To Oracles, or Magique numbers try:
For barrenneſs of Sexes will proceed.
Either from too Condens'd, or watry ſeed;
The watry juice too ſoon diſſolves away,
And in the parts projected will not ſtay;

The

The too Condens'd, unfould, unwieldly maſs
Drops ſhort, nor carries to the deſtin'd place:
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moiſture of the womb.
For Nuptials are unlike in their ſucceſs,
Some men, with fruitful ſeed ſome Women bleſs;
And from ſome men ſome Women fruitful are;
Juſt as their conſtitutions joyn or jarr:
And many, ſeeming barren Wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more proliſique men,
Have fill'd a Family with prattling boyes:
And many not ſupply'd at home with joys,
Have found a friend abroad, to eaſe their ſmart,
And to perform the Sapleſs Husbands part.
So much it does import, that ſeed with ſeed
Shou'd of the kindly mixture make the breed:
And thick with thin, and thin with thick ſhou'd joyn,
So to produce and propagate the Line.

Of

Of ſuch concernment too is Drink and food,
T'incraſſate, or attenuate the blood.
Of like importance is the poſture too,
In which the genial feat of Love we do:
For as the Females of the four foot kind,
Receive the leapings of their Males behind;
So the good Wives, with loins uplifted high,
And leaning on their hands the fruitful ſtroke may try:
For in that poſture will they beſt conceive:
Not when ſupinely laid they friſk and heave;
For active motions only break the blow,
And more of Strumpets than of Wives they ſhow;
When anſwering ſtroke with ſtroke, the mingled liquors flow.
Endearments eager, and too briſk a bound,
Throws off the Plow-ſhare from the furrow'd ground.

But

But common Harlots in conjunction heave,
Becauſe 'tis leſs their buſineſs to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honeſt Wives but little need.
Nor is it from the Gods, or *Cupids* dart,
That many a homely Woman takes the heart;
But Wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaſte,
And clean, will hold their wandring Husbands faſt,
Such are the links of Love, and ſuch a Love will laſt.
For what remains, long habitude, and uſe,
Will kindneſs in domeſtick Bands produce:
For Cuſtome will a ſtrong impreſſion leave;
Hard bodies, which the lighteſt ſtroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And ſtones with drops of rain are waſh'd away.

From *LUCRETIUS*

Book the Fifth.

Tum porrò puer, &c.

THus like a Sayler by the Tempeſt hurl'd
A ſhore, the Babe is ſhipwrack'd on the World:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that humane wants require:
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable Earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs Birth.
Straight with forebodeing cryes he fills the Room;
(Too true preſages of his future doom.)
But Flocks, and Herds, and every *Savage* Beaſt
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.

They

They want no Rattles for their froward mood,
Nor Nurſe to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor Winter blaſts they fear
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor, for their ſafety, Citadels prepare;
Nor forge the wicked Inſtruments of War:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treaſure grants,
And Nature's laviſh hands ſupplies their common wants.

Theocrit. Idyllium the 18th.

THE *EPITHALAMIUM* OF *HELEN* and *MENELAUS.*

TWelve *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous Palace did resort,
Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.
There hand in hand a comely Quire they led;
To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,
~~Which~~ With curious Needles wrought, and painted flowers bespred.

Joves

Joves beauteous Daughter now his Bride muſt be,
And *Jove* himſelf was leſs a God than he:
For this their artful hands inſtruct the Lute to ſound,
Their feet aſſiſt their hands and juſtly beat the ground.
This was their ſong: Why happy Bridegroom, why
E're yet the Stars are kindl'd in the Skie,
E're twilight ſhades, or Evening dews are ſhed,
Why doſt thou ſteal ſo ſoon away to Bed?
Has *Somnus* bruſh'd thy Eye-lids with his Rod,
Or do thy Legs refuſe to bear their Load,
With flowing bowles of a more generous God?
If gentle ſlumber on thy Temples creep,
(But naughty Man thou doſt not mean to ſleep)
Betake thee to thy Bed thou drowzy Drone,
Sleep by thy ſelf and leave thy Bride alone:
Go leave her with her Maiden Mates to play
At ſports more harmleſs, till the break of day:

Give

Give us this Evening; thou haſt Morn and Night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy Youth! to thee among the crowd
Of Rival Princes, *Cupid* ſneez'd aloud;
And every lucky *Omen* ſent before,
To meet thee landing on the *Spartan* ſhore.
Of all our *Heroes* thou canſt boaſt alone,
That *Jove*, when e're he Thunders, calls thee Son:
Betwixt two Sheets thou ſhalt enjoy her bare;
With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare:
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy, and ſo fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a Kingly line:
But oh, a Girl, like her, muſt be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve ſcore *Virago's* of the *Spartan* Race,
While naked to *Eurota's* banks we bend,
And there in manly exerciſe contend,

When

When ſhe appears, are all eclips'd and loſt;
And hide the beauties that we made our boaſt.
So, when the Night, and Winter diſappear,
The Purple morning riſing with the year
Salutes the ſpring, as her Celeſtial eyes
Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies:
So beauteous *Helen* ſhines among the reſt,
Tall, ſlender, ſtraight, with all the Graces bleſt:
As Pines the Mountains, or as fields the Corn,
Or as *Theſſalian* Steeds the race adorn:
So Roſie colour'd *Helen* is the pride
Of *Lacedemon*, and of *Greece* beſide.
Like her no Nymph can willing Ozyers bend
In basket-works, which painted ſtreaks commend:
With *Pallas* in the Loomb ſhe may contend.
But none, ah none can animate the Lyre,
And the mute ſtrings with Vocal Soul inſpire,

VVhether

Whether the Learn'd *Minerva* be her Theam,
Or chaſt *Diana* bathing in the Stream;
None can record their Heavenly praiſe ſo well
As *Helen*, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand *Cupids* dwell.
O fair, O Graceful! yet with Maids inroll'd,
But whom to morrows Sun a Matron ſhall behold;
Yet e're to morrows Sun ſhall ſhow his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy head.
VVhere all ſhall weep, and wiſh for thy return,
As bleating Lambs their abſent mother mourn.
Our Nobleſt Maids ſhall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of *Lotos*, form'd in to a wreath.
This Monument thy Maiden beauties due,
High on a Plane tree ſhall be hung to view:
On the ſmooth rind the Paſſenger ſhall ſee
Thy Name ingrav'd; and worſhip *Helens* Tree:

Balm

Balm, from a Silver box diſtill'd around, (ground;
Shall all bedew the roots and ſcent the ſacred
The balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants prolong,
But *Helens* name will keep it ever young.
Hail Bride, hail Bridegroom, ſon in Law to *Jove!*
With fruitful joys, *Latona* bleſs your Love;
Let *Venus* furniſh you with full deſires,
Add vigour to your wills and fuel to your fires:
Almighty *Jove* augment your wealthy ſtore,
Give much to you, and to his Grandſons more.
From generous Loyns a generous race will ſpring,
Each Girl, like her, a Queen; each Boy, like you, a King.
Now ſleep if ſleep you can; but while you reſt,
Sleep cloſe, with folded arms, and breaſt to breaſt.
Riſe in the morn; but oh before you riſe,
Forget not to perform your morning Sacrifice.

We will be with you e're the crowing Cock
Salutes the light, and ſtruts before his feather'd
Flock:
Hymen, oh *Hymen*, to thy Triumphs run,
And view the mighty ſpoils thou haſt in Battle
won.

Idyllium

Idyllium the 23d.

THE Deſpairing LOVER.

With inauſpicious love, a wretched Swain
Perſu'd the faireſt Nimph of all the Plain;
Faireſt indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeleſs in a deep deſpair:
Her heavenly form too haughtily ſhe priz'd,
His perſon hated, and his Gifts deſpis'd:
Nor knew the force of *Cupids* cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful pow'r on humane hearts;
But either from her hopeleſs Lover fled,
Or with diſdainful glances ſhot him dead.
No kiſs, no look, to cheer the drooping Boy:
No word ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſcorn'd ev'n to deny.

But

But as a hunted Panther caſts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her liſt'ning ears to (ſcout,
So ſhe, to ſhun his Toyls, her cares imploy'd,
And fiercely in her ſavage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth ſhe writh'd, her forehead taught to (frown,
He eyes to ſparkle fires to love unknown:
Her ſallow Cheeks her envious mind did ſhow,
And every feature ſpoke alowd the curſtneſs of a Shrew.
Yet cou'd not he his obvious Fate eſcape,
His love ſtill dreſt her in a pleaſing ſhape:
And every ſullen frown, and bitter ſcorn
But fann'd the fuel that too faſt did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He ſtrove to curb it, but he ſtrove in vain:
At laſt his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief.

With

With Tears ſo tender, as adorn'd his Love;
And any heart, but only hers wou'd move:
Trembling before her bolted doors he ſtood;
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then kiſſing firſt the threſhold, thus he ſpoke.

Ah Nymph more cruel than of humane Race,
Thy Tygreſs heart belies thy Angel Face:
Too well thou ſhow'ſt thy Pedigree from Stone;
Thy Grandames was the firſt by *Pyrrha* thrown:
Unworthy thou to be ſo long deſir'd;
But ſo my Love, and ſo my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the laſt that I can give.
This friendly Cord ſhall ſoon decide the ſtriſe,
Betwixt my ling'ring Love and loathſome life;
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I ſhall no more deſpair, nor thou diſdain.

Fare-

Farewell ungrateful and unkind, I go
Condemn'd by thee to thoſe ſad ſhades below.
I go th' extreameſt remedy to prove,
To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love.
There happily to loſe my long deſires:
But ah, what draught ſo deep to quench my fires!
Farewel ye never opening Gates, ye Stones
And Threſhold guilty of my Midnight Moans:
What I have ſuffer'd here ye know too well;
What I ſhall do the Gods and I can tell.
The Roſe is fragrant, but it fades in time,
The Violet ſweet, but quickly paſt the prime;
White Lillies hang their heads and ſoon decay,
And whiter Snow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming youth, and withering ſo;
The time will come, it will, when you ſhall know
The rage of Love; your haughty heart ſhall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.

Obdurate

Obdurate as you are, oh, hear at leaſt
My dying prayers, and grant my laſt requeſt!
When firſt you ope your doors, and paſſing by
The ſad ill Omend Object meets your Eye,
Think it not loſt, a moment if you ſtay;
The breathleſs wretch, ſo made by you, ſurvey:
Some cruel pleaſure will from thence ariſe,
To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.
I wiſh, (but oh my wiſh is vain I fear,)
The kind Oblation of a falling Tear:
Then looſe the knot, and take me from the place,
And ſpread your Mantle o're my grizly Face;
Upon my livid Lips beſtow a kiſs:
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliſs!
Nor fear your kiſſes can reſtore my breath;
Even you are not more pittileſs than death.
Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,
Which Love and me from publick Scorn may hide.

Thrice

Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your breast
And hayl me thrice to everlasting rest:
Last let my Tomb this sad inscription bear,
A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried here:
Oh, Passengers *Amintas* Eyes beware.

Thus having said, and furious with his Love;
He heav'd with more than humane force, to move
A weighty Stone, (the labour of a Team,)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the Neighbouring Beam:
Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws;
And fitted to his Neck the fatal noose:
Then spurning backward took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stopt the passage of his Breath.
The bounce burst ope the door; the Scornful Fair
Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his quivering feet (in Air,
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brusht regardless by:

And

And as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her Garments toucht the dead, polluted by the touch.

Next to the dance, thence to the Bath did move;
The bath was sacred to the God of Love:
Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,
Stood threatning from a Pedestal on high:
Nodding a while; and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling crusht th' ungrateful Nymph below:
Her gushing Blood the Pavement all besmear'd;
And this her last expiring Voice was heard;
Lovers farwell, revenge has reacht my scorn;
Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love return.

DAPHNIS.

From *Theocritus Idyll.* 27.

Daphnis.

THe Shepheard *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
But I by free conſent can boaſt a Bliſs,
A fairer *Helen*, and a ſweeter kiſs.

Chloris Kiſſes are empty joyes and ſoon are o're.

Daph. A Kiſs betwixt the lips is ſomething more.

Chlo. I wipe my mouth, and where's your kiſſing then?

Daph. I ſwear you wipe it to be kiſs'd agen.

Chlo. Go tend your Herd, and kiſs your Cows at home;
I am a Maid, and in my Beauties bloom.

Daph. Tis

Daph. 'Tis well remember'd, do not waſte your time;
But wiſely uſe it e're you paſs your prime.
Chlo. Blown Roſes hold their ſweetneſs to the laſt,
And Raiſins keep their luſcious native taſte.
Daph. The Sun's too hot; thoſe Olive ſhades are near;
I fain wou'd whiſper ſomething in your ear.
Chlo. 'Tis honeſt talking where we may be ſeen,
God knows what ſecret miſchief you may mean;
I doubt you'l play the Wag and kiſs agen.
Daph. At leaſt beneath yon' Elm you need not fear;
My Pipe's in tune, if you'r diſpos'd to hear.
Chlo. Play by your ſelf, I dare not venture thither:
You, and your naughty Pipe go hang together.
Daph. Coy Nymph beware, leſt *Venus* you offend:
Chlo. I ſhall have chaſte *Diana* ſtill to friend.

Daph. You have a Soul, and *Cupid* has a Dart;

Chlo. *Diana* will defend, or heal my heart.
Nay, fie what mean you in this open place;
Unhand me, or, I ſware, I'le ſcratch your face.
Let go for ſhame; you make me mad for ſpight;
My mouth's my own; and if you kiſs I'le bite.

Daph. Away with your diſſembling Female tricks:
What wou'd you 'ſcape the fate of all your Sex?

Chlo. I ſwear I'le keep my Maidenhead till death,
And die as pure as Queen *Elizabeth.*

Daph. Nay mum for that; but let me lay thee down;
Better with me, than with ſome nauſeous Clown.

Chlo. I'de have you know, if I were ſo inclin'd,
I have bin wo'd by many a wealthy Hind;
But never found a Husband to my mind.

Daph. But

Daph. But they are abſent all; and I am here;
Chlo. The matrimonial Yoke is hard to bear;
And Marriage is a woful word to hear,
Daph. A ſcar Crow, ſet to frighten fools away;
Marriage has joys; and you ſhall have a ſay.
Chlo. Sour ſawce is often mix'd with our delight,
You kick by day more than you kiſs by night.
Daph. Sham ſtories all; but ſay the worſt you can,
A very Wife fears neither God nor Man.
Chlo. But Child-birth is they ſay, a deadly pain;
It coſts at leaſt a Month to knit again,
Daph. *Diana* cures the wounds *Lucina* made;
Your Goddeſs is a Midwife by her Trade.
Chlo. But I ſhall ſpoil my Beauty if I bear.
Daph. But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.
Chlo. But there's a Civil queſtion us'd of late?
Where lies my jointure, where your own Eſtate?
Daph. My

Daph. My Flocks, my Fields, my Wood, my Pastures take,
With settlement as good as Law can make.
Chlo. Swear then you will not leave me on the common,
But marry me, and make an honest Woman.
Daph. I swear by *Pan* (tho' he wears horns you'll say)
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'le not be forc'd away.
Chlo, I bargain for a wedding Bed at least,
A house, and handsome Lodging for a guest.
Daph, A house well furnish'd shall be thine to keep;
And for a flock-bed I can sheer my Sheep.
Chlo. What Tale shall I to my old Father tell?
Daph. 'Twill make him Chuckle thou'rt bestow'd so well.

Chlo. But

Chlo. But after all, in troth I am to blame
To be ſo loving, e're I know your Name.
A pleaſant ſounding name's a pretty thing:
Daph. Faith, mine's a very pretty name to ſing;
They call me *Daphnis*: *Lycidas* my Syre,
Both ſound as well as Woman can deſire.
Nomæa bore me; Farmers in degree,
He a good Husband, a good Houſwife ſhe.
Chlo. Your kindred is not much amiſs, 'tis true,
Yet I am ſomewhat better born than you.
Daph. I know your Father, and his Family;
And without boaſting am as good as he
Menelaus; and no Maſter goes before.
Chlo. Hang both our Pedigrees; not one word more;
But if you love me let me ſee your Living,
Your Houſe and Home; for ſeeing is believing.

Daph. See first yon *Cypress* Grove, (a shade from noon;)

Chlo. Browze on my goats; for I'le be with you soon.

Daph. Feed well my Bulls, to whet your appetite;
That each may take a lusty Leap at Night.

Chlo. What do you mean(uncivil as you are,)
To touch my breasts, and leave my bosome (bare?

Daph. These pretty bubbies first I make my own.

Chlo. Pull out your hand,I swear,or I shall swoon.

Daph. Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?

Chlo. Throw me at least upon a cleaner place:
My Linnen ruffled,and my Wastcoat soyling,
What do you think new Cloaths, were made for spoyling?

Daph. I'le lay my Lambskins underneath thy back:

Chlo. My Head Geer'es off; what filthy work you make!

Daph. To

Daph. To *Venus* firſt, I lay theſe offrings by;

Chlo. Nay firſt look round, that no body be nigh:
Methinks I hear a whiſp'ring in the Grove.

Daph. The *Cypreſs* Trees are telling Tales of love.

Chlo. You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.

Daph. I'le buy thee better Cloaths than theſe I tear,
And lie ſo cloſe, I'le cover thee from Air.

Chlo Y' are liberal now; but when your turn is ſped,
You'l wiſh me choak'd with every cruſt of Bread.

Daph. I'le give thee more, much more than I have told;
Wou'd I cou'd coyn my very heart to Gold.

Chlo. Forgive thy handmaid (Huntreſs of the wood,)
I ſee there's no reſiſting fleſh and blood!

Daph. The

Daph. The noble deed is done; my Herds I'le call;
Cupid, be thine a Calf; & *Venus*, thine a Bull.
Chlo. A Maid I came, in an unlucky hour,
But hence return, without my Virgin flour.
Daph. A Maid is but a barren Name at beſt;
If thou canſt hold, I bid for twins at leaſt.

Thus did this happy Pair their love diſpence
With mutual joys, and gratifi'd their ſenſe;
The God of Love was there a bidden Gueſt;
And preſent at his own Myſterious Feaſt.
His azure Mantle underneath he ſpred,
And ſcatter'd Roſes on the Nuptial Bed;
While folded in each others arms they lay,
He blew the flames, and furniſh'd out the play,
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy ſweat away.

First rose the Maid and with a glowing Face,
Her down cast eyes beheld her print upon the grass;
Thence to her Herd she sped her self in haste:
The Bridgroom started from his Trance at last,
And pipeing homeward jocoundly he past.

Horas

Horat. Ode 3. Lib. 1.

Inſcrib'd to the Earl of Roſcomon, *on his intended Voyage to* IRELAND.

SO may th'auſpitious Queen of Love,
And the twin Stars, (the Seed of *Jove*,)
And he, who rules the rageing wind
To thee, O ſacred Ship, be kind,
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
Supplying ſoft *Eteſian* Gales,
As thou to whom the Muſe commends,
The beſt of Poets and of Friends,
Doſt thy committed Pledge reſtore:
And land him ſafely on the ſhore:

And ſave the better part of me,
From periſhing with him at Sea.
Sure he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of Iron arm'd his ſide!
Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood,
Who tempted firſt the briny Floud:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore;
Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What form of death cou'd him affright,
Who unconcern'd with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Cou'd veiw the Surges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep?
Cou'd thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below!

In vain did Natures wiſe command,
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable Main:
Th' eternal Fences over leap;
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
No toyl, no hardſhip can reſtrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold *Prometheus* did aſpire,
And ſtole from heaven the ſeed of Fire:
A train of Ills, a ghaſtly crew,
The Robbers blazing track perſue;
Fierce Famine, with her Meagre face,
And Feavours of the fiery Race,
In ſwarms th' offending Wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground:

And

And limping Death, laſh'd on by Fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.
This made not *Dedalus* beware,
With borrow'd wings to ſail in Air:
To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way,
Plung'd thro' the Lake, and ſnatch'd the Prey.
Nay ſcarce the Gods, or heav'nly Climes
Are ſafe from our audacious Crimes;
We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down.

HORACE

Horace Lib. 1. *Ode* 9.

I.

BEhold yon' Mountains hoary height
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winters weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring Woods below:
And ſtreams with Icy letters bound,
Benum'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well heap'd Logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly Wit and Love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let

III.

Let him alone with what he made,
To toſs and turn the World below;
At his command the ſtorms invade;
The winds by his Commiſſion blow;
Till with a Nod he bids 'em ceaſe,
And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To morrow and her works defie,
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of Fortunes pow'r:
Nor love, nor love's delights diſdain,
What e're thou get'ſt to day is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joyes,
That Youth unſowr'd with ſorrow bears,
E're with'ring time the taſte deſtroyes,
With ſickneſs and unweildy years!
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

The pointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again,
Theſe, theſe are joyes the Gods for Youth ordain.

Horat.

Horat. Ode 29. Book 3.

Paraphras'd in *Pindarique* Verſe;

AND

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable Lawrence *Earl of* Rocheſter.

I.

DEſcended of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuſcan* Scepter ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the generous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſie wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that ſhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the Wine ſparkles from a far,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away;
Make haſte, and leave thy buſineſs and thy care,
No mortal int'reſt can be worth thy ſtay.

III.

Leave for a while thy coſtly Country Seat;
And, to be Great indeed, forget
The nauſeous pleaſures of the Great:
Make haſte and come:
Come and forſake thy cloying ſtore;
Thy Turret that ſurveys, from high,
The ſmoke, and wealth, and noiſe of *Rome*;
And all the buſie pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy Soul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſures of the poor.

Some-

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A ſhort viciſſitude, and fit of Poverty:
A ſavoury Diſh, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious Room,
The *Perſian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from a far;
And with his ſultry breath infects the Sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us fry.
The Shepheard drives his fainting Flock,
Beneath the covert of a Rock;

And

And ſeeks refreſhing Rivulets nigh:
The *Sylvans* to their ſhades retire,
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams, new ſhades and ſtreams require;
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the rage-(ing fire.

IV.

Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r,
And what the City Faction dare,
And what the *Gallique* Arms will do,
And what the Quiver bearing Foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know:
But God has, wiſely, hid from humane ſight
The dark decrees of future fate;
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State;
When Mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

Enjoy

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour;
And put it out of Fortunes pow'r:
The tide of bus'neſs, like the running ſtream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow,
And alwayes in extream.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle courſe
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it, with impetuous force:
And trunks of Trees come rowling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown:
Both Houſe and Homeſted into Seas are borne,
And Rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods made thin with winds, their ſcatter'd ho-
nours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to day his own:
He, who ſecure within, can ſay
To morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſt, in ſpight of fate are mine.
Not Heav'n it ſelf upon the paſt has pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
Does Man her ſlave oppreſs,
Proud of her Office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldome pleas'd to bleſs.
Still various and unconſtant ſtill;
But with an inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in ſtrife,
And makes a Lottery of life.

I can enjoy her while ſhe's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the wind,
And ſhakes her wings, and will not ſtay,
I puff the Proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave, is quietly reſign'd:
Content with poverty, my Soul, I arm;
And Vertue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is 't to me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms ariſe, and Clouds grow black;
If the Maſt ſplit and threaten wreck,
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.

While

For me ſecure from Fortunes blows,
(Secure of what I cannot loſe,)
In my ſmall Pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſtring roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly Stars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding Creek;
And ſee the ſtorm a ſhore.

From

FROM

HORACE.

Epod. 2d.

HOw happy in his low degree
How rich in humble Poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life!
Diſcharg'd of buſineſs, void of ſtrife,
And from the gripeing Scrivener free.
(Thus e're the Seeds of Vice were ſown,
Liv'd Men in better Ages born,
Who Plow'd with Oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal field of Corn.)
Nor Trumpets ſummon him to War
Nor drums diſturb his morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.

The

The clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and ſtate he wiſely ſhuns,
Nor brib'd with hopes nor dar'd with awe
To ſervile Salutations runs:
But either to the claſping Vine
Does the ſupporting Poplar Wed,
Or with his pruneing hook disjoyn
Unbearing Branches from their Head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead:
Or climbing to a hilly Steep
He views his Herds in Vales afar
Or Sheers his overburden'd Sheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of Virgin honey in the Jars.
Or in the now declining year
When bounteous *Autumn* rears his head,
He joyes to pull the ripen'd Pear,
And cluſtring Grapes with purple ſpread.

The

The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
Or on the matted graſs he lies;
No God of Sleep he need invoke,
The ſtream that o're the pebbles flies
With gentle ſlumber crowns his Eyes.
The Wind that Whiſtles through the ſprays
Maintains the conſort of the Song;
And hidden Birds with native layes
The golden ſleep prolong.
But when the blaſt of Winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the year,
Into the naked Woods he goes
And ſeeks the tusky Boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed Spear.

Or

Or ſpreads his ſubtile Nets from ſight
With twinckling glaſſes to betray
The Larkes that in the Meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful Hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſie joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor Love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of Wealth.
But if a chaſt and pleaſing Wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his Life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the Sabine *Matrons* were,
Such as the ſwift *Apulians* Bride,
Sunburnt and Swarthy tho' ſhe be,
Will fire for Winter Nights provide,
And without noiſe will overſee,
His Children and his Family,
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;

If

If ſhe in pens his Flocks will fold,
And then produce her Dairy ſtore,
With Wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not Oyſters of the *Lucrine* Lake
My ſober appetite wou'd wiſh,
Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fiſh
That rowling Tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly diſh.
Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,
Which *Phaſis*, or *Ionia* yields,
More pleaſing morſels wou'd afford
Than the fat Olives of my fields;
Than Shards or Mallows for the pot,
That keep the looſen'd Body ſound,
Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot,
To the juſt Guardian of my ground,

Amidſt

Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy Swains,
The jolly Shepheard ſmiles to ſee
His flock returning from the Plains;
The Farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his Oxen, ſweating ſmoak,
Bear on their Necks the looſen'd Yoke.
To look upon his menial Crew,
That ſit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome Food and Couutry Mirth.
This *Morecraft* ſaid within himſelf;
Reſolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own;
He call'd his Mony in:
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
And put it out again.

Part of *Virgils* 4th. *Georgick.*

Ariſteus, *having loſt his Bees, goes by his Mother's direction to* Proteus *to know why the Gods had ſent this Plague;* Proteus *tells him they ſent it to revenge the injury he had done* Orpheus, *in being the the cauſe of his Brides death, and ſo goes on with the Story of his Paſſion.*

NOw ſcorching *Sirius* burnt the thirſty Moors,
And Seas contracted left their naked ſhores;
The Earth lay chop'd, no Spring ſupply'd his floud,
And mid-day Rays boyld up the ſtreams to mud:
When *Proteus* coming to his uſual Cave,
The Sea Calf following ſpouts the brackiſh wave:
Spread o're the ſand the ſcatter'd Monſters lay,
He (like a Shepheard at the cloſe of day,

When Heifers ſeek their ſtalls, and round a Rock
The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke)
Sits midd'ſt the Beach, and counts the ſcaly flock.
Scarce was he laid, ſcarce ſleep had ſeal'd his eyes,
When *Ariſteus*, eager to ſurpriſe,
Invades and binds him: Strait he ſtarts and roars,
And with ſhrill noiſes fills the ecchoing ſhores:
He flies to his old Arts and ſtrives to 'ſcape,
By frequent change, and varying of his ſhape:
All monſtrous forms put on, he would appear
A Flame, a Floud, a Lion, or a Bear:
When nought avail'd he turn'd himſelf again;
And thus ſpoke with the accent of a Man:
By whoſe advice haſt thou ſo raſhly preſt,
Bold Youth, on me? And what doeſt thou requeſt?

You know, Great God, you know, the Swain re-(ply'd
For who can cheat you? who his wants can hide?

But

But ſtrive to change no more: I humbly come,
And by the Gods commands, to know my doom:
For what I'm puniſh'd, when theſe plagues aroſe,
And by what means I may retrieve my loſs:
This ſaid, the angry God with fury ſhook,
His eyes ſhot flame, and horror chang'd his look,
He gnaſh'd his teeth, and thus at laſt he ſpoke.

No common Gods, no common Gods purſue,
Thou ſuffer'ſt what to thy great crimes is due;
At wretched *Orpheus* ſuit theſe plagues commence,
Tho' (fate being kind) too ſmall for thy offence.
To Heavens ſtrict Juſtice he his wrongs apply'd,
And call'd down vengeance for his periſh'd Bride:
She, while ſhe fled from thee, unhappy Maid,
By heedleſs fear to treacherous Banks betray'd,
Ne're ſaw the Snake glide o're the graſſie ground,
But e're ſhe knew the foe, ſhe felt the wound:

Her fellow *Dryads* fill'd the Hills with cries,
In groans the ſoften'd *Rhodope* replies;
Rough *Thrace*, the *Getes*, and *Hebrus* ſtreams lament,
Forget their fury, and in grief conſent:
While he to doleful tunes his ſtrings does move,
And ſtrove to ſolace his uneaſie Love:
Thee, Thee, Dear Bride, on Deſart ſhores alone
He mourn'd at riſing, and at ſetting Sun:
His reſtleſs Love did natural fears expel,
He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell,
He ſaw the Grove, where gloomy horrors ſpread,
The Ghoſts and gaſtly Tyrant of the dead;
With thoſe rough Powers, that there ſeverely reign,
Unus'd to pity, when poor men complain:

He ſtrook his Harp, and ſtrait a numerous throng
Of Airy people fled to hear the Song,

[Thither

Thither vaſt troops of wretched Lovers came,
And ſhriekt at the remembrance of their flame;
With heavy grief and gloomy thoughts oppreſt,
Meagre each ſhape, and wounds in every breaſt;
(How deep, ah me! and wide muſt mine appear,
If ſo much Beauty can be ſo ſevere!)
With theſe, mixt troops of Fathers, Husbands, Wives,
As thick as ſwarms of Bees fly round their Hives
At Evening cloſe, or when a Tempeſt drives:
With Ghoſts of Heroes, and of Babes expos'd,
And Sons whoſe dying eyes their Mothers clos'd:
Which now the dull unnavigable flood,
With black *Cocytus* horrid, weeds, and mud
And *Styx*, in nine large Channels ſpread, confine:

The wondrous numbers ſoft'ned all beneath,
Hell, and the inmoſt flinty ſeats of Death;

Snakes round the *Furies* heads did upward rear,
And ſeem'd to liſten to the pleaſing Air;
While fiery *Styx* in milder ſtreams did rowl,
And *Cerberus* gap'd, but yet forbore to howl,
Ixion's Wheel ſtood ſtill, all tortures ceaſt,
And Hell amaz'd knew an unuſual reſt.

All dangers paſt beyond the reach of fear,
Reſtor'd *Euridice* breath'd the upper air,
Following behind (for mov'd by his complaint
Hell added this condition to the grant)
When fury ſoon the heedleſs Lover ſeiz'd,
(To be forgiven, if Hell cou'd be appeas'd)
Fornear the confines of Ætherial Air,
Unmindful and unable to forbear,
He ſtopt, look'd back, (what cannot love perſwade?)
To take one view of the unhappy Maid:

To

Here all his Pains were loſt, one greedy look
Defeats his hopes, and Hells conditions broke,
Thrice *Stix* reſounded, thrice *Averne* ſhook:
A fatal Meſſenger from *Pluto* flew,
And ſnatch'd the forfeit from a ſecond veiw:

Backward ſhe fell; ah me! too greedy Youth,
(She cry'd) what fury now hath ruin'd both!
Death ſummons me again, cold fates ſurpriſe,
And Icy ſleep ſpreads o're my nodding eyes:
Wrapt up in night I feel the *Stygian* ſhore,
And ſtretch my arms to thee in vain, ah thine no more!

This ſcarc'd pronounc'd, like ſmoke diſperſt in air
So vaniſh'd the twice-loſt unhappy Fair:
And left him catching at the flying ſhade;
He ſtood diſtracted, much he would have ſaid,

In vain; for *Charon* wou'd not waft him o're,
Once he had paſs'd, and now muſt hope no more
What ſhould he do? where ſhould he ſeek repoſe?
Where flie the trouble of his ſecond loſs?
In what ſoft numbers ſhould the wretch complain?
And beg his dear *Euridice* again?
She now grew cold in *Charon*'s boat beneath,
And ſadly ſail'd to the known ſeats of Death:
But while nine circling months in order turn'd,
Beneath bleak rocks (thus Fame reports) he mourn'd:
By freezing *Strymon*'s unfrequented ſtream,
Euridice, his loſt *Euridice*, his theme;
And while he ſang this ſad event of Love,
He tam'd fierce Tygers, and made Oaks to move:
With ſuch ſoft Tunes, and ſuch a doleful Song
Sweet Nightingales bewail their raviſht young,
Which ſome hard hearted Swain hath born away
While Callow Birds, or kill'd the eaſie prey;

Reſtleſs

Reſtleſs they ſit, renew their mournful ſtrains,
And with ſad Paſſion fill their neighb'ring Plains.

No face cou'd win him, and no charms cou'd move,
He fled the heinous thoughts of ſecond Love:
In vain the *Thracians* woed, wit, wealth, eſteem,
Thoſe great Enticers, loſt their force on him:
Alone he wander'd thro' the *Scythian* Snows,
Where Icy *Tanais* freezeth as it flows;
Thro' fields ſtill white with froſt, or beat with hail,
Conſtant to grief, and eager to bewail:
Euridice the Gods vain gift employs
His thoughts, and makes him deaf to other joys.

The ſlighted *Thracians* heat this ſcorn increaſt,
They breath'd revenge, and fir'd at *Bacchus* feaſt,
(For what ſo ſoon as wine makes fury burn?
And what can wound a Maid ſo deep as ſcorn?)

Full

Full of their God they wretched *Orpheus* tore,
Scatter'd his limbs, and drank his reeking gore:
His head torn off, as *Hebrus* roll'd along
Eurydice fell from his dying tongue.
His parting Soul, when flying thro' the wound,
Cry'd ah *Euridice*, the floods around
Eurydice, *Eurydice* the banks resound.

The

The Sixth

ELEGY

Of the Firſt Book of

TIBULLUS.

OFt I by Wine have try'd to lull my cares,
But vexing grief turn'd all my wine to Tears;
Each ſprightly bottle did but ſtill ſupply
Another Fountain for my weeping Eye:
I chang'd my Love, but midſt the kind embrace
I think on her, and my attempt decays:
The Maid deluded from my feeble Arms (Charms:
Straight ſtarts, and ſhriek's and much complains of

I know, says she, strong charms thy force restrain,
You us'd to prove your self a greater Man;
Go dull unactive Load, thy strength restore,
Then come prepar'd, and mock my hopes no more.
Ah me! no Charms but her bewitching face,
Damps all my thoughts, and deadens my embrace:
Yet now a wealthy Fool and Bawd conspire,
A griping Bawd, to blast my just desire;
And what can the poor Man securely hold
Against the force of Treachery and gold!
I faint, I die, yet e're I mount above,
I'le call down vengeance for my injur'd love;
Let hatred blast her, and the publick scorn,
Who drew the fair One first to be forsworn.
Unpity'd, hated, let her range the Streets,
Worry'd by Dogs, and curst by all she meets:
At night let groaning Spectres round her wait,
And break her rest complaining of their Fate:

All this will come, I ſhall be pleas'd to ſee
The ſpeedy puniſhment of Treachery:
No ſlow delay ſhall coming fate prolong;
For *Venus* ſoon reſents a Lovers wrong:
But take heed Fair one, be no longer aw'd,
But fly the cunning precepts of the Bawd;
The Rich mans bribes, her greedy hope devours,
She pleads for her own profit, not for yours:
For tho the wealthy may preſent you more,
He cannot pay the ſervice of the poor.
The poor is ready, he will ne're diſdain
The meaneſt ſervile Office of thy Train;
He'l bear thy Chair, of the preferment proud,
Or force a paſſage for you thro' the Crowd.
What ever friendſhips ſtricteſt ty's can crave,
Or utmoſt duty challenge from a Slave:
In vain, I ſing, nor will my words command,
This Gate ne're opens to an empty hand:

But

But, happy Sir, who doſt thy conqueſt boaſt
And triumph in the ſpoils that I have loſt,
Take heed, I warm Thee, my approaches fear;
What you muſt ſuffer learn by what I bear:

OVID's *Dream.*

'Twas Night and lazy ſleep my Eyes confin'd,
But left an open paſſage to my mind:
Theſe wondrous viſions made a frightful train
In too ſurprizing figures to be vain:
At a large Mountains foot, a Grove aroſe,
The ſhades lay thick and Birds beneath the boughs;
A Green ſpread wide the wandring Eye detains,
Water'd with ſprings that murmur'd thro' the Plains:
Beneath the ſhade, methoughts, I careleſs lay,
To cool the former fury of the day;

Yet

Yet tho I found the outward warmth retreat,
I ſtill was fire, and felt an inward heat.
When lo a Cow, that left the meaner Herd
For better Paſtures, to my eyes appear'd;
More white than falling ſnow to mortal view,
Or Milk juſt frothing from the burdened Ewe:
For common ſight can make but ſmall pretence
Compar'd to fancy unconfin'd by ſenſe:
A Bull, the happy Conſort of the Cow,
Lay by her ſide, lookt pleas'd, and ſeem'd to low.
But whilſt he lay, and gently chew'd the Cud,
Feeding again upon his former Food,
Sleep weakning all his ſtrength, he bent his head,
And lay extended on the graſſy bed:
And as he ſlept a Pye fled nimbly down,
Chatter'd a while, drew near, then bolder grown
Peckt at the Cow; then chatter'd once again,
The Cow appear'd uneaſie at the Pain;

Till

Till chattering on, he ſeem'd to pleaſe the Beaſt,
Then fled, but left a ſtain upon her breaſt.
The Cow look'd round upon her ſleeping Mate,
As loath to leave him, and yet urg'd by fate;
Thrice look'd, thrice low'd, but yet at laſt ſhe fled
To other Bulls, and wantonly ſhe fed:
Forgot the Paſtures of the former Plain,
And never look'd upon her Mate again.
Heav'n! What's foreſhew'd me by this ſtrange portent:
If 'tis not a meer fancy what is meant?
Tell ſacred Augur, you are us'd to ſee
Events in Cauſes, and read Fates decree.
At this the Augur ſhook his reverend head,
And pondering all the circumſtances, ſaid:
The heat which you did to the ſhades remove
To cool but could not, was the Heat of Love:
The Cow, thy Miſtreſs; white before betray'd;
White is the decent colour for a Maid:

The

The Bull thy ſelf, tho' ſcorn'd and hated now,
The happy equal Conſort of the Cow:
The Pye that peckt, the Bawd, whoſe treacherous art
Prevail'd upon thy Miſtriſs eaſie heart,
And drew her to be falſe; what weak deſigns,
And ſmall Temptations, win when Nature joyns!
The ſtain upon her Breaſt declares her ſin,
And ſhows the Scarlet faults that lurk within:
My Blood grew cold at this ſurprizeing fright,
I wak't, and all around ſtood deepeſt night.

A

PROLOGUE

Intended for the

DUKE and no *DUKE.*

A Pox! Who'd be a Poet in our days?
When every Coxcomb crowns his Head with Bays,
And ſtands a ſaucy Candidate for Praiſe.
The ſurly Scriblers ſturdy Vice ingage,
And draw their blunted *Satyr* on the Age.
Vainly they ſtrive and weakly for renown.
So Spaniards firſt make War then loſe the Town:
They fellow fools to their Tribunal call,
There's no ſpare Fop now left amongſt you all.
They've

They've robb'd our Poet of you quite to day,
You were the ſtanding Prologue to each Play.
The want of you may chance to ſpoil his treat,
A well dreſs'd Fop was the beſt diſh of Meat:
But 'tis not civil you to entertain
With the chaw'd Fragments of your ſelves again.
To court the Ladies is in vain, I fear,
They're all beſpoke by ſome ſmall Sonniteer.
You cannot ſpie a Dam'ſel in this throng
But's an elected *Phyllis* for a Song.
For our good natur'd Fools, of late incline,
In ſenſeleſs Sonnets much to ſigh and whine;
Thinking their Wit, and Paſſion to rehearſe,
The Maudlin Blockheads love to weep in Verſe.
But ſtill the Poet is the Lovers Foe,
And makes the Nation merry with his Woe.
Who wou'd not laugh, tho' he is vex'd, to ſee
Nokes put to act the great *Marc-Antony*.

Heaven ſend us help in theſe Poetick times,
And free us from the Peſtilence of Rhimes;
There's not a word of ſenſe remains, God knows,
When Songs are ſtripp'd of Rhime to Naked Proſe.
Our Poet's at a loſs to find a way
To recommend to you his Farce or Play,
He will not uſe the Painters ſureſt Art
To win to day the Male and Female heart.
Courſe painting will delight your wanton eye
If in it naked Nature you deſcrie.
Adam and *Eve* muſt not their Fig leaves wear,
But they, good old Folks, too muſt both ſtand bare.
He that will pleaſe our moſt Religious Age
Muſt bring a naked Muſe upon the Stage;
Leudneſs of Wit has been the ſingle Teſt
And fulſome Baudy's your beloved Jeſt.

Our

Our Poet fears that this will prove too chaſte,
For you will ſee her ſtripp'd but to the Waſte;
But if the modeſt Dam'ſel you refuſe,
Next Venture, Poſture *Mall* ſhall be his Muſe.

The

The Fourteenth Ode

Of the Second Book of

HORACE.

I.

AH! Friend, the posting years how fast they (fly?
Nor can the strickest Piety
Defer incroaching Age,
Or Deaths resistless Rage,
If you each day
A Hecatomb of Bulls shou'd slay,
The smoaking Host could not subdue
The Tyrant to be kind to you.
From *Geryons* Head he snatch'd the Triple Crown.
Into th' infernal Lake the Monarch tumbl'd down.

The

The Prince, and Peſant of this World muſt be
Thus waſted to Eternity.

II

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
Or the rough Storms of the Tempeſtuous Sea.
In vain they take ſuch care
To ſhield their bodies from Autumnal Air.
Diſmal *Cocytus* they muſt ferry o're,
Whoſe languid ſtream moves dully by the ſhore.
And in their paſſage we ſhall ſee
Of tortur'd Ghoſts the various Miſery.

III.

Thy ſtately Houſe, thy pleaſing Wife
And Children, (bleſſings dear as Life,)
Muſt

Muſt all be left nor ſhalt thou have
Of all thy grafted Plants, one Tree;
Unleſs the diſmal *Cypreſs* follow thee,
The ſhort-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold Grave.
But the impriſon'd *Burgundy*
Thy jolly Heir ſhall ſtraight ſet free.
Releas'd from Lock, and Key, the ſparkling Wine
Shall flow, and make the drunken *Pavement* ſhine.

THE First *IDYLLIUM* OF THEOCRITUS, Translated into *English*.

THYRSIS.

GOat-Herd, the Muſick of yon whiſtling Pine,
Tho' ſweet, yet is not half ſo ſweet as thine,
Thou, when the ſound of thy ſhrill Pipe is heard
Art next to our great Maſter *Pan* prefer'd:
Next him in Skill, and next him in Reward.
If *Pan* receive a Goat of horned Brow,
A younger Goat is thy unqueſtion'd Due:
If He a younger Goat, a Kid belongs to You.
And Kids you know, until the ſwelling Teat
Yeilds Milk, are no unpalatable Meat.

Goat-Herd.

Sweeter thy Numbers, *Shepherd*, and thy Song,
Than that fair lovely Stream which down along
From yonder Hillock's gently riſing Side
Pours the ſmooth Current of its eaſie Tide.
If a white Ew the *Muſes* Off'ring be,
A Spotleſs Lamb ſhall be thy ſecond Fee:
If there's a Lamb; the Ew's reſerv'd for thee.

Thyrſis.

And wilt thou, *Goat-herd*, on yon riſing ground,
With Streams refreſh'd, & ſpreading Myrtles crown'd,
Say, wilt thou one ſweet charming Song rehearſe?
I'll feed thy Flock, and liſten to thy Verſe.

Goat-Herd.

Shepherd, I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground:
'Tis now high Noon, and *Pan* will hear the ſound.
Weary'd with Sport, he there lyes down to reſt:
And 'tis an angry God when at the beſt.

But

But, *Thyrſis*, you can *Daphnis* Story tell,
And underſtand the Rural Numbers well.
Let us retire then to the Sylvan Shade,
By reverend Oaks extended Branches made,
Where an old Seat ſtands rear'd upon the Green:
Hard by *Priapus*, and the *Nymphs* are ſeen.
There if thou ſing one of thy Nobleſt Lays,
And thy loud voice in ſuch ſweet Accents raiſe,
As when you baffled *Chrome*, and won the Bays;
Thrice ſhalt thou milk my Goat; come, prythee do:
Two Pails ſhe fills, although ſhe ſuckles Two:
Beſides a brave large Goblet ſhall be thine;
New made, new turn'd, and ſmelling wond'rous fine.
Sweet wholſom Wax the inner Hollow hides,
And two neat handles grace the well wrought ſides.
About the brim a creeping *Ivy* twines,
Thro' whoſe brown leaves the brighter *Crocus* ſhines.

Within, a *Woman*'s lovely Image ſtands:
(A noble Piece! not wrought by Mortal Hands!)
Around her Head a braided Fillet goes:
A decent Veil adown her Shoulders flows.
By Her two blooming Youths by Turns complain,
Each ſtriving who ſhall the bleſt Conqueſt gain:
Both eagerly contend, but both in vain.
She now on This her wanton Glances throws,
And now on That a careleſs Smile beſtows:
Whilſt they their big ſwol'n Eye-lids hardly rear,
And ſilently accuſe the Cruel Fair.
Next on a Cliff a Fiſher-man you'll view,
Who eagerly does his Lov'd Sport purſue.
His gather'd Net juſt hov'ring o'er the Sea,
He labours at the Caſt on his half bended Knee.
You'd ſwear his active Limbs work'd to and fro,
So tight he is, ſo fitted for the Throw.

His

His Neck enlarg'd with ſwelling Veins appears:
Much is his Strength, tho' many are his Years.
Not far from hence a ſeeming *Vineyard* grows,
The Vines all neatly ſet in graceful Rows,
Whoſe weighty Cluſters bend the yielding Boughs.
And a *Young Lad* on a Tree's neighbo'ring Root
Sits idlely by, to watch the ripening Fruit.
By him, two *Foxes* unregarded Steal:
Each craftily deſigns a diff'rent Meal.
One tow'rds the Vineyard caſts a longing Eye;
Looks to, and fro; and then creeps ſoftly by:
Whil'ſt t'other couch'd in a cloſe Ambuſcade
To intercept the Scrip and Vict'als laid,
Reſolv's not firſt to quit the *deſtin'd* Prey,
Till he has ſent the *Younker* Supperleſs away.
Mean while with both his Hands, and both his Eyes,
He's plaiting Straws, and making Traps for Flyes.

With Art and Care he the fine Play-thing twines,
Survey's it, and applaud's his own Deſigns:
Unmindful of his Bag, or of his Vines.
The Cup beſides a *Wood-bine* does contain,
Which round the Bottom wreath's it's leafy Train.
Admir'd and Envy'd by each gazing Swain!
I know, you'l ſay your ſelf, 'tis ſtrangely fine!
The Workman, and the Workmanſhip Divine!
I bought it, when I croſt th' *Ætolian Seas*,
The price a dainty Kid, and a large New-milk
Unus'd it lyes, unſully'd, neat and trim: [Cheeſe;
Nor have my Lips once touch'd the ſhining Brim.
With This I'd willingly reward thy Pains,
Would'ſt thou but ſing thoſe my beloved Strains,
Nor envy I thy Skill: No—envious Death
Too ſoon (alas!) will ſtop that charming Breath:
Come on then, Sing, *Dear Shepherd*, while you may.

Thyrſis

Thyrſis.

Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
'Tis *Thyrſis* ſings, *Thyrſis* on *Ætna* born:
The grateful Hills do his lov'd Notes return.
Where were the Nymphs? Where in that fatal day,
When *Daphnis*, lovely *Daphnis*, pin'd away?
Did ye by *Peneus*, or on *Pindus* ſtray?
(For ſure ye were not by *Anapus* ſide,
Nor *Ætna*'s Top, nor *Acis* Silver Tide.)
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
For him the Panthers and the Tygers mourn'd:
They came, they ſaw; and with ſwoln Eyes return'd.
Lyons themſelves, did uncouth Sorrows bear,
Their Savage Fierceneſs ſoftning to a Tear.
Cloſe by his Feet the Bulls, and Heifers lay;
The Calves forgot their Feeding and their Play:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.

Swift *Hermes* firſt came down to his Relief:
Daphnis, he cry'd, from whence this fooliſh Grief?
What Nymph, what Goddeſs ſteals thy heart away?
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Next him the *Shepherds*, and the *Goat-herds* came:
All ask'd the Reaſon of ſo ſtrange a Flame.
Priapus came too———
He came, and ask'd him with a pitying Eye,
Why all this Grief? ah! wretched *Daphnis*, why?
While the falſe Nymph, unmindful of thy Pains,
Now climbs the Hills, now skims it o'er the Plains,
Where e'er blind Chance or Fancy leads the way:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Ah! fooliſh and impatient of the Smart,
With which the wanton Boy hath pierc'd thy Heart!
An* *Herdſman* thou *wert thought*; a *Goat-herd* ſure
thou art. * Βοῦσας μὰν ἐλέγεν· νῦν δ' ἀπόλῳ ἀνδρὶ ἔοικας.

The

The Goat-herd when from ſome old craggy Rock
He views the ſportful Paſtimes of His Flock,
And ſees 'em how they friſk, and how they play,
Grieves that he's not a Goat, as well as they:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
And you too, when you ſee the Nymphs advance
Their nimble Feet in a well order'd Dance,
And hear 'em how they talk; and ſee 'em how they ſmile;
Are griev'd that you muſt ſtand neglected all the while.
All this, without an Anſwer, heard the Swain;
Still he went on, and nouriſh'd ſtill the Pain.
He found his Love increaſe, and Life decay:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Then *Venus* came, and rais'd his drooping Head:
Forc'd an inſulting Smile, and thus ſhe ſaid.

You

You thought, fond Swain, that you could love
ſubdue:
But Love, it ſeems, at laſt has conquer'd you.
Strong are his Charms, and mighty is his ſway:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
She ſpake—And thus the mournful Swain reply'd.
Ah! Foe to me, and all Mankind beſide!
Ah! cruel Goddeſs! ſpare thy Taunts at laſt;
Nor urge a Death, that's drawing on ſo faſt.
Too well I know, my fatal hour is come,
My * Sun declining to its Weſtern Home.
Yet ev'n in Death thy Scorns I will repay:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Hence *Cyprian Queen*, to *Ida*'s Tops repair.
Anchiſes, lov'd *Anchiſes* waits you there.
There ſpreading Oaks will cover you around:
Here humble Shrubs ſcarce peep above the Ground;

* Ἤδη γὰρ φράσδει πάνθ' ἥλιον ἄμμι δεδύκειν.

And

And buſy Bees are humming all the Day.
The noiſe is great, 'twill ſpoil your am'rous Play:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Adonis too! —The Boy is lovely fair!
He feeds his Flocks, he hunts the nimble Hare;
And boldly chaſes ev'ry Beaſt of Prey:
Begin, Sweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
The Panthers, Lyons, and the Wolves adieu!
Who now ſhall travers the thick Woods with you?
No more ſhall you be chas'd, no more ſhall I purſue!
Hail *Arethuſa*, lovely Fountain hail! [Vale!
Farewel ye Streams that flow thro' *Tyber*'s flowry
Farewel! —The Gods forbid my longer Stay:
Leave off, Fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
Pan, *Pan*, where'er your wandring Footſteps move;
Whether on *Lyce*'s airy Tops you rove,
Or ſporting in the vaſt *Mœnalian* Grove:

Haſte,

Haſte, quickly haſte; leave the high Tomb, that nods
O'er *Helick*'s Cliff, the wonder of the Gods!
And to fair *Sicily* thy Steps convey:
Leave off, Fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
Here take my waxen Pipe, well joyn'd, and fit;
An uſeleſs Pipe to me! and I to it!
For Love and Fate have ſummon'd me away:
Leave off, Fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
On Brambles now let Violets be born,
And op'ning Roſes bluſh on ev'ry Thorn:
Let all things Nature's Contradiction wear,
And barren Pine-trees yield the mellow Pear.
Since *Daphnis* dyes, what can be ſtrange, or new?
Hounds now ſhall fly, and trembling Fawns purſue;
Schriech-Owls ſhall ſing, and Thruſhes yield the day:
Leave off, Fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
Thus *Daphnis* ſpake, and more he would have ſung:
But Death prevail'd upon his trembling Tongue.

Fair

Fair *Venus* ſtrove to raiſe her drooping Son;
In vain ſhe ſtrove: for his laſt Thread was ſpun.
Black Stygian Waves ſurround the darling Boy
Of every Nymph, and every Muſe's Joy.
Lifeleſs he lyes, and ſtill as harden'd Clay,
Who was ſo Young, ſo Lovely, and ſo gay:
Leave off, Fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
The Cup and Goat you cannot now refuſe:
I'll milk her, and I'll offer to my Muſe.
All hail, ye Muſes, that inſpire my Tongue!
A better day ſhall have a better Song.

Goat-herd.

May dropping Combs on thoſe ſweet Lips diſtill,
And thy lov'd Mouth with Attick Honey fill.
For much, much ſweeter is thy Tuneful Voice,
Than, when on Sunny days with chearful noiſe,
The Vocal Inſects of the Spring rejoice.

Here,

Here, take the promis'd Cup-How bright the look!
How fine the Smell! ſure from ſome fragrant Brook,
The bath of ſmiling *Hours*, it the gay tincture took!
Here * *Ciſſy*, hitherward, —Come, milk her now:
My Kids, forbear to leap: for if you do,
The Goat may chance to leap as well as you.

* Κίνεισθε, the Name of the Goat.

THE

The REAPERS.

THE
Tenth *IDYLLIUM*
OF
THEOCRITUS.

Engliſhed by Mr. *WILIAM BOWLES*,
of *King*'s College in *Cambridge*.

Milo. Battus.

ARe you grown lazy, or does ſome Diſeaſe,
Oh *Battus*, bind your hands, and ſinews ſeize,
That like a Sheep prickt by a pointed Thorn,
Still you're behind, and lagg at every Turn?
What in the Heat, and Evening will you do,
Who early in the Morning loiter ſo?

Battus.

Battus.

Milo, thou piece of Flint, thou all of Stone,
Did'ſt never yet an abſent Friend bemoan?

Milo.

Who but ſuch Fools as thou, the abſent Mind?
Sure what concerns you more, you here may find.

Battus.

Did Love ne'er yet thy Senſes waking keep,
Trouble thy Dreams, or interrupt thy Sleep?

Milo.

The Gods preſerve me from that reſtleſs Care,
Oh *Reapers* all, the gilded Bait beware!

Battus.

But I nine days the Paſſion Love have felt,
With inward fires conſume, and ſlowly melt.
See! all neglected lyes before my Door,
While I run mad for a confounded Whore.

Milo.

Battus.

She who pip'd lately at *Hippocoon's* Feaſt,
Charm'd every Ear, and wounded every Gueſt.

Milo.

The God's for ſome old Sins have ſent this Evil,
And ſhame long due has reach'd thee from the Devil,

Battus.

Beware, inſulting *Cupid* has a Dart,
And it may one day reach thy ſtubborn Heart.

Milo.

Come, you're a Poet, ſing ſome am'rous Song,
'Twill eaſe your toil, and make the day leſs long.

Battus.

Oh Muſe! aſſiſt my Song, and make it flow,
For you freſh Charms on all you ſing beſtow.
Bombyce (Oh my deareſt) do not frown,
They call thee Tawny, but I call thee Brown.

Yet bluſh not, Dear: Black is the *Violet*,
And *Hyacinth* with Letters all o'erwrit.
Yet both are ſweet, and both for Garlands fit.
Kids the green Leaves, Wolves the young Kids purſue,
And, *Battus*, ſweet *Bombyce* follows you.
Oh! had the envious Gods not made me poor,
Had I rich *Cræſus* Wealth and mighty Store,
In *Venus* Temple ſhould our Statues ſtand,
Thou with thy Pipe and Taber in thy hand,
I in a Dancer's Poſture, gay, new ſhod,
Form'd of pure Gold, and glorious as a God!
Thy Voice, *Bombyce*, is moſt ſoft and ſweet,
But who can praiſe enough thy humour and thy ſil-
Milo. [ver feet?
Battus deceiv'd us, a great Poet grown,
What Verſe is here! But are they, Friend, thy own?
How juſt the Rhyme's how equally they meet,
The numbers how harmonious, and how ſweet!

Yet

Yet mark, and this diviner Song attend,
'Twas by immortal *Lyrierſes* penn'd.
Smile on the Corn, O *Ceres!* bleſs the Field,
May the full Ears a plenteous Harveſt yield.
Gather your Sheaves (Oh Friends!) and better bind,
See how they're blown, and ſcatter'd by the Wind,
Haſte! leſt ſome jeering Paſſenger ſhould ſay,
Oh lazy Rogues! their Hire is thrown away.
Reapers obſerve, and to the Southweſt turn
Your Sheaves; 'twill fill the Ears, and ſwell the Corn.
Threſhers at Noon, and in the burning heat,
(Then the light Chaff flies out) ſhould toil and ſweat;
But Reapers ſhould with the ſweet Wood-Lark riſe,
And ſleep when *Phebus* mounts the Southern Skies.
Happy the Frogs who in the Waters dwell!
They ſuck in Drink for Air, and proudly ſwell.

Oh niggard Bayliff! we could dine on Beans,
And ſpare your windy Cabbidge, and your Pains.

Such Songs at once delight us, and improve;
But thy ſad Ditty, and thy tale of Love
Keep for thy Mother, *Battus*, I adviſe,
When ſtretch'd and yawning in her bed ſhe lyes.

AITHΣ.
OR THE
Twelfth *IDYLLIUM*
OF
THEOCRITUS.

SCarce three whole days, my lovely Youth, [past had
Since thou and I met here, and parted laſt.
And yet, ſo ſluggiſhly the Minutes flew,
I thought it Ages till we met anew.
Gay Youth and Vigour were already fled,
Already envious Time began to ſhed
A ſnowy White around my drooping Head.
As to Spring's Bravery rugged Winter yields
The hoary Mountains to the ſmiling Fields;

As by the faithful Shepherd new-yean'd Lambs
Are much leſs valu'd than their fleecy Damms;
As to wild Plumbs the Damſon is preferr'd;
As nimble Does out-ſtrip the duller Herd;
As Maids ſeem fairer in their blooming Pride,
Then thoſe who *Hymen's* Joys have often try'd;
As *Philomel*, when warbling forth her Love,
Excells the feather'd Quire of ev'ry tuneful Grove:
So much doſt thou all other Youths excell,
They Speak not, Look not, Love not half ſo well!
Sweeter thy Face! more raviſhing thy Charms!
No Gueſt ſo welcom to my longing Arms!
When firſt I view'd thoſe much lov'd Eyes of thine,
At diſtance and from far encount'ring mine,
I ran, I flew, to meet th'expected Boy
With all the tranſports of unruly Joy.

Not

Not with ſuch eager haſte, ſuch fond Deſires,
The Traveller, when ſcorch'd by *Syrian* Fires,
To ſome well-ſpreading Beache's ſhade retires.
O! that ſome God would equal Flames impart!
And ſpread a mutual warmth thro' either Heart!
'Till men ſhould quote our names for loving well;
And age to age the pleaſing Story tell. [tongue)
Two men there were (cry's ſome well meaning
Whoſe friendſhip equal on Love's Ballance hung:
(*Eſpnilus* one, *Äites* t'other name,
Both ſurely fix'd in the Records of Fame)
Of honeſt ancient make and heav'nly mould,
Such as in good King *Saturn*'s dayes of old
Flouriſh'd, and ſtamp'd the Age's name with Gold.
Grant, mighty *Jove*, that after many a day,
While we amidſt th' *Elyſian* Valleys ſtray,
Some welcom Ghoſt may this glad Meſſage ſay,

Your Loves, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue,
Ev'n now with laſting Praiſe are daily ſung;
Admir'd by all, but chiefly by the Young.
But Pray'rs are vain! the ruling Pow'rs on high,
Whate'er I ask, can grant or can deny.
In the mean time thee my due Songs ſhall praiſe,
Thee the glad matter of my tuneful lays: [raiſe.
Nor ſhall the well meant Verſe a tell-tale Bliſter
Nay ſhou'd you chide, I'll catch the pleaſing ſound,
Since the ſame Mouth that made, can heal the wound.
Ye *Megarenſians*, who from *Niſa*'s Shoar
Plow up the Sea with many a well-tim'd Oar,
May all your Labours glad Succeſs attend:
You, who to *Diocles*, that generous Friend,
Due Honours, and becoming Reverence pay,
When rowling Years bring on the happy Day.
Then round his Tomb the crowded Youth reſort,
With Lips well fitted for the wanton Sport:

And

And he, whoſe pointed Kiſs is ſweeteſt found,
Returns with Laurels, and freſh Garlands crown'd.
Happy the Boy that bears the Prize away!
Happy, I grant: but O far happier they,
Who, from the Seats of their much envy'd Bliſs,
Receiv'd the Tribute of each wanton Kiſs!
Surely to *Ganymed* their Pray'rs are made,
That, while the am'rous Striſe is warmly plaid,
He would their Lips with equal Virtues guide
To thoſe which in the faithful Stone reſide:
Whoſe touch apply'd, the Artiſt can explore
The baſer Mettal from the ſhining Ore.

KHPIO.

ΚΗΡΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ:
OR THE
Nineteenth *IDYLLIUM*
OF
THEOCRITUS.

Cupid, the ſlyeſt Rogue alive,
One day was plundring of a Hive:
But as with too too eager Haſte
He ſtrove the liquid Sweets to taſte,
A Bee ſurpriz'd the heedleſs Boy;
Prick'd him, and daſh'd th' expected Joy.
The Urchin, when he felt the Smart
Of the envenom'd angry Dart,
He kick'd, he flung, he ſpurn'd the Ground;
He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the Wound:

He

He blow'd and chaf'd the Wound in vain!
The rubbing ſtill increas'd the pain.
Straight to his Mothers Lap he hyes,
With ſwelling Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes.
Cry's ſhe——What does my *Cupid* ail?
When thus he told his mournful Tale.
A little Bird they call a Bee,
With yellow Wings; ſee, Mother, ſee
How it has gor'd, and wounded me!
And are not you, reply'd his Mother,
For all the World juſt ſuch another?
Juſt ſuch another angry thing,
Like in bulk and like in Sting.
For when you aim a poys'nous Dart,
Againſt ſome poor unwary Heart,
How little is the Archer found!
And yet how wide, how deep the Wound!

THE *Complaint of* ARIADNA. OUT OF CATULLUS.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in the Epithalamium *of* Peleus *and* Thetis, *describes the Genial Bed, on which was wrought the Story of* Theseus *and* Ariadna, *and on that occasion makes a long Digression, part of which is the Subject of the following Poem.*

THere on th' extreameſt Beach, and fartheſt
Deſerted *Ariadna* ſeem'd to ſtand, [Sand
New wak'd, and raving with her Love ſhe flew
To the dire Shoar, ſtom whence ſhe might purſue
With longing Eyes, but all alas in vain!
The winged Bark o'er the tempeſtuous Main;

For

For bury'd in fallacious Sleep ſhe lay
While thro' the Waves falſe *Theſeus* cut his way,
Regardleſs of her Fate who ſav'd his Youth;
Winds bore away his Promiſe and his Truth.
Like ſome wild *Bachanal* unmov'd ſhe ſtood,
And with fix'd Eyes ſurvey'd the raging Floud.
There with alternate Waves the Sea does rowl,
Nor leſs the tempeſts that diſtract her Soul;
Abandon'd to the Winds her flowing Hair,
Rage in her Soul expreſt, and wild Deſpair:
Her riſing Breaſts with Indignation ſwell,
And her looſe Robes diſdainfully repell.
The ſhining Ornaments that dreſt her Head,
When with the glorious Raviſher ſhe fled,
Now at their Miſtreſs Feet neglected lay,
Sport of the wanton Waves that with them play.
But ſhe nor them regards, nor Waves that beat
Her ſnowy Legs, and wound her tender Feet,

On

On *Theſeus* her loſt Senſes all attend,
And all the Paſſions of her Soul depend.
Long did her weaker Senſe contend in vain,
She ſunk at laſt beneath the mighty pain:
With various ills beſet, and ſtupid grown,
She loſt the Pow'r thoſe ills ev'n to bemoan:
But when the firſt Aſſault, and fierce Surprize
Were paſt, and Grief had found a paſſage at her Eyes,
With cruel hands her ſnowy Breaſt ſhe wounds,
Theſeus, in vain, through all the Shoar reſounds.
Now urg'd by Love ſhe plunges in the Main,
And now draws back her tender Feet again:
Thrice ſhe repeats the vain Attempt to wade,
Thrice Fear and Cold her ſhivering Limbs invade.
Fainting at laſt ſhe hung her beauteous Head,
And fixing on the Shoar her Eyes, ſhe ſaid,
Ah cruel Man! and did I leave for thee
My Parents, Friends, (for thou waſt all to me)

And is my Love, and is my Faith thus paid;
Oh Cruelty unheard! a wretched Maid
Here on a naked Shoar abandon'd, and betray'd!
Betray'd to Miſchiefs of which Death's the leaſt,
And plung'd in ills too great to be expreſt.
Yet the Gods will, the Gods contemn'd by you,
With Vengeance thy devoted Ship purſue,
O'ertake thy Sails, and rack thy guilty Breaſt,
And with new Plagues th' ill-omen'd Flight infeſt.
But tho' no Pity thy ſtern Breaſt could move,
Nor angry Gods, nor ill requited Love,
Yet ſence of Honour ſure ſhould touch thy Heart,
And ſhame from low, unmanly Flight divert.
With other Hopes my eaſy Faith you fed,
A glorious Triumph, and a Nuptial Bed,
But all thoſe Joyes with thee alas! are fled.
Let no vain Woman Vows and Oaths believe,
They only with more Form and Pomp deceive:

To

To compaſs their lewd ends the wretches ſwear,
Of Oaths profuſe, nor Gods nor Temples ſpare;
But when enjoy'd———
Nor broken Vows, nor angry Heav'n they fear.
But, O ye Women, warn'd by me, be wiſe,
Turn their falſe Oaths on them, their Arts, their Lyes,
Diſſemble, fawn, weep, ſwear when you betray,
Defeat the Gameſters at their own foul Play.
Oh baniſht faith! but now from certain Death
I ſnatcht the Wretch, and ſav'd his perjur'd breath,
His Life with my own Brothers blood I bought,
And Love by ſuch a cruel Service ſought.
By *Me* preſerv'd yet *Me* he does betray,
And to wild Beaſts expoſe an eaſie Prey!
Nor thou of Royal race, nor Humane ſtock [Rock;
Waſt born, but nurs'd by Bears, and iſſu'd from a
Too plain thou doſt thy dire Extraction prove,
Who Death for Life return'ſt, and Hate for Love.

Yet

Yet he ſecurely ſails! and I in vain
Recall the fled, and to deaf Rocks complain.
Unmov'd they ſtand; yet cou'd they ſee and hear,
More Humane would than Cruel Man appear.
But I———
Muſt the ſad Pleaſure of Compaſſion want,
And dy unheard, and loſe my laſt complaint.
Happy, ye Gods! too happy had I liv'd,
Had ſt thou, O charming Stranger, ne'er arriv'd;
Diſſembl'd Sweetneſs in thy Look does ſhine,
But ah! th'inhumane Monſters lurk within.
What now remains? or whom ſhall I implore
In a wild Iſle, on a deſerted Shoar?
Shall I return, and beg my Father's aid?
My Father's! whom ingrateful I betray'd,
And with my Brother's cruel Murderer fled?
But, *Theſeus*, *Ariadna*'s, Conſtant, Kind,
Kind as the Seas, and Conſtant as the Wind.

See! wretched Maid, vaſt Seas around thee roar,
And angry Waves beat the reſounding Shoar,
Cut off thy Hopes, and intercept thy Flight,
No Ship appears to bleſs thy Longing Sight.
The diſmal Iſle no Humane Footſtep bears,
But a ſad Silence doubles all my Fears,
And Fate in all its dreadful Shapes appears.
Ev'n fainting Nature ſcarce maintains the ſtrife
Betwixt prevailing Death, and yielding Life.
Yet, e'er I dye, revenging Gods I'll call,
And curſe him firſt, and then contented fall.
Aſcend ye Furies then, aſcend, and hear
My laſt Complaints, and grant my dying Prayer,
Which Grief and Rage for ill rewarded Love,
And the deep ſenſe of his Injuſtice move:
Oh ſuffer not my lateſt Words to flye
Like common Air, and unregarded dye!

With

With Vengeance his dire Treachery purſue,
For Vengeance, Goddeſſes, attends on you,
Terrour with you, Deſpair and Death appear,
And all the frightful Forms the Guilty fear.
May his proud Ship by furious Billows toſt
On Rocks, or ſome wild Shoar like this be loſt;
There may he fall, or late returning ſee,
(If ſo the Gods, and ſo the Fates decree)
A mournful Houſe, polluted by the Dead,
And Furies ever wait on his * Inceſtuous Bed.
Jove heard, and did the juſt Requeſt approve,
And nodding ſhook Earth, Seas, and all the radiant Lights above.

* He carried away her Siſter *Phædra*.

THE Twentieth *IDYLLIUM* OF THEOCRITUS.

PRoud *Eunica*, when I advanc'd to Kiſs,
Laugh'd loud, and cry'd, How ignorant he is!
Alas poor Man! dare you, a wretched Swain,
Lips ſuch as theſe, and ſuch a Mouth prophane?
No: To prevent your ruſtick Freedom, know
They're unacquainted yet with ſuch as you:
But your ſoft Lip, your Beard, your horny Fiſt,
All charming, and all ſuing to be kiſt,
Your matted Hair, and your ſmooth Chin invite,
Conſpire to make you Lovely to the ſight.

Oh

Oh how you look, how prettily you play, [ſay!
How ſoft your Words, and what fine things you
Yet, to prevent Infection, pray be gon,
Your Neighbourhood, methinks, is dang'rous grown;
Vaniſh, nor dare to touch me, Oh the Shame!
He ſmells of the rank Goats from which he came!
This ſaid, with Indignation thrice ſhe ſpit,
Survey'd me with Diſdain from Head to Feet;
Then was fierce Rage, and conſcious Beauty ſeen
In all her Motions, and her haughty Meen.
She pray'd, as if ſhe ſome Contagion fear'd,
Caſt a diſdainful Smile, and diſappear'd.
My boyling Blood ſprang with my Rage, and ſpread
O'er all my burning Face a fiery Red;
So Roſes bluſh, when night her kindly dew has ſhed.
I rage, I curſe the haughty Jilt, that jeer'd
My graceful Perſon, and my comely Beard.

Ye Shepherds, I conjure you, tell me true,
Has any God caſt my old Form anew?
How am I chang'd? for once a matchleſs Grace
Shone in the charming Features of my Face,
Like creeping Ivy did my Beard o'er grow,
And my long Hair in untaught Curles did flow,
My Brows were black, and my large Forehead white,
My ſparkling Eyes ſhot forth a radiant Light;
In ſweeteſt Words did my ſoft Language flow,
As Honey ſweet, and ſoft as falling Snow;
When with loud Notes I the ſhrill Pipe inſpir'd,
The liſt'ning Shepherds all my Skill admir'd;
Me all the Virgins on our Mountains love,
They praiſe my Beauty, and my flames approve.
Such tho' I am, yet me, becauſe a Swain,
(How nice theſe Town-bred Women are, how vain!)
Gay *Emnica* rejected with Diſdain.

And

And ſhe, it ſeems, has never heard, or read
How *Bacchus*, now a God, a flock once fed.
Venus her ſelf did the Profeſſion grace,
By Love transform'd into a Countrey Laſs,
The *Phrygian* fields and woods her flames can tell,
And how her much bewail'd *Adonis* fell.
How oft on *Latmos* did the Moon deſcend
From her bright Chariot to her *Carian* friend,
And abſent from the Sky whole Nights with him did ſpend?
To ſhining in her Orb prefer her Love,
Stoop and deſert her glorious Seat above?
And was not he a Shepherd? ſure he was,
Yet did not ſhe diſdain his low Embrace.
The Gods great Mother too, and greater *Jove*,
Their Majeſty laid by, could Shepherds love:
The *Phrygian* Groves, and conſcious *Ida* know
What She for *Atys*, he for *Ganymed* could do.

But prouder *Eunica* disdains alone
What Gods, and greatest Goddesses have done:
Fairer it seems by much, and greater she,
Than *Venus*, *Cynthia*, or than *Cybele*.
Oh my fair *Venus*, may you ne'er find one
Worthy your Love, in Countrey, or in Town,
But to a Virgin Bed condemn'd, for ever lye alone!

TO
LESBIA.
OUT OF
CATULLUS.

LEt's live, my dearest *Lesbia*, and love,
The little time that Nature lends improve;
In Mirth and Pleasure let us waste the day,
Nor care a farthing what old Dotards say;

The

The Suns may riſe again that once are ſet,
Their uſual Labour, and old Courſe repeat,
But when our Day's once turn'd have loſt their Light,
We muſt ſleep on one long Eternal Night:
A thouſand Kiſſes, Dear, a hundred more,
Another hundred, *Lesbia*, I am poor:
Another thouſand, *Lesbia*, and as warm,
Let every Touch ſurprize, and preſsing Charm:
And when repeated thouſands numerous grow
We'll kiſs out all again, that none may know
How many you have lent, and what I owe:
While I'll in groſs with eager haſte repay,
And kiſs a long Eternity away.

To *LESBIA.*

MY *Lesbia* ſwears ſhe would *Catullus* wed,
Tho' *Jove* himſelf ſhould come and ask her Bed;
True, this ſhe ſwears by all the Powers above,
But ſhe's a Woman ſpeaking to her Love:
That ſingle Thought my growing faith Defeats,
'Tis neceſſary for them to be Cheats:
They muſt be falſe, they muſt their Oaths forget,
So pleaſing is the Lech'ry of Deceit;
What Women tell their Servants, fade like Dreams,
And ſhould be writ in Air, or running Streams.

To *LESBIA*.

A Petition to be freed from LOVE.

IF Pleaſure follows when we think upon
The good and pious Deeds that we have done:
That we ne'er broke our Oaths, ne'er ſtrove to cheat,
Nor Heav'n abus'd to credit a Deceit;
Catullus, thou art ſafe, and ſure to prove
Long happy years from this uneaſy Love:
What could be done, or what devoutly ſaid
You ſaid and did, the utmoſt Duty paid,
But all was loſt on the ungrateful Maid.
Then why wilt thou continu'd Pains endure?
And when thou may'ſt enjoy, defer the Cure?
Aſſert thy Freedom, and thy ſelf reſtore,
Though Heaven denys, yet be a Wretch no more:

'Tis

'Tis hard a rooted Love to diſpoſſeſs;
'Tis hard, but you may do it if you pleaſe.
In this thy Safety doth conſiſt alone,
Or poſſible, or not, it muſt be done.
Great Gods, if Pity doth belong to you,
If you can ſave the man whom Fates purſue;
Look down, if he a Pious Life hath liv'd
From Love let good *Catullus* be repriev'd:
Which like cold numneſs hath my thoughts confin'd,
And baniſh'd Mirth and Humour from my Mind:
I do not beg She ſhould be Kind at laſt,
Or, what Her Nature will not bear, be Chaſt.
But grant me Freedom, and my Health reſtore,
Gods, thus reward my Goodneſs, and I ask no more.

OVID's ELEGIES.

Lib. 2. Eleg. 12

TRiumphant Laurels round my Temples twine,
I'm Victor now, my dear *Corinna*'s mine.
As ſhe was hard to get, a careful Spy,
A Door well barr'd, and jealous Husband's Eye
Long time preſerv'd her troubleſom Chaſtity.
Now I deſerve a Crown, I briskly woo'd,
And won my Prey without a drop of Blood.
'Twas not a petty Town with Gates and Barrs,
Thoſe little Trophies of our meaner Wars;
No 'twas a *Whore*, a lovely Whore I took,
I won her by a Song, and by a Look.
When ten years ruin'd *Troy*, how mean a Name
Atrides got? how ſmall a ſhare of Fame?
But none pretends a Part in that I won,
The Victory's mine, the Glory all my own.

I in this Conqueſt was the General,
The Soldier, Enſign, Horſe, and Foot, and all;
Fortune and lucky Chance can claim no ſhare,
Come Triumph gotten by my ſingle Care.
I fought, as moſt have done, for Miſs, and Love,
For *Helen Europe*, and all *Aſia*, ſtrove:
The *Centaurs* rudely threw their Tables o'er,
And ſpilt their Wine, and boxt to get a Whore:
The *Trojans* tho' they once had loſt their *Troy*,
Yet fought to get their Lord another Joy:
The *Romans* too did venture all their Lives,
And ſtoutly fought their Fathers for their Wives.
For one fair Cow I've ſeen two Bulls ingage,
Whilſt ſhe ſtands by, and looks, and heats their Rage
E'en I (for *Cupid* ſays he'll have it ſo.)
As moſt Men are, muſt be his Souldier too.
Yet I no bloody Conquerour ſhall prove,
My Quarrels will be Kindneſs, Wars be Love.

Lib. II. Elegy XVI.

He invites his Miſtreſs into the Countrey.

I'Me now at——where my Eyes can view
Their old Delights, but what I want in you:
Here purling Streams cut thro' my pleaſing Bowers,
Adorn my Banks, and raiſe my drooping Flowers:
Here Trees with bending Fruit in order ſtand,
Invite my Eye, and tempt my greedy Hand;
But half the Pleaſure of Enjoyment's gone,
Since I muſt pluck them ſingle and alone:
Why could not Nature's Kindneſs firſt contrive
That faithful Lovers ſhould like Spirits live,
Mixt in one point, and yet divided ly
Enjoying an united Liberty?
But ſince we muſt thro' diſtant Regions go,
Why was not the ſame way deſign'd for two?

One

One ſingle Care determin'd ſtill for both,
And the kind Virgin joyn'd the loving Youth?
Then ſhould I think it pleaſant way to go
O'er *Alpine* Froſt, and trace the Hills of Snow;
Then ſhould I dare to view the horrid Moors,
And walk the Deſarts of the *Lybian* Shoars;
Hear *Scylla* bark, and ſee *Charybdis* rave,
Suck in, and vomit out the threatning Wave:
Fearleſs thro' all I'de ſteer my feeble Barge,
Secure and ſafe with the Celeſtial Charge:
But now though here my grateful Fields afford
Choice Fruits to cheer their melancholly Lord;
Though here obedient Streams the Gardner leads,
In narrow Channels thro' my flowry Beds.
Tho' Poplars riſe, and ſpread a ſhady Grove,
Where I might lye, my little Life improve,
And ſpend my Minutes 'twixt a Muſe and Love.

Yet

Yet theſe contribute little to my Eaſe,
For without you they loſe the Power to pleaſe:
I ſeem to walk o'er Fields of naked Sand,
Or tread an antick Maze in *Fairy-Land.*
Where frightful Spectres and pale Shades appear,
And hollow Groans invade my troubled Ear:
Where ev'ry Breeze, that thro' my Arbour flies,
Firſt ſadly murmurs, and then turns to Sighs:
The Vines love Elms, what Elms from Vines remove?
Then why ſhould I be parted from my Love?
And yet by me you once devoutly ſwore,
By your own Eyes, thoſe Stars that I adore;
That all my Buſ'neſs you would make your own,
And never ſuffer me to be alone;
But faithleſs Woman naturally deceives,
Their frequent Oaths are like the falling Leaves,
Which when a Storm has from the Branches tore,
Are toſt by every Blaſt, and ſeen no more:

Yet if you will be true, your Vows retrieve,
Be kind, and I can eaſily forgive;
Prepare your Coach, to me direct your Courſe,
Drive fiercely on, and laſh the lazy Horſe;
And while you ride I will prolong the Day,
And try the power of Verſe to ſmooth your Way:
Sink down ye Mountains, ſink ye lofty Hills,
Ye Valleys be obedient to her Wheels,
Ye Streams be dry, ye hindring Woods remove,
'Tis *Love* that drives, and all muſt yield to *Love*.

LIB. III. ELEGY IX.

NOw *Ceres* Feaſt is come, the Trees are blown;
And my *Corinna* now muſt lye alone.
And why, Good *Ceres*, muſt thy Feaſt deſtroy,
Man's chief Delight, and why diſturb his Joy?

The

The World eſteems you Bountiful and Good
You led us from the Field, and from the Wood,
And gave us fruitful Corn, and wholſom food.
Till then poor wretched Man on Acorns fed;
Oaks gave Him Meat, and flowry fields a Bed.
Firſt *Ceres* made our Wheat and Barley grow,
And taught us how to Plow and how to Mow:
Who then can think that ſhe deſigns to prove
Our Piety, by Coldneſs in our Love?
Or make poor Lovers ſigh, Lament, and groan,
Or charge her Votaries to lye alone?
For *Ceres*, tho' ſhe loves the fruitful fields,
Yet ſometimes feels the force of Love, and yields:
This *Crete* can witneſs, (*Crete* not alwayes lyes,)
Crete that nurs'd *Jove*, and heard his infant Cryes,
There He was ſuckled that now rules the Skyes.
That *Jove* his Education there receiv'd,
Will raiſe her fame, and make her be believ'd:

Nay ſhe her ſelf will never ſtrive to hide
Her Love, 'tis too well known to be deny'd:
She ſaw young *Jaſius* in the *Cretan* Grove
Purſue the Deer, ſhe ſaw, and fell in Love.
She then perceiv'd, when firſt ſhe felt the fire,
On this ſide Modeſty, on that Deſire;
Deſire prevail'd, and then the field grew dry,
The Farmer loſt his Crop, and knew not why;
When he had toyl'd, manur'd his Grounds, & plow'd,
Harrow'd his Fields, and broke his Clods, and ſow'd,
No Corn appear'd, none to reward his Pain,
His Labour and his Wiſhes were in vain.
For *Ceres* wandred in the Woods and Groves,
And often heard, and often told her Loves:
Then *Crete* alone a fruitful Summer knew,
Where e'er the Goddeſs came, a Harveſt grew.
Ida was grey with Corn, the furious Bore
Grew fat with Wheat, and wondred at the Store:

The

The *Cretans* wiſh'd that ſuch all years would prove,
They wiſh'd that *Ceres* would be long in Love.
Well then, ſince then 'twas hard for you to ly
All night alone, why at your Feaſt muſt I?
Why muſt I mourn when you rejoyce to know
Your Daughter ſafe, and Queen of all below?
Tis Holy day, and calls for Wine and Love,
Come let's the heigth of Mirth and Humour prove,
Theſe Gifts will pleaſe our Maſter Pow'rs above.

OF *NATURES* CHANGES. FROM LUCRETIUS. LIB. V.

By a Perſon of Quality.

SInce *Earth*, and *Water*, more dilated *Air*,
And active *Fire*, mixt Natures Parts appear;
Theſe all new form'd, and to Deſtruction brought;
Why of the World may not the like be thought?
Reaſon preſents this Maxim to our view,
What in each Part, that in the Whole is true:

And

And therefore when you ſee, ſpring up and fall,
Natures great Parts, conclude the like of all:
Know Heav'n and Earth on the ſame Laws depend,
In time they both began, in time ſhall end.
But *Memmius*, not t' aſſume what ſome deny;
The Proof, on plain Experience ſhall rely:
I'll ſhew, theſe Elements to Change are prone;
Riſe in new Shapes, continue long in none.
Then firſt of *Earth*; conclude that all muſt fail,
Which diff'ring Parts fermenting, can exhale:
Much the reflected Rays extract from thence;
And from their burning Heat no leſs th' expence.
The Duſt and Smoak in flying Clouds appear,
Which boiſtrous Winds diſperſe through liquid Air.
Some parts diſſolve, and flow away in Rain,
And from their Banks, the rapid Rivers gain.
A Diminution, nothing e'er eſcapes;
Which new Exiſtence gives, to other Shapes:

Plants, Minerals, and Concretes; owe their Birth,
And Animals their growth, in part, to *Earth*:
Then since from this, ~~all~~ their Beings first did spring,
Time, all to this, their common Grave does bring.
In these Examples, not to mention more,
Nature does *Earth* consume, and *Earth* restore.
The Springs, the Rivers, and the Seas are found,
For *Earth*'s Supply, with Waters to abound;
Renew'd, and flowing in continual round.
Lest these, increasing, should at last prevail;
The mighty Ocean, fiercer Winds assail:
Vast Shoals of Atoms, thence away they bear,
And raising them aloft, transform to Air.
Much is extracted by the pow'rful Sun,
More does in subterranean Channels run:
In *Earth* it first, excessive Saltness spends;
Then to our Springs, and River heads ascends:

Theſe in the fruitful Valleys turn and Wind,
And ſtill to new Productions are inclin'd.

And next of *Air*; which in its vaſt extent,
In Changes infinite, each hour, is ſpent:
For *Air*'s wide Ocean ſtill requiring more,
Fill'd with Effluviums, ſhould it not reſtore
The periſh'd Shapes, *Time*'s Ruines to repair,
Long ſince, had all things, been diſſolv'd to *Air*.
From others Loſs, its Being it receives;
To theſe again its changing Subſtance leaves:
So true it is, that Nature ebbs and flows;
And one Part periſhing, another grows.

The *Sun* the fountain of the glorious Rays,
Inſtead of vaniſh'd Light, new Light diſplays.
The Brightneſs of the flying Minute paſt,
Is now obſcur'd, and to new forms does haſt.
From hence it comes, that when black Clouds draw near,
And baniſh'd Sun-ſhine, ſtrait does diſappear,

The

The Earth's o'er ſhadow'd, as the Storms are driv'n,
And Rays new darted, are requir'd from Heav'n.
Viſion would ceaſe, (ſo ſoon would Light expire)
Without Recruits of bright Etherial Fire.
In our inferiour and ſulphureous Light,
Of Lamps and Tapers chaſing ſhades of Night,
Continu'd fuel feeds the trembling flame
Which gives the Light, nor is that Light the ſame
Of Sun, of Moon, of Stars, ne'er think it ſtrange
That they are not ſecure from final Change.
When what ſo late did ſmile, this inſtant dyes,
And new born Light ſtill ſhines to mortal Eyes.
Thus we obſerve hard Rocks in time decay'd;
The marble Monuments, for Heroes made,
And ſtately Tow'rs in humble Ruins laid.
Do Gods their Images from Age ſecure?
Or force their Temples alwayes to endure?

Thus

Thus when you ſee old Rocks from Mountains fall,
By this conclude their ſure Original;
For were they from Eternity ſo plac'd,
No Chance could ruine them, no Time could waſt.
Next raiſe your eyes to Earth ſurrounding *Sphears*,
From which (ſay ſome) ſprings all that now appears,
To which at laſt their vaniſh'd Parts aſcend;
Theſe as they're form'd to Diſſolution tend:
For all things muſt in ſuch proportion ceaſe,
As they to othet Beings give Increaſe.
But then if no Beginning do's appear,
Of Heav'n and Earth, but both Eternal were;
Before the *Theban* War was e'er proclaim'd,
Or fatal Siege of *Troy* by *Homer* fam'd,
Why did not far more ancient Poets ſing
What Revolutions elder times did bring?
Such Men, ſuch Acts, how in Oblivion drown'd,
As with immortal Fame might well be crown'd?

No

No great Antiquity the World has prov'd;
Eternity from this ſeems far remov'd:
All Arts and Science elſe, would long ago
Have reach'd Perfection, not now dayly grow.
No ancient Sailers, e'er like ours did ſteer:
No ſuch harmonious Muſick charm'd the Ear.
This nature of the World, not Ages paſt
Was brought to Light, retarded for the laſt.
And theſe Diſcoveries ordain'd by Fate
To forraign Climes, I with the firſt tranſlate.
But ſtill if no Beginning you believe,
And ſay, 'tis eaſier for us to conceive,
Such Conflagrations from Sulphureous pow'r,
As totally did Humane Race devour:
Or gen'ral Earth-quakes did the World confound,
Or all in mighty Deluges was drown'd;
This force of Argument you then increaſe,
That Heav'n and Earth in future time muſt ceaſe.

For

For when ſuch dreadful Danger threatned All,
Though Nature then eſcap'd a total Fall,
Grant but the Cauſe increas'd, and 't will not fail,
As did the leſs, o'er all things to prevail.
What ſhews we cannot endleſs Life enjoy,
But ſence of Ills which others did deſtroy?
If you the Worlds Duration, would extend
To all Eternity, you muſt defend,
Its ſolid Subſtance is ſo firmly bound,
No Penetration can it ever wound:
(Minuteſt Atoms, 'tis confeſs'd are ſo,
But not the Compound which from theſe did grow)
Or that 'tis Immaterial you muſt prove,
And what no forcing Agent can remove:
Or elſe you muſt all ambient Space deny
To which it may diſſolv'd, and ruin'd fly:
(Thus, Univerſal claims Eternal's place
Becauſe it ne'er can paſs t' External ſpace)

But

But neither is this various Globe ſo fix'd,
(For much Vacuity is intermix'd)
Nor is it void of Matter, nor can be
From threatning Pow'r of Penetration free;
And Pow'rs unknown, from boundleſs ambient ſpace,
This preſent ſtate of Nature may deface:
With dreadful Huricanes they may invade,
And turn to *Chaos* all that e'er was made;
Or by ſome other means, beyond the reach
Of Man's Conception, make the fatal Breach.
Nor wants there ſpace beyond the Spheres of Heav'n
To which the ruin'd parts may then be driv'n:
When e'er theſe Elements their Manſions leave,
That vaſt Abyſs lyes open to receive.
From hence to their Beginning you're directed,
What Magick Charms have alwayes ſo protected.
That when the finite Parts expiring lye,
The whole Eternal Ages ſhould defy?

Then

Then ſince the World's great Parts at once engage,
And Civil Wars in its Dominions rage,
We may foreſee their Strife ſo long depending,
At laſt in general Subverſion ending.
Rivers and Seas conſum'd, fierce Fires may burn
Till all their Aſhes meet in Earth's great Urn.
Even now they ſtrive the Victory to gain;
But ſtill the Ocean does the Fight maintain,
And ſwell'd with Rivers, hopes by Forces try'd,
To drown the reſt, and ſole in Triumph ride.
This to prevent, the ſwift exhauſting Wind,
And radiant Sun 'gainſt liquid Force are joyn'd.
Thus equal in appearance, long they mov'd,
Each others Strength in mighty Wars they prov'd.
At laſt the Fire, 'tis ſaid, did win the Field:
And Earth did once, o'erwhelm'd with Waters, yield.

Long

Long ſince when *Phaeton*, led by vain Deſire,
To drive the Sun's great Chariot did aſpire,
'Twas then the World was hazarded by fire.
With head-ſtrong force the winged Horſes flew;
O'er Earth and Heav'n, the burning Planet drew.
What then had been the fate of all things here,
If angry *Jove*, the daring Charioteer
Had not diſmounted, by ſwift Lightning's ſtroke,
And ſo at once the flaming Progreſs broke?
Thus *Phaeton* ſlain was falling to the ground,
And furious Horſes dragg'd the Chariot round,
When great *Apollo* reaſſum'd the Chair;
Reſtor'd the Sun that rov'd throughout the Air;
With dext'rous force reclaim'd his raging Steeds,
And to this hour in annual courſe proceeds.
Greek Poets thus, the Truth with Lyes confound;
To waking men, like wandring dreams they ſound:

But

But though to grace their Morals, they romance,
True fires did then from Eaſt to Weſt advance.
Such Magazines of Sulphur Earth contains,
That if ſome ſtronger Agent not reſtrains,
The fuel all inflam'd, and raging high,
Will n'ere be quench'd till all in Ruines lye.
The Water too did, as our Authors tell,
In Ages paſt, to ſuch proportion ſwell,
That ſpacious Empires wholly were deſtroy'd:
The Ocean then had Sov'raign right enjoy'd;
But that ſome greater Being, ſoon aroſe,
From inf'nite Space, t'o'ercome th'invading Foes.
Bright Heav'ns then triumph'd o'er the vanquiſh'd [ſhowrs,
And falling Floods, proclaim'd prevailing Pow'rs.

HORACE,

ODE 7th, BOOK 4th.

By an unknown HAND.

WInter's diſſolv'd, behold a Worlds new face!
How graſs the ground, how leaves their branches [grace.
That Earth which wou'd not to the plough-ſhare [yeild,
Is ſofter now and eaſie to be till'd.
And frozen ſtreams thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,
With whiſpring murmurs in their channels run:
The naked Nymphs and Graces dance a round,
And ore the flowry meadows nimbly bound.
The Months that run on times immortal wheels,
The ſeaſons treading on each others heels.

The

The winged hours that ſwiftly paſs away,
And ſpightfully conſume the ſmiling Day,
Tell us, that all things muſt with them decay.
The year rowls round us in a conſtant ring,
And ſultry Summer waſts the milder Spring:
Whoſe hot Meridian quickly overpaſt,
Declines to *Autumn*, which with bounteous haſt
Comes crown'd with Grapes, but ſuddainly is croſt,
Cold Winter nips his Vintage, with a froſt.
The Moon renews its Orb to ſhine more bright;
But when Deaths hand puts out our mortal light,
With us alas 'tis ever ever Night!
With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we ſhall be,
And the brave Souls of vaniſh'd *Heroes* ſee.
Who knows if Gods above, who all things ſway,
Will ſuffer thee to live another day?
Then pleaſe thy Genius, and betimes take care,
To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.

When among crouds of Ghosts thou shalt appear,
And from the Judge thy fatal sentence hear,
Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all
That thou canst plead can the past doom recal.
Diana, though a Goddess, cannot take
Her chast *Hippolitus* from *Lethe*'s Lake.
Perithous bound in fetters must remain,
Theseus no more can break his adamantine chain.

HORACE,

The 2d BOOK, *ODE* the 10th.

Rectius vives Licini, &c

WE must all live, and we would all live well,
But how to do it very few can tell;
He sure doth best who a true mean can keep,
Nor boldly sails too far into the deep,

Nor

Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
And runs the danger of the Rocks and Sand.
Who to that happy *medium* can attain,
"Who neither ſeeks for nor diſpiſes gain,
"Who neither ſinks too low, nor aims too high,
He ſhuns th' unwholſom Ills of Poverty;
And is ſecure from envy which attends
A ſumptuous Table, and a croud of Friends.
Their Treacherous height doth the tall Pines expoſe,
To the rude blaſts of every Wind that blows.
And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
Are near their ruine as they're near the Sky;
And when they fall, what was their pride before,
Serves only then t increaſe their fall the more.
Who wiſely governs and directs his mind,
Never diſpairs, though fortune be unkind;
He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
He bears it patiently and hopes again.

And if at laſt a kinder fate conſpires,
To heap upon him more than he deſires;
He then ſuſpects the kindneſs he enjoy's,
Takes it with thanks, but with ſuch care employ's,
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
Would once reſume what it beſtow'd before.
He finds Mans life, by an Eternal skill,
Is temper'd equally with good and ill.
Fate ſhapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
Hopes are our Summer, and our Winter's fears;
And 'tis by an unerring rule decreed,
That this ſhall that alternately ſucceed.
Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wiſe,
And bear its ills without the leaſt ſurpriſe.
The more you are oppreſs'd bear up the more,
Weather the Tempeſt till its rage be o're.
But if too proſperous and too ſtrong a gale,
Should rather ruffle than juſt fill your Sail,

Leſſen

Leſſen it, and let it take but ſo much Wind,
As is proportion'd to the courſe deſign'd;
"For 'tis the greateſt part of humane skill,
"To uſe good fortune and to bear our ill.

HORACE,

18th Epiſtle, the 1ſt BOOK

Si bene te novi, &c.

DEar Friend, for ſurely I may call him ſo,
Who doth ſo well the Law's of Friendſhip [know;
I'm ſure you mean the kindneſs you profeſs,
And to be loved by you's a happineſs;
Not like him who with Eloquence and pains,
The ſpecious title of a Friend obtains;

And the next day to pleaſe ſome Man of ſence,
Break's jeſts at his deluded Friends expence;
As Jilts who by a quick compendious way,
To gain new Lovers, do the old betray.

There is an other failing of the mind,
Equal to this, of a quite different kind,
I mean that rude uncultivated skill,
Which ſome have got of uſing all Men ill;
Out of a zealous and unhewn pretence
Of freedom and a virtuous innocence;
Who 'cauſe they cannot fawn, betray nor cheat,
Think they may puſh and juſtle all they meet,
And blame what e're they ſee, complain, and brawl,
And think their virtues make amends for all.
They neither comb their Head, nor waſh their Face,
But think their virtuous naſtineſs a grace;
When as true virtue in a *medium* lies,
And that to turn to either Hand's a vice.

Others

Others there are who too obſequious grown,
Live more for others pleaſure than their own;
Applauding whatſoe're they hear or ſee,
By a too nauſeous civility;
And if a Man of Title or Eſtate,
Doth ſome ſtrange ſtory, true or falſe, relate;
Obſequiouſly they cringe and vouch it all,
Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall;
As School Boys follow what the Maſters ſay,
Or like an Actor prompted in a Play.

Some Men there are ſo full of their own Sence,
They take the leaſt diſpute for an offence.
And if ſome wiſer Friend their heat reſtrains,
And ſays the ſubject is not worth the pains;
Straight they reply, what I have ſaid is true,
And I'le defend it againſt him and you;
And if he ſtill dares ſay 'tis not, I'le dye,
Rather than not maintain he ſay's a lye.

Now

Now, would you ſee from whence theſe heats ariſe,
And where th' important contradiction lies;
'Tis but to know if, when a Client's preſt,
S——— or *W*——— plead's his Cauſe the beſt:
Or if to *Windſor* he moſt minutes gains,
Who goes by *Colebrook*, or who goes by *Stains*;
Who ſpends his Wealth in Pleaſure, and at Play,
And yet affects to be well cloath'd and gay,
And comes to want; and yet dreads nothing more,
Than to be thought neceſſitous and poor:
Him his rich Kinſman is afraid to ſee,
Shuns like a Burthen to the Family;
And rails at vices, which have made him poor,
Though he himſelf perhaps hath many more:
Or tells him wiſely, Couſin have a care
And your Expences with your Rents compare;
Since you inherit but a ſmall Eſtate,
Your pleaſures, Couſin, muſt be moderate.

I know, you think to huff, and live like me,
Couſin, my wealth ſupports my vanity.
But they, who 've Wit and not Eſtate enough,
Muſt cut their Coat according to their Stuff;
Therefore forbear t'affect equality,
Forget you 've ſuch a fooliſh Friend as me.

There was a Courtier, who to puniſh thoſe,
Who, though below him, he believed his foes;
And more effectually to vent his rage,
Sent them fine Cloaths and a new Equipage;
For then the fooliſh Sparks couragious grown,
Set up for roaring Bully's of the Town;
Muſt go to Plays, and in the Boxes ſit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
Till at the laſt their Coach and Horſes ſpent,
Their Cloaths grown dirty, and their Ribons rent:
Their fortune changed their appetite the ſame,
And 'tis too late their Folly's to reclaim.

They

They muſt turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their pleaſures at a cheaper rate;
And 'midſt their dirty Miſtreſſes and Wifes,
Lead out the reſt of their miſtaken lives.

Never be too inquiſitive to find
The hidden ſecrets of anothers mind,
For when you 've torn one ſecret from his Breaſt,
You run great riſque of looſing all the reſt;
And if he ſhould unimportun'd impart
His ſecret thoughts, and truſt you with his Heart,
Let not your drinking, anger, pride or luſt,
Ever invite you to betray the truſt.

Firſt never praiſe your own deſigns, and then
Ne're leſſen the deſigns of other Men;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To ſett a Partridge, or to chaſe a Hare,
Beg he'd excuſe you for this once, and ſay,
You muſt go home, and ſtudy all the day.

So

So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no pleaſure's but his own;
Was forced to give his Brothers friendſhip o're,
Or to reſolve to touch his Lyre no more;
He choſe the ſafeſt and the wiſeſt way,
And to oblige his Brother, left his Play.
Do you the ſame, and for the ſelf ſame end,
Obey your civil importuning Friend;
And when he leads his Dogs into the plain,
Quit your untimely labours of the Brain,
And leave your ſerious Studies, that you may
Sup with an equal pleaſure on the prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable ſport,
Loved in the Country, and eſteem'd at Court;
Healthful to th' Body, pleaſing to the Eye,
And practiſed by our old Nobility:
Who ſee you love the pleaſures they admire,
Will equally approve what you deſire;

Such

Such condeſcention will more Friendſhip gain,
Than the beſt rules, which your wiſe Books contain.

Talk not of others lives, or have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where;
For you don't only wound the Man you blame,
But all mankind, who will expect the ſame.
Shun all inquiſitive and curious Men,
For what they hear they will relate again;
And he who hath impatient craving Ears,
Hath a looſe Tongue to utter all he hears;
And Words like th' moving Air of which they're [fram'd,
When once let looſe, can never be reclaim'd.

Where you 've acceſs to a rich powerful Man,
Govern your mind with all the care you can;
And be not by your fooliſh luſt betray'd,
To court his Couſin, or debauch his Maid:
Leaſt with a little Portion, and the pride
Of being to the Family allyed;

He

He gives you either, with which bounty bleſt,
You muſt quit all pretentions to the reſt;
Or leaſt incens'd at your attempt, and grieved,
You ſhould abuſe the kindneſs you received;
He coldly thwarts your impotent deſire,
Till you at laſt chooſe rather to retire,
Than tempt his anger any more, and ſo
Looſe a great Patron, and a Miſtreſs too.

Next have a care, what Men you recommend,
To th' ſervice or eſteem of your rich Friend;
Leaſt for his ſervice or eſteem unfit,
They load you with the faults, which they commit.
But as the wiſeſt Men with all their skill
May be deceived, and place their Friendſhip ill:
So when you ſee you 've err'd, you muſt refuſe
To defend thoſe whom their own crimes accuſe.
But if through envy of malicious Men,
They be accuſed, you muſt protect them then,

And

And plead their Cauſe your ſelf, for when you ſee
Him you commend, attack'd with infamy,
Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim;
And when your Neighbours Houſe is ſet on fire,
You muſt his ſafety as your own conſpire.
Such hidden fires though in the Suburbs caſt,
Neglected, may conſume the Town at laſt.

They who do n't know the dangers, which attend
The glittering Court of a rich powerful Friend;
Love no Eſtate ſo much, and think they're bleſt,
When they but make a Leg amongſt the reſt;
But they who've try'd it, and with prudent care
Do all its honours, and its ills compare,
Fear to engage, leaſt with their time and pain,
They looſe more pleaſure, than they hoped to gain.

See you, that while your Veſſel's under Sail,
You make your beſt advantage of the Gale;

Leaſt

Leaſt the Wind changes, and ſome ſtormy rain
Should throw you back to your firſt Port again.

You muſt endeavour to diſpoſe your mind
To pleaſe all humours of a different kind;
Whoſe temper's ſerious, and their humour ſad,
They think all blithe and merry Men are mad;
They who are merry, and whoſe humour's free,
Abhor a ſad and ſerious gravity;
They who are ſlow and heavy cann't admit,
The Friendſhip of a quick and ready Wit;
The Slothful hate the buſie active Men,
And are deteſted by the ſame again.

They who's free humour prompts them to be gay,
To Drink all Night, and Revel all the Day;
Abhor the Man, that can his Cups refuſe,
Though his untimely virtue to excuſe;
He ſwears that one ſuch merry drinking Feaſt,
Would make him ſick for a whole Week at leaſt.

Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow,
The modeſt Men are thought obſcure and low;
And they, who an affected ſilence keep,
Are thought to be too rigid, ſower and deep.

Amongſt all other things do not omit
To ſearch the Writings of great Men of Wit,
And in the converſation of the Wiſe,
In what true happineſs and pleaſure lyes;
Which are the ſafeſt rules to live at eaſe,
And the beſt way to make all fortunes pleaſe,
Leaſt through the craving hopes of gaining more,
And fear of looſing what you gain'd before:
Your poor unſatisfied miſguided mind,
To needy wiſhes, and falſe joys confin'd;
Puts its free boundleſs ſearching thoughts in chains,
And where it ſought its pleaſure find's it pains;
If virtuous thoughts, and if a prudent Heart
Be given by nature, or obtain'd by Art.

What

What leſſens cares, the minds uneaſie pain,
And reconciles us to our ſelves again;
Which doth the trueſt happineſs create,
Unblemiſh'd Honour, or a great Eſtate;
Or a ſafe private quiet, which betrays
It ſelf to eaſe, and cheats away the days.

When I am at ——— where my kind fate
Hath placed my little moderate Eſtate,
Where natur's care hath equally employ'd,
Its inward Treaſures, and its outward Pride;
What thoughts d'ye think thoſe eaſie Joy's inſpire?
What do you think I covet and deſire?
Tis, that I may but undiſturb'd poſſeſs,
The littl' I have, and if Heaven pleaſes, leſs;
That I to Nature and my ſelf may give,
The little time that I have left to live;
Some Book's in which I ſome new thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refreſh my mind;

Some Horſes, which may help me to partake
The lawful pleaſures which the ſeaſons make;
An eaſie plenty, which at leaſt may ſpare
The frugal pains of a Domeſtick care;
A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
Who can love ſuch an idle life, and me;
Then Heav'n, give me but life and health, I'le find
A grateful Soul, and a contented Mind.

HORACE,

Saty. 2. Lib. 1.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

I Was at firſt, a piece of Figtree wood,
And long an honeſt Joyner, pondring ſtood,
Whether

Whether he ſhould employ his ſhaping Tool,
To make a God of me, or a Jointſtool;
Each knob he weigh'd, on every inch did plod,
And rather choſe to turn me to a God:
As a *Priapus* hence I grew adord,
The fear of every Thief, and every bird.

The Raskals from their pilfring tricks deſiſt,
And dread each wooden Finger of my fiſt.
The Reeds ſtuck in my cap the Peckers fright,
From our new Orchards far they take their flight,
And dare not touch a Pippin in my ſight.

When any of the rabble did deceaſe,
They brought 'em to this place to ſtink in peace.
Unnoiſom here the ſnuffs of Rogues went out,
'Twas once a common grave for all the rout.
Looſe *Nomentanus* left his riots here,
And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer.

Nor in theſe pit-holes might they put a bone,
Cou'd lye beneath a dunghil of it's own.

But now the ground for Slaves no more they tear,
Sweet are the Walks, and vital is the Air:
Myrtle and Orange groves the Eye delight,
Where Sculls and Shanks did mix a ghaſtly ſight.

While here I ſtand, the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Jays are half the grievances,
As are thoſe Hags, who diligent in ill,
Are either poyſ'ning or bewitching ſtill.
Theſe I can neither hurt nor terrifie,
But every Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt theſe Allies with their ſhriekes & groans,
And pick up baneful Herbs, and humane Bones.

I ſaw *Canidia* here, her feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and looſe her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sagana* went ſtalking round,
Their hideous howlings ſhook the trembling ground.

A paleneſs, caſting horror round the place,
Sat dead, and terrible on eithers Face.
Their impious trunks upon the Earth they caſt,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick haſte.
A coleblack Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the pit they pour'd the reeking gore:
By this they force the tortur'd Ghoſts from Hell,
And anſwers to their wilde demands compel.
Two Images they brought of Wax, and Wool,
The Waxen was a little puling fool:
A chidden Image ready ſtill to skip,
When'ere the woollen one but ſnapt his whip.
On *Hecate* allou'd this beldam calls,
Tiſiphone as lou'd the other bawls.
A thouſand Serpents hiſs'd upon the ground,
And Hell-hounds compas'd all the Gardens round.
Behind the Tombs to ſhun the horrid ſight,
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of ſhame or fright.

May every Crow, and Cuckow, if I lye,
Aim at my Crown as often as they flye:
And never miſs a dabbe tho n'ere ſo high,
May villain *Julius*, and his raskal crew,
Uſe me with jnſt ſuch Ceremony too.

But how much time and patience wou'd it coſt,
To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghoſt?
Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame ſcrapes,
And hides the Beards of Wolves, & Teeth of Snakes.
While on the Fire the waxen Image fries.

Vext to the Heart to ſee their Sorceries,
My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprights, my Guts,
My Figtree Bowels, wambled at the Sluts.
Mad for revenge I gather'd all my Wind,
And bounc'd like fifty bladders, from behind.

Scar'd with the noiſe they ſcudd away to Town,
While *Sagana*'s falſe hair comes dropping down:

Canidia

Canidia tumbles o're, for want of breath,
And ſcatters from her Jaws her ſet of Teeth;
I almoſt burſt to ſee their labours croſt,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils loſt.

OVID. *Amorum.*

Lib. 2. El. 4.

That he loves Women of all ſorts and ſizes.

ALL blots I cannot from my manners wipe,
Nor ſay I walk uprightly when I ſlip.
Preſs'd with my faults I to confeſſion fall,
In pain, and mad till I lay open all.
I ſin, and I repent; rub off the ſcore,
And then, like wild, I dip agen for more.
I cannot rule my ſelf, like Pinnace toſt
In Storms, the Rudder gone, and Compaſs loſt.

No

No certain shape or features stint my mind,
I still for love a thousand reasons find.
Here one commends my verse, in equity
If I please her, she surely pleases me:
But if malicious witty things she said,
I think how she wou'd repartee in bed.
If artless she, my Heart on Nature doats;
If learn'd, I long to be conferring notes.
If no great sense or parts the Damsel show,
Still I conclude she wants it not below.
Do looks demure the inward spark conceal?
She deals by *Great* that can dissemble well.
Or is she Free and forward to engage,
I hate fatigue, I am not for a siege.
The meek and mild my sure affections keep,
Yet love a shrew, because she is no Sheep.
Does she look pale? I fancy whence it came;
Is she a Rose? As sure am I a flame.

That

That living Snow my paſſion ſtrangely warms,
And ſtraight I wiſh her melting in mine Arms.
The tall appears Heroick to the Eye,
Yet n'er ſo ſmall ſhe were enough for me.
If little, then I think how quick ſhe moves,
If large, who wou'd not roul in what he loves?
Lean Skeleton my fancy never ſnubs;
But is ſhe plump? 'Tis then my pretty ſubs.
And doubtleſs one may find convenient ſport,
With either fat or lean, or long or ſhort.
I like the mincing gate; and yet if wide
She ſteps, O then I love her for her ſtride.
That waddle was a grace in Monteſpan,
Theſe drowſie Eyes are perfect *C*———
With yellow curles *Aurora* pleas'd her ſop,
And *Leda* (*Jove* well ſaw) was black a — top:
The black or yellow to my mind agree,
My love will ſute with every Hiſtory.

Widow,

Widow, or Wife, I'm for a pad that's way'd;
If Virgin, Oh! who wou'd not love a Maid?
If ſhe be young, I take her in the nick;
If ſhe has age, ſhe helps it with a trick.
If nothing charms me in her wit or face,
She has her fiddle in ſome other place.
Come every ſort and ſize, the great or ſmall,
My love will find a tally for 'um all.

ELEGY (11.) Lib. 5. De Triſt.

Ovid *complains of his three years Baniſhment.*

COndemn'd to *Pontus*, tir'd with endleſs toil,
Since Baniſh'd *Ovid* left his native ſoil,
Thrice has the frozen Iſter ſtood, and thrice
The *Euxine* Sea been cover'd o're with ice.

Ten

Ten tedious years of Seige the *Trojans* bore,
But count my ſorrow I have ſuffer'd more:
For me alone old *Chronus* ſtops his glaſs,
For years like ages ſlowly ſeem to paſs:
Long days diminiſh not my nightly care,
Both Night and Day their equal portion ſhare.
The courſe of nature ſure is chang'd with me,
And all is endleſs, as my miſery.
Do time and Heav'n their common motion keep,
Or are the Fates, that ſpin my thred, a ſleep?
In *Euxine Pontus* here I hide my Face,
How good the Name! but oh how bad the place!
The people round about us threaten War,
Who live by ſpoils, and Thieves or Pyrates are:
No living thing can here protection have,
Nay ſcarce the dead are quiet in their grave,
For here are Birds as well as Men of prey,
That ſwiftly ſnatch unſeen the Limbs away.

Dart

Darts are flung at us by the neighb'ring foe,
Which oftentimes we gather as we go.
He who dares Plough (but few there are who dare)
Muſt arm himſelf as if he went to War.
The Sheepherd puts his Helmet on to keep,
Not from the Wolves but Enemies, his Sheep:
While mournfully he tunes his rural Muſe,
One Foe the Sheepherd and his Sheep perſues.
The Caſtle which the ſafeſt place ſhou'd be
Within, from cruel tumults is not free.
Of't dire contentions put me in a fright,
The rude Inhabitants with *Græcians* fight.
In one abode amongſt a barb'rous rout
I live, but when they pleaſe they thruſt me out:
My hatred to theſe Brutes takes from my fear,
For they are like the Beaſts whoſe skins they wear.
Ev'n thoſe who as we think were born in *Greece*,
Wrap themſelves up in Rugs and *Perſian* Frize;

They

They eaſily each other underſtand,
But I alas am forc'd to ſpeak by hand!
Ev'n to theſe Men (if I may call 'em ſo)
Who neither what is right or reaſon know
I a Barbarian am; hard fate to ſee
When I ſpeak Latine how they laugh at me!
Perhaps they falſly add to my diſgrace,
Or call me wretched Exile to my Face.
Beſides the cruel Sword 'gainſt Natures Laws,
Cuts off the Innocent without a cauſe.
The Market-place by lawleſs Arms poſſeſt,
Has ſlaughter-houſes both for Man and Beaſt.
Now, O ye fates, 'tis time to ſtop my breath,
And ſhorten my misfortunes by my death.
How hard my ſentence is to live among
A cut-throat, barb'rous, and unruly throng;

But

But to leave you, my Friends, a harder doom,
Though baniſh'd here, I left my Heart at *Rome*,
Alas I left it where I cannot come!
To be forbid the City, I confeſs,
That were but juſt, my crime deſerves no leſs.
A place ſo diſtant from my native Air,
Is more than I deſerve, or long can bear.
Why do I mourn? The fate I here attend
Is a leſs grief than *Cæſar* to offend!

AN

ODE.

Sung before the KING on New-Years-Day.

ARiſe Great Monarch, ſee the joyful day,
Dreſt in the glories of the Eaſt,
Preſumes to interrupt your Sacred reſt.
Never did Night more willingly give way,
Or Morn more chearfully appear,
Big with the mighty tidings of a New born Year.

II.

Bleſt be that Sun who in times fruitful Womb,
Was to this noble Embaſſie deſign'd,

To Head the Golden Troops of days to come,
Nor lag'd inglorioufly behind,
Ignobly in the laft years Throng to rife and fet.
In this 'tis happier far than *May*,
Since to add Years is greater than to give a day.

Chorus.

Oh may the happy days encreafe,
With fpoils of War, and Wealth of Peace.
Till time and age fhall fwallow'd be,
Loft in vaft Eternity.
May Charles *n'ere quit his facred Throne,*
Himfelf fucceed himfelf alone.
And to lengthen out his time,
Take, God, from us and give to him.
That fo each World a Charles *may know,*
Father above and Son below.

III. Haark

III.

Heark the Jocund Sphears renew
Their cheerful and melodious Song,
While the glad Gods are pleas'd to view
The rich and painted throng
Of happy days in their fair order march along.
Move on, ye prosperous hours, move on,
Finish your Course so well begun;
Let no ill omen dare prophane
Your beautious and harmonious train,
Or Jealousies or foolish fears disturb you as you run.

IV.

See mighty *Charles*, how all the minutes press,
Each longing which shall first appear,
Since in this renowned year,
Not one but feels a secret happiness,
As big with new events and some unheard success:

See how our troubles vaniſh, ſee
How the tumultuous Tribes agree.
Propitious Winds bear all our griefs away,
And Peace clears up the Troubled day.
Not a wrinkle, not a Scar
Of faction or diſhoneſt War,
But Pomps and Triumphs deck the Noble *Kalendar.*

Upon the late Ingenious Tranſlation of PERE SIMON'S *Critical Hiſtory, By* H. D. *Eſq;*

OF all Heavens Judgments that was ſure the [worſt,
When our bold Fathers were at *Babel* curſt:
Man, to whoſe race this glorious Orb was giv'n,
Natures lov'd Darling, and the Joy of Heav'n,
Whoſe

Whoſe pow'rful voice the ſubject World obey'd,
And God's were pleas'd with the diſcourſe he made,
He who before did ev'ry form excel,
Beneath the moſt ignoble Creature fell:
Ev'ry vile beaſt thro' the wide Earth can rove,
And, where the ſence invites, declare his love:
Sounds Inarticulate move thro' all the race;
And one ſhort Language ſerves for ev'ry place:
But, ſuch a price did that preſumption coſt,
That half our lives in trifling words are loſt.
Nor can their utmoſt force and power, expreſs
The Soul's Ideas in their Native dreſs.
Knowledge, that godlike Orn'ment of the mind,
To the ſmall ſpot, where it is born's confind.
But He, brave Youth, the toylſom Fate repeals,
While his learn'd pen myſterious Truth reveals.
So did, of old, the cloven Tongues deſcend;
And Heav'ns Commands to ev'ry Ear extend.

And 'twas but juſt that all th'aſtoniſh'd throng
Shou'd underſtand the *Galileans* Tongue.
Gods ſacred Law was for all *Iſrael* made;
And, in plain terms, to ev'ry Tribe diſplay'd.
On Marble Pillars, his Almighty Hands
In Letters large, writ the divine commands:
But ſcarce they were ſo much in pieces broke
When *Moſes* wrath the people did provoke,
As has the ſacred cowl been torn and rent,
T'explain what the Alwiſe Dictator meant.
But now, t'our *Egypt* the great Prophet's come;
And Eloquent *Aaron* tells the Joyful doom.
From the worſt ſlavery at laſt we'ar free'd,
And ſhall no more, with ſtripes from error, bleed;
The learned *Simon* has th' hard task ſubdu'd;
And holy Tables the third time renew'd.
Sinai be bleſs'd where was receiv'd the Law,
That ought to keep the Rebel World in aw;

And

And bleſs'd be He that taught us to invoke
God's awful Name, as God to *Moſes* ſpoke.
Nor do's he merit leſs, who cou'd ſo well
From foreign Language his great dictates tell:
In our cold clime the pregnant Soul lay hid;
No virtual power mov'd the prolyfick ſeed,
Till his kind genial heat preſerv'd it warm;
And to perfection wrought the noble form.
Never did yet arive ſo vaſt a ſtore
Of ſolid Learning on the *Britiſh* ſhore:
T'export it thence has been the greateſt Trade;
But He, at laſt, a full return has made.
Raiſe up, ye tuneful Bards, your voices raiſe,
And crown his Head with never dying praiſe:
And all ye *Nimrods* mighty Sons rejoice,
While ev'ry Workman knows the builders voice.
In *Shinars* plain, the lofty Tow'r may riſe,
Till its vaſt Head ſuſtain the bending skies:

In its own Nature Truth is ſo Divine,
No ſacred Pow'rs oppoſe this great deſign;
So dark a veil obſcur'd her rev'rend Head,
The wiſeſt Trav'lers knew not where to tread,
Blind zeal and mad Enthuſiaſts ſhew'd the way,
While wand'ring Meteors led their Eyes aſtray;
Thro' the dark Maze, without a Clue, they ran;
And, at Beſt, ended where they firſt began:
But now at laſt we'ar brought ſo near her Throne,
At the next ſtep the glorious Crown's our own.

Horti ARLINGTONIANI.

AD

Clariſſimum Dominum, *Henricum*, Comitem *Arlingtoniæ*, &c.

MAgnificos propter ſaltus, & avita Jacobi
Mœnia, quæ faciunt commercia duplicis aulæ,
Ac Ducis ac Divi nomen commune tuetur,
Surgunt cœlatis ſuccincta palatia muris:
Quæ poſita ad Zephyrum, radiis ſol igneus aureis,
Illuſtrat moriente die, naſcente ſalutat.
Eximiam interea molem mirantur euntes,
Vulguſq;, Procereſq; : caducos plorat honores
Aulicus, & rerum faſtigia lubrica damnat;
Fœlicemq; vocat Dominum, cui tempora vitæ
Labuntur variis aulæ inconcuſſa procellis.

Et

Et quamvis procul haud abſint, tum plebis iniquæ
Improba garrulitas, tum clamor & ambitus aulæ,
Circumfuſa quies, & pax incognita Magnis;
Hic placidè regnant; & verum ſimplice cultu,
Propoſitiq; tenax virtus, & pectus honeſtum.
Namq; ubi prima diem ſurgens Aurora reducit,
Et matutinæ ſudant ſub roribus herbæ,
Nulla volans fumante viam rota turbine verſat,
Crebra putres ſonitu nec verberat ungula glebas:
Hinc procul imbelles perſultant pabula Damæ,
Atq; piâ placidos curant dulcedine fœtus;
Inde, loquax ripas & aquoſa cubilia linquens
Fertur Anas, madidis irrorans æthera pennis.
Vos O Pierides molli teſtudine Muſæ,
Dicite pulchricomis depictum floribus hortum:
Nullus abeſt cui dulcis honos, quem mille pererrant
Formoſæ Veneres, pharetrâq; Cupido tuetur.
Non illum Alcinoi floreta, aut Theſſala Tempe

Exuperant

Exuperant, quanquam hæc qui fingunt omnia, Vates
Mendaci ſublime ferant ad ſydera cantu.

Areaq; in medio eſt multum ſpectabilis horto,
Ordinibus raris palorum obducta, tuentum
Lætificans oculos ac dona latentia prodens:
Nempe hæc per ſpatia flores tranſmittit iniqua
Diſtinctos variis maculis, & ſuave rubentes.
Non illic violæ, neq; candida lilia deſunt:
Parva loquor: quicquid noſtro Deus invidet orbi,
Hic viget, & quicquid tepidi vicinia ſolis
Lætior Heſperiis educit germen in arvis.
Qualia ſæpe inter moriens floreta Cupido
Conjugis æterno jacuit devinctus amore;
Te ſolam cupiens, in Te pulcherrima Pſyche
Arſit, & heu propriis fixit præcordia telis!

Nec ſine nomine erunt myrteta, nec aurea Poma;
Quæ quoniam calido naſcuntur plurima cælo
Et brumas indocta pati nimboſq; ruentes,

Nec

Nec fas hic teneros ramorum effundere fœtus :
Protinus hybernis clauduntur ab æthere tectis
Spirantesq; premunt animas, ne poma caduca
Vel glacies lædat, teneras vel frigora myrtos:
Inq; novos soles audent se credere, molles
Ut capiant Zephyros impune, ac lumen amicum.

Nec Te præteream, tenebris quæ dives opacis
Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris:
Hic magnus labor ille & inextricabilis error,
Per quem mille viis errantem Theſea duxit,
Ah nimis infœlix per fila ſequentia virgo!
Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes ;
Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina veſper
Deficiente die accendit ; ſed longius ipſam
Hic ſecum placidè cupiunt conſumere noctem :
Dum ſuper arboreos modulans Luſcinia ramos,
Dulce melos iterat, teneroſq; invitat amores.

Quinetiam extremo ſurgit conterminus horto
Mons fœlix, albis quem circum Geſſamis ornat
Floribus

Floribus, ac lætas dat prætereuntibus umbras.
Hunc ſuper aſcendit turbâ comitante virum Rex
Auguſtus, Procereſque caput ſupereminet omnes;
Atque pedem properans graditur, veſtigia volvens
Grandia, nec ſeræ meminit decedere nocti.
Omnibus ante oculos divini ruris imago,
Et ſincera quies operum, rerumque niteſcit
Incorruptus honos, & neſcia fallere vita.
Nec non hic ſolus placidi ſuper ardua montis,
Clare Comes, tecum meditaris, mente ſerenâ
Munera Dædaleæ naturæ; animuſque recedit
In loca ſacra, fugitque procul contagia mundi.
Deſpicere unde queas miſeros, paſſimque videre
Mortales, vitæ ſubeuntes mille pericla;
Continuò inter ſe niti præſtante labore,
Divitiis inhiare & habenas ſumere rerum;
Deturbare throno Regem, magnaſque aliorum
Fortunas ambire, ac nigris fervere curis.

Dum

Dum Tu, Magne Comes, minimâ ſine parte doloris,
Proſpicis ex alto viridantes gramine ſaltus:
Undique conſluxam hinc turbam, lautiſque crepantes
Sub pedibus cochleas, teneras queis fibula dives
Connectit ſoleas, gemmis imitantibus ignes:
Inde lacus luſtras, puroque canalia rivo
Lucida, magnificam neque lumen nictat ad aulam.
Inter Purpureos, Regi gratiſſime Patres,
O Dium, fidumque Caput, venerabile gentis
Præſidium! O magnos jamdudum exute labores!
Sæpius hic tecum placido ſpatieris in horto,
Traducens faciles, ſed non inglorius annos;
Et vitam ſtudiis florentem nobilis Oti!
Dum timor omnis abeſt, curæque incendia luctus,
Nec Tibi vel telis audet fortuna nocere,
Vel ſtruere inſidias Canis. Tibi libera tranſis
Tempora, & accedis tantum non hoſpes ad aulam.
O felix animi, Quem non ratione relictâ,

Spes

Spes elata trahit laudumque arrecta cupido;
Nec miſerè inſomnes cogunt diſperdere noctes!
At ſecura quies, animæ divina voluptas,
Mitiaque emeritam ſolantur fata ſenectam.
Unica Regali connubit filia ſtirpi,
Anglia quas habuit pulchris prælata puellis.
Quæ poſcis meliora Deos? quæ pondere vaſto
Corruit uſta domus, flammæ ſecura minacis
Ecce ſtat, è tantis major meliorque ruinis!
Scilicet hanc rerum alma Parens, ut vidit ab alta
Nube Venus; circum divini colla Mariti
Fuſa ſuper, roſeoque arridens ſuaviter ore,
Sic Divum alloquitur: Noſtros delectat ocellos
Pulchra domus, ſævis olim conſumpta favillis:
En hujus (ſi fata ſinant) celebrabitur Hæres
Herois divina, & me digniſſima cura!
Pallas & hoc poſcit; (proprio favet illa Miniſtro,)
Qui Divam colit, ac ſimiles aſſurgit ad artes.

Vincitur

Vincitur illecebris Deus; & jubet omine læto
Stare diu, longoſque domum ſupereſſe per annos.

A New
SONG.

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as ſhe lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt
By the towzing & tumbling & touching her Breaſt;
She ſaw the men eager, but was at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, & kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

Ah

II.

Ah ſhe cry'd, ah for a languiſhing Maid
In a Country of Chriſtians to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant Parſon, or Catholick Prieſt,
To inſtruct a young Virgin, that is at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, & kiſſing ſo cloſe!

By their praying and whining
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

III.

Cupid in Shape of a Swayn did appear,
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near,

Then ſhow'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the balm was infus'd ſhe was not at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing & kiſſing ſo cloſe;

By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

SONG

SONG.

GO tell *Amynta* gentle Swain,
I wou'd not die nor dare complain,
Thy tuneful Voice with numbers joyn,
Thy words will more prevail than mine;
To Souls oppreſs'd and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain this kind releif;
That Muſick ſhou'd in ſounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps ſhe'll give,
But love on pitty cannot live.

Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains ſo faſt encreaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
But ah! the Wretch that ſpeechleſs lyes,
Attends but Death to cloſe his Eyes.

On the Death of

Mr. Oldham.

ON the Remains of an old blaſted Oak,
Unmindful of himſelf, *Menalcas* lean'd;
He ſought not now in heat the ſhade of Trees,
But ſhun'd the flowing Rivers pleaſing Bank.
His Pipe, and Hook lay ſcatter'd on the Graſs,

Nor

Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themſelves they wander'd out at large.
In this lamenting ſtate young *Corydon*
(His friend and dear Companion of his hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cauſe.

Corydon.

Thee have I ſought in every ſhady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private place
Where we have us'd to ſit and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blaſted, and by Thunder rent?
What curſed chance has turn'd thy chearful mind,
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me?
But I would comfort, and not chide my Friend,
Tell me thy grief, and let me bear a part.

Menalcas.

Young *Aſtrophell* is dead, Dear *Aſtrophell*,
He that cou'd tune ſo well his charming Pipe,
To hear whoſe Lays, Nymphs left their criſtal ſpring,
The Fawns, and Dryades forſook the Woods,
And hearing, all were raviſh'd — ſwifteſt ſtreams
With-held their courſe to hear the Heavenly ſound,
And murmur'd, when by following Waves preſt on,
The following Waves forcing their way to hear.
Oft the fierce Wolf purſuing of the Lamb,
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
Left the purſuit rather than looſe the ſound
Of his alluring Pipe. The harmleſs Lamb
Forgot his Nature, and forſook his Fear,
Stood by the Wolf, and liſtned to the ſound.
He cou'd command a general peace, & nature [obey.
This Youth, this Youth is dead, The ſame diſeaſe
That

That carry'd ſweet *Orinda* from the World,
Seiz'd upon *Aſtrophell* — Oh let theſe Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

Corydon.

Weep on *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires
The Tears of all Mankind, General the loſs
And General be the Grief. Except by Fame
I knew him not, but ſurely this is he.

Spencer and *Johnſon.*
Who Sung Learn'd *Colin's*, and great *Ægon's* Praiſe,
Dead e're he liv'd, yet have new Life from him.

Rocheſter.
Did he not mourn lamented *Byon's* Death,
In Verſes equal to what *Byon* wrote?

Menalcas.

Yes this was he (oh that I ſay he was)
He that cou'd ſing the Shepherds deeds ſo well,
Whether to praiſe the good he turn'd his Pen,
Or laſhd th'egregious follies of the bad,
In both he did excell ———
His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,
And dictated more faſt than he cou'd write:
Sometimes becoming negligence adorn'd
His Verſe, and nature ſhew'd they were her own,
Yet Art he us'd, where Art cou'd uſeful be,
But ſweated not to be correctly dull.

Corydon.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,
Adding experience to that wondrous fraught
Of Youthful vigour, how wou'd he have wrote!

Mr.

Mr. Dryden.

Equal to mighty *Pan*'s Immortal Verſe,
He that now rules with undiſputed ſway,
Guide of our Pens, Crown'd with eternal Bays.

Menalcas.

We wiſh for Life, not thinking of its Cares;
I mourn His Death, the loſs of ſuch a Friend,
But for himſelf he dy'd in the beſt hour,
And carry'd with him every Mans applauſe.
Youth meets not with detractions blotting hand,
Nor ſuffers ought from Envies canker'd mind.
Had he known Age, he wou'd have ſeen the World
Put on its ugliеſt, but its trueſt Face,
Malice had watch'd the droppings of his Pen,
And Ignorant Youths who wou'd for Criticks paſs,
Had thrown their ſcornful Jeſts upon his Verſe,
And cenſur'd what they did not underſtand.

Such

Such was not my Dear *Aſtropbell*: He's dead,
And I ſhall quickly follow him, what's Death,
But an eternal ſleep without a Dream?
Wrapt in a laſting darkneſs, and exempt
From hope and fear, and every idle paſſion.

Corydon.

See thy complaints have mov'd the pittying Skies,
They mourn the death of *Aſtrophell* in Tears.
Thy Sheep return'd from ſtraying, round they gaze,
And wonder at thy mourning. Drive 'em home,
And tempt thy troubled mind with eaſing ſleep,
To morrows chearful Light may give thee comfort.

Æneas

On the

Kings-Houſe

Now Building at

WINCHESTER.

AS ſoon as mild *Auguſtus* cou'd aſſwage
A bloody civil Wars licencious Rage,
He made the Bleſſing that He gave increaſe,
By teaching *Rome* the ſofter Arts of Peace.
The Sacred Temples wanting due repair,
Had firſt their Wounds heal'd with a Pious care,

Nor

Nor ceas'd his Labour, till proud *Rome* out-vy'd
In glory all the ſubject World beſide.
Thus *Charles* in Peace returning to our Iſle,
With Building did his regal cares beguile.
London almoſt conſum'd, but to a Name,
He reſcues from the Fierce devouring Flame;
Its Hoſtile Rage the burning Town *enjoy'd*,
For he reſtor'd as faſt as that deſtroy'd:
'Twas quickly burnt, and quickly built again,
The double Wonder of his Halcyon Reign.
Of *Windſor* Caſtle (his belov'd Retreat
From this vaſt City troubleſomely great,)
'Twas *Denham* * only with ſucceſs cou'd write,
The Nations Glory and the Kings Delight.
On *Wincheſter* my Muſe her Song beſtows,
She that ſmall Tribute to her Country owes.

* *In his Coopers Hill.*

To

To *Winchester* let *Charles* be ever kind,
The youngeſt Labour of his fertile mind.
Here ancient Kings the *Britiſh* Scepter ſway'd,
And all Kings ſince have always been obey'd.
Rebellion here cou'd ne're erect a Throne,
For *Charles* that Bleſſing was reſerv'd alone.
Let not the ſtately Fabrick you decree,
An Immature, abortive Pallace be,
But may it grow the Miſtreſs of your Heart,
And the full Heir of *WRens* ſtupendous Art.
The happy ſpot on which its Soveraign dwells,
With a juſt pride above the Citty ſwells,
That like a Loyal Subject choſe to ly
Beneath his Feet with humble modeſty.
Faſt by a Reverend Church extends its Wings,
And pays due homage to the beſt of Kings.
Nature, like Law, a Monarch will create
He's ſcituated Head of Church, and State.

The

The graceful Temple that delights his Eye,
(Luxurious toil of former Piety)
Has vanquiſh'd envious times devouring rage,
And, like Religion, ſtronger grows by Age.
It ſtems the Torrent of the flowing years,
Yet gay as Youth the Sacred Pile appears.
Of its great Riſe we no Records have known,
It has out-liv'd all mem'ry but its own.
The Monumental Marbles us aſſure,
It gave the *Daniſh* Monarks Sepulture.
Here Death himſelf inthrones the Crowned Head,
For every Tomb's a Palace to the Dead.
But now my Muſe, nay rather all the Nine,
In a full Chorus of applauſes joyn,
Of your great *Wiccam*,
Wiccam whoſe Name can mighty thoughts infuſe,
But naught can eaſe the travail of my Muſe,
Preſs'd with her Load, her feeble ſtrength decays,
And ſhe's deliver'd of abortive praiſe.

Here

Here he for Youth erects a Nurſery *
The great Coheireſs of his Piety;
Where they through various Tongues coy knowledg [trace,
This is the Barrier of their learned Race,
From which they ſtart, and all along the way
They to their God, and for their Sovereign pray,
And from their Infancies are taught t'obey.
Oh! may they never vex the quiet Nation,
And turn Apoſtates to their Education.
When with theſe objects *Charles* has fill'd his ſight,
Still freſh provoke his ſeeing Appetite.
A healthy Country opening to his view,
The cheerful Pleaſures of his Eyes renew.
On neighbouring Plains the Courſers wing'd with [ſpeed,
Contend for Plate the glorious Victors Meed.
Over the Courſe they rather fly than run,
In a wide Circle like the radiant Sun.

* *The Coll. near* Wincheſter *and new Coll. in* Oxon.

Then

Then freſh delights they for their Prince prepare,
And Hawks (the ſwift-wing'd Courſers of the Air,)
The trembling Bird with fatal haſt purſue,
And ſeize the Quarry in their Maſters view.
Till like my Muſe, tir'd with the Game [found, they've
They ſtoop for eaſe, and pitch upon the Ground.

F I N I S.

THE

EPISODE

Of the Death of

CAMILLA

Tranſlated out of the Eleventh Book

of *Virgils Æneids*;

By Mr. *STAFFORD.*

ON Death and wounds *Camilla* looks with joy,
Freed from a Breaſt, the fiercer to deſtroy.
Now, thick as hail, her fatal darts ſhe flings;
The two edg'd Axe now on their Helmets rings.

Her ſhoulders bore *Diana's* arms and bow:
And if, too ſtrongly preſt, ſhe fled before a foe,
Her ſhafts, revers'd, did death and horror bear,
And found the raſh; who durſt purſue the fair.
Near her fierce *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia* ride,
And bold *Larina* conquering by her ſide.
Theſe above all *Camilla's* breaſt did ſhare;
For Faith in peace, and gallantry in War.
Such were the *Thracian*, *Amazonian* bands,
When firſt they dy'd with blood *Thermodoons* ſands.
Such Troops *Hippolita* her ſelf did head,
And ſuch the bold *Penthefilea* led,
When Female ſhouts alarm'd the trembling fields,
And glaring beams ſhot bright, from Maiden ſhields.

Who gallant Virgin, who by thee were ſlain?
What gaſping numbers ſtrew'd upon the Plain?

Thy

Thy Spear firſt through *Eumenius* paſſage found;
Whole torrents guſh'd out of his mouth and wound;
With gnaſhing Teeth, in pangs, the Earth he tore,
And rowl'd himſelf, half delug'd, in his gore.

Then hapleſs *Pagaſus*, and *Lyris* bleed:
The latter reining up his fainting Steed;
The firſt as to his aid he ſtretch'd his hand,
Both at an inſtant, headlong, ſtruck the ſand.
Her Arm *Amaſtrus* next, and *Tereas* feel.
Then follows *Chromis* with her lifted Steel.
Of all her Quiver not a ſhaft was loſt,
But each attended by a *Trojan* Ghoſt.
Strong *Orphitus*, (in Arms unknown before,)
In Battle, an *Apulian* courſer bore.
His brawny back wrapt in a Bullocks skin,
Upon his head a Wolf did fiercely grin,

Above the reſt his mighty Shoulders ſhow,
And he looks down upon the Troops below:
Him (and 'twas eaſie, while his fellows fled)
She ſtruck along, and thus ſhe triumph'd while he bled.
Some Coward Game thou didſt believe to chace,
But, Hunter, ſee a Woman ſtops thy race.
Yet to requireing Ghoſts this Glory bear,
Thy Soul was yielded to *Camilla's* Spear.

The mighty *Butes* next receives her lance,
(While Breaſt to breaſt the Combatants advance,)
Clanging between his armours joynts it rung
While on his Arm his uſeleſs Target hung.

Then from *Orſilochus*, in Circle runs,
And follows the purſuer, while ſhe ſhuns.

For

For ſtill with craft a narrow ring ſhe wheels,
And brings herſelf up to the Chaſers heels.
Her Axe regardleſs of his Prayers and groans,
She craſhes thro' his Armour, and his bones.
Redoubled ſtroakes the vanquiſh'd Foe ſuſtains,
His reeking face beſpatter'd with his brains.

Chance brought unhappy *Aunus* to the place:
Who ſtopping ſhort, ſtar'd wildly in her face.
Of all to whom *Liguria* fraud imparts,
While fate allow'd that fraud, he was of ſubtleſt Arts;
Who, when he ſaw he cou'd not ſhun the Fight,
Strives to avoid the Virgin, by his ſlight.
And crys aloud, what courage can you ſhew,
By cunning horſemanſhip, to cheat a foe?
Forego your horſe and ſtrive not to betray,
But dare to combat a more equal way.

'Tis thus we ſee who merits glory beſt.
So brav'd, fierce indignation fires her breaſt,
Diſmounted from her horſe, in open field,
Now, firſt ſhe draws her ſword, and lifts her Sheild.
He, thinking that his cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his Horſe, and urges all his ſpeed,
His golden rowel's hidden in his ſides:
When thus his uſeleſs fraud the Maid derides:
Poor Wretch, that ſwell'ſt with a deluding pride,
In vain thy Countries little Arts are try'd.
No more the Coward ſhall behold his Sire,
Then plies her feet, quick as the nimble fire,
And up before his horſes head ſhe ſtrains;
When, ſeizing, with a furious hand, his reins,
She wreaks her fury on his ſpouting veins.
So, from a Rock, a Hawk ſoars high above,
And in a Cloud with eaſe o'retakes a Dove.

His

His pounces ſo the grappled foe aſſail;
And Blood and feathers mingle in a hail.

Now *Jove*, to whom mankind is ſtill in fight,
With more than uſual care beholds the fight.
And urging *Tarchon* on, to rage inſpires
The furious deeds to which his blood he fires.
He ſpurs through ſlaughter, and his failing Troops,
And with his voice lifts every arm that droops.
He ſhouts his name in every Souldiers ears:
Reviling thus the ſpirits, which he cheares.

Ye ſham'd, and ever branded *Tyrrhene* Race,
From whence this terrour, and your Soul's ſo baſe?
When tender Virgins triumph in the field,
Let every brawny arm, let fall his ſheild,
And break the Coward ſword he dare not weild.

Not thus you flie the daring ſhe by night;
Nor Goblets, that your drunken throats invite.
This isyour choice, when with lewd Bacchanals,
Y're call'd by the fat Sacrifice, it waits not when it calls.
Thus having ſaid, ——
He Spurs, with headlong rage, among his Foes,
As if he only had his life to loſe.
And meeting *Venulus* his arms he claſps;
The armour dints beneath the furious graſps.
High from his Horſe the ſprawling Foe he rears,
And thwart his Courſers neck the prize he bears.
The *Trojans* ſhout, the *Latines* turn their eyes;
While ſwift as lightning airy *Tarchon* flies.
Who breaks his lance, and veiws his armour round,
To find where he might fix the deadly wound;
The Foe writhes doubling backward on the horſe,
And to defend his throat oppoſes force to force.

As when an Eagle high his courſe does take,
And in his gripeing tallons, bears a Snake,
A thouſand folds the Serpent caſts and high
Setting his ſpeckled Scales, goes whiſtling thro' the (skie,
The fearleſs Bird, but deeper goars his prey,
And thro' the Clouds he cuts his airy way,
So from the midſt of all his enemies,
Triumphant *Tarchon* ſnatch'd and bore his prize.
The Troops, that ſhrunk, with emulation, preſs
To reach his danger now, to reach at his ſucceſs.

Then *Aruns* doom'd, in ſpight of all his art,
Surrounds the nimble Virgin with his dart.
And, ſlily watching for his time, would try
To joyn his ſafety with his treachery.
Where e're her rage the bold *Camilla* ſends,
There creeping *Aruns* ſilently attends.

When,

When tir'd with conquering, ſhe retires from fight,
He ſteals about his horſe, and keeps her in his ſight.
In all her rounds from him ſhe cannot part,
Who ſhakes his treacherous, but ineyitable Dart.

Chlorcus, the Prieſt of *Cybele*, did glare
In *Phrygian* Arms remarkable afar.
A foaming Steed he rode, whoſe hanches caſe,
Like Feathers, Scales of mingled Gold and braſs.
He clad in forreign Purple, gaul'd the Foe
With *Cretan* arrows from a *Lycian* bow.
Gold was that bow, and Gold his Helmet too:
Gay were his upper Robes, which loſely flew.
Each Limb was cover'd o're with ſomething rare,
And as he fought he gliſter'd every where.

Or that the Temple might the Trophies hold,
Or elſe to ſhine her ſelf in *Trojan* Gold:

Him

Him the fierce Maid purſues thro' all her Foes;
Regardleſs of the life ſhe did expoſe:
Him eyes alone, to other dangers blind,
And Manly force employs, to pleaſe a Virgins mind.

His Dart now *Aruns*, from his ambuſh, throws;
And thus to Heav'n he ſends his coward Vows.

Apollo, oh thou greateſt Deity!
Patron of bleſt *Soractis*, and of me;
(For we are all thy own, whole Woods of pine
We heap in Piles, which to thy glory ſhine.
And when we trample on the fire, our ſoles,
By thee preſerv'd, contemn the glowimg coals;)
My mighty Patron make me wipe away
The ſhame of this diſhonorable day.
Nor ſpoils nor triumph from the deed I claim
But truſt my future actions with my fame.

This

This rageing Female Plague but overcome,
Let me return unthank'd, inglorious home,

Apollo heard, to half his pray'r inclin'd:
The reſt he mingles with the fleeting wind.
He gives *Camilla's* ruin to his pray'r:
To ſee his Country, that was loſt in Air.
As ſinging o're the field, the Javelin flies,
Upon the *Queen* the army turn their eyes.
But ſhe, intent upon her golden prey,
Nor minds, nor hears it cut the hiſſing way,
Till in her ſide it takes its deadly reſt:
And drinks the Virgin purple of her breaſt.
The trembling *Amazons* run to her aid,
And in their arms they catch the falling Maid.
More quick than they the frightned *Aruns* flies,
And feels a Terrour mingled with his joys.

He

He trusts no more his safety to his Spear;
Ev'n her expiring courage gives him fear.

So runs a Wolf smear'd with some Shepherds blood,
And strives to gain the shelter of a Wood,
Before the Darts his panting sides assail,
And claps between his Leggs his shivering Tail,
Conscious of the Audacions bloody deed,
As *Aruns* seeks his Troops sttretch'd on his speed,
Where in their Centre, quaking, he attends,
And skulks behind the Targets of his friends.

She strives to draw the Dart but wedg'd among
Her Ribs, deep to the wound the Weapon clung;
Then fainting roules in death her closing eyes,
While from her Cheeks the chearful beauty flies.

To *Acca* thus ſhe breaths her laſt of breath:
Acca that ſhar'd with her in all, but death:
Ah Friend! you once have ſeen me draw the bow,
But fate and darkneſs hover round me now.
Make haſte to *Turnus*, bid him bring with ſpeed
His freſh Reſerves, and to my charge ſucceed,
Cover the City, and repel the foe.
Thus having ſaid, her hands the reins forego;
Down from her Horſe ſhe ſinks, then gaſping lies,
In a cold ſweat, and by degrees ſhe dyes:
Her drooping neck declines upon her breaſt,
Her ſwimming head with ſlumber is oppreſt;
The lingring ſoul th' unwelcom doom receives,
And murm'ring with diſdain, the beauteous Body leaves.

FINIS,

ERRATA's

IN *the Table*: *Ode the 9th. Book the 1ſt. of Horace*; *for* tranſlated by an unknown hand, *read* tranſlated by Mr. Dryden. *Preface*, *pag.* 2. *lin.* 7. *for* whoſe, *read* which. *pref. pag.* 13. *lin.* 4. *for* no part, *read* any part: *In the Book it ſelf pag.* 4. *lin.* 7. *for* wing *read* wings. *pag.* 11. *lin.* 12. *for* diſdain *read* diſclaim, *Ibid lin.* 15. *for* I cou'd think, *read* I cou'd not think. *pag.* 31. *lin.* 9. *for* foundations, *read* foundation. *pag.* 42. *lin.* 1. *for* and yet live, *read* and yet I live. *pag.* 100. *lin. the laſt*, *for* which, *read* with. *pag.* 103. *lin. the laſt*, *for* Soul, *read* Souls. *pag.* 128. *lin.* 8. *for* heat, *read* hearth. *pag.* 147. *lin.* 3. *for* when, *read* whence. *pag.* 150. *lin.* 6. *for* uſual *read* unuſual. *pag.* 408. *lin.* 3. *for* all beings, *read* their beings *pag.* 460. *in the latine verſes*, *betwixt the fourth and fifth line inſert theſe two following verſes.*

Tum verò, aſtate in mediâ, ſtabula alta relinquunt,
Scilicet, & tutas dè cortice trudere gemmas, &c.